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THE NEW YORKER

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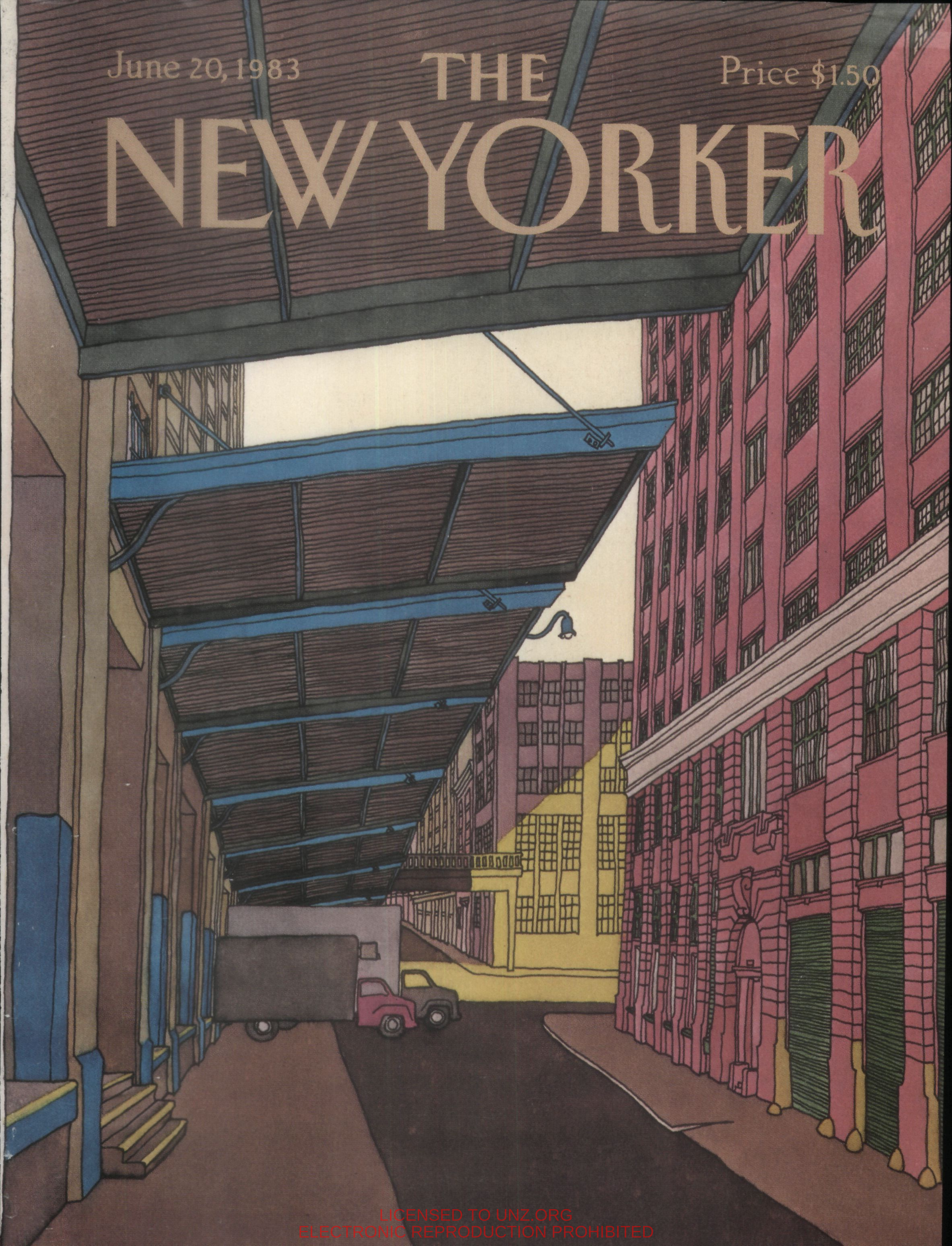

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Accounts—A play by Michael Wilcox that is set in Scotland. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

The Birds—Aristophanes' comedy, adapted by Walter Kerr. With songs by Evangelos Fampas and John Neil Harris. (Greek Theatre of New York, 120 W. 28th St. 807-0156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old, wonderfully well played by Matthew Broderick. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/83.) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—John Rubinstein, Michael Moriarty, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Egyptology—Yet another abrasive exercise by Richard Foreman. Crash, bam! (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The final program in a festival of one-act plays—"Fast Women," by Willie Reale; "Two Hot Dogs with Everything," by William Wise; "Eulogy," by Jim Richardson; and "Tender Offer," by Wendy Wasserstein. (6/13/83) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesday through Friday, June 15-17, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, June 18-19, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Monday, June 20, at 7:30.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fen—In this British import by Caryl Churchill, six actors and actresses portray the members of a farming community in England. The play bears some resemblance to "Under Milk Wood," but it is informed throughout by Miss Churchill's fierce, ironic, tender sensibility. (6/13/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play, as performed by his own company from the Magic Theatre in San Francisco, is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the *Mojave Desert and about many other* matters as well. Ed Harris and Kathy Baker are perfect in the leading roles, and they are ably supported by Dennis Ludlow and Will Marchetti. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

Goodnight Ladies!—A play about European émigrés, performed by the British theatrical company Hesitate and Demonstrate. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

Great Days—A play by Donald Barthelme. Opens Wednesday, June 15, and will run through Sunday, June 26. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter, a pair of actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Guys in the Truck—Harris Laskawy in a comedy by Howard Reifsnyder. Staged by David Black. Previews through Saturday, June 18. Opens officially on Sunday, June 19. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jeeves Takes Charge—An amiable entertainment devised by Edward Duke from the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Mr. Duke, who appears as Jeeves and Bertie Wooster and many members of their immediate circle, is the entertainer. The stylish period settings are by Carl Toms. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

A Kiss Is Just a Kiss—Kevin O'Connor gives a deft, spirited performance as Humphrey Bogart in Paul Foster's captivating comedy, and the three other actors play all the roles in Bogart's life and movies. Don Scardino was the clever director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Punch Line, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"GANDHI AT THE BAT" . . . . . *Chet Williamson* 30

"IN FRANCE" . . . . . *Andrea Lee* 32

"SUMMER SOLSTICE, NEW YORK CITY" (POEM) . . . . . *Sharon Olds* 34

A POLITICAL JOURNAL . . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 39

"IN PASSING" (POEM) . . . . . *Stanley Plumly* 40

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 76

JAZZ . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 78

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 86

DANCING . . . . . *Arlene Croce* 90

BOOKS . . . . . *Lincoln Caplan* 97

BRIEFLY NOTED 101

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LIX, No. 18, June 20, 1983. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1983 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 19: Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, June 22: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—An unlucky mingling of musical comedy and magic. Doug Henning can make horses vanish into thin air, but he can't transform himself into a romantic troubadour. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Middle Ages—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-five, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Peter Nichols' new play begins as a comedy and ends at a point just short of tragedy. Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart are the outstanding members of a fine cast. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton put themselves on display in Coward's comedy, where they do not belong. John Cullum and Kathryn Walker are also in the cast. (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Señorita from Tacna—Maria Tucci and Jaime Sanchez in the English-language première of Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa's play. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Show Boat—This classic musical, so ambitious in its day, looks sadly weather-worn in the present production, though the Kern-Hammerstein songs remain imperishably winsome. (5/9/83) (Gershwin Theatre, formerly the Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

What Where, Catastrophe, and **Ohio Impromptu**—Three plays by Samuel Beckett. Alan Schneider is the director. Opens Wednesday, June 15. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Wild Life—Four one-act comedies by Shel Silverstein. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. 675-0498. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Yellow Fever—Donald Li in a return engagement of R. A. Shiomi's mystery-comedy. Preview Wednesday, June 15. Opens officially on Thursday, June 16. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Jason Robards heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Birney plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Mark Hamill plays the hapless Mozart; and Maureen Moore plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s, delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,624 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a dis-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

abled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Elizabeth Allen and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 25.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic *education: a crazy nun verbally molests her* small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring David Garrison as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" Opens Wednesday evening, June 15. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—Topnotch juggling, interrupted from time to time by some undergraduate jokes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/23/83.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, June 15: "Donizetti Variations," "Orpheus," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 16: "Orpheus," "I'm Old Fashioned (the Astaire Variations)" (première), and "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 17: "Delibes Divertissement," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 18: "Gershwin Concerto," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky *Piano Concerto No. 2*." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 18: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Serenade," and "I'm Old Fashioned (the Astaire Variations)." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 19: "Scotch Symphony," "Orpheus," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 19: "Donizetti Variations," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 21: "Serenade," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 22: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "I'm Old Fashioned (the Astaire Variations)." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 23: "Donizetti Variations," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 24: "Orpheus," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday *matinée, June 25:* "Scotch Symphony," "Orpheus," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 25: "Scotch Symphony," "Calcium Light Night," "Other Dances," and "Gershwin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 15, and Thursday evening, June 16: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 17: "Estuary," "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 18: "Apollo," "Interludes," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 18: "Symphonie Concertante," "Pillar of Fire," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 20-21, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 22: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 23: "Theme and Variations," "Pillar of Fire," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 24: "Les Noces," "Theme and Variations," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 25: "Les Noces," "Les Rendezvous," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 25: "Les Noces," "Other Dances," "Follow the Feet," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 16.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, July 3—Program I: Wednesday, June 15, at 7; Friday, June 17, at 8; Sunday, June 19, at 3; Thursday, June 23, at 8; and Saturday, June 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday, June 16, and Saturday, June 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Program III: Tuesday, June 21, and Friday, June 24, at 8. . . . ¶ Program IV: Saturday, June 18, at 2, and Wednesday, June 22, and Saturday, June 25, at 8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pearl Lang Dance Company—A program of new and repertory works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Thursday through Saturday, June 16-18, at 8, and Sunday, June 19, at 3.)

Rod Rodgers Dance Company—A program of new and repertory works. (Symphony Space, *Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday and* Saturday, June 17-18, at 8.)

La Roque Bey Drummers and Dancers—A program of American, African, and Caribbean dance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-5400. Sunday, June 19, at 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will lead a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, **HAL GALPER** will take charge of the piano and his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—South African singer, actress, and composer **SOPHIE MGCINA** performs concert-style sets here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The **HERITAGE HALL JAZZ BAND,** a six-part, portable New Orleans institution, winds up a week's visit on Sunday, June 19; Monday, June 20, will be claimed by the Angel Rangelov and Jimmy Madison Big Band; and starting Tuesday, June 21, drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & HIS SAVOY SULTANS** will play absolutely uplifting swing music. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH;** Thursday, June 23, Azymuth; Friday through Sunday, June 24-26, R. & B. protest poet **GIL SCOTT-HERON.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist Bill Mays works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, June 18; on Sunday, June 19, pianist and singer **JIMMY ROWLES** will arrive with a bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ'S** trio performs from eleven to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in the Café Carlyle for a little while with his trusty aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, June 15, the Shades, the Hegelians, the Blind Dates, and the Young; Thursday, June 16, the Bandits, the Baxters, and the Bagdads; Friday, June 17, the Drongoes and Fear of Strangers; Saturday, June 18, Paul Collins and Cool It Reba; and Tuesday, June 21, the Objects and Cody Lee & the Walk. Mondays is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl. at 8th St. (674-4450)—Veteran folkster **OSCAR BRAND** sings seagoing, terra-firma, political-protest, and bawdy ditties through Saturday, June 18, at nine and eleven-fifteen. On Wednesday, June 22, **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return with her trio to sing the blues, talk the blues, chant the blues, and put over a few tried-and-true standards such as "Somebody Loves Me" and "Let the Rest of the World Go By." Sundays and Mondays are the property of bassist and singer **JAY LEONHART,** with pianist **MIKE RENZI.** Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, June 15, Bill Ochs; Saturday, June 18, the Jumbo String Band; Tuesday, June 21, Andy Cohen and Jim Brewer; Wednesday, June 22, Tony DeMarco and Linda Hickman; and Saturday, June 25, the Tompkins County Horseflies. Music Wednesdays and Saturdays from nine and Tuesdays from eight.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, June 19, will be devoted to Lennie Tristano disciples **CONNIE CROTHERS** and **LENNY POPKIN** and their quartet, starting at about nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty belong to soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER & THE BECHET LEGACY,** and the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. Pianist **MC COY TYNER,** intense, vertiginous, and rhythmic as ever, leads his quintet through Sunday, June 19; Tuesday through Thursday, June 21-23, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will head his quartet; and Friday through Monday, June 24-27, organist **JIMMY SMITH** and guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will team up for jumping blues sessions. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, June 15, the Dream Syndicate, the Trypes, and Red Buckets; Saturday, June 18, **BIG JOE TURNER;** Sunday, June 19, Jane Brucker; Friday, June 24, the Aztec Two-Step; and Saturday, June 25, Buzzy Linhart. Thursdays are claimed by Frank Maya. Music Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from nine; Wednesdays and Thursdays from ten; and Monday, which is hootenanny night, from about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule: Wednesday, June 15, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** and bassist **CALVIN HILL;** Thursday through Saturday, June 16-18, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** with vocals by Ebony Jo-Ann; Sunday through Thursday, June 19-23, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **RON CARTER;** and Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, singer Val Eley. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** through Sunday, June 19; beginning Wednesday, June 22, pianist Armen Donelian's trio. Mondays belong to singer Mike Campbell and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups play from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Tuesdays through Saturdays are the property of stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD,** and Sundays and Mondays go to singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. Pianist and occasional singer **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** collaborate through Saturday, June 18; on Tuesday, June 21, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will come in with bassist **CECIL MC BEE. JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** have the floor on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, June 15, from ten, Blackwater; Thursday, June 16, blues and rock guitarist Roy Buchanan; Monday and Tuesday, June 20-21, Tom Wopat; Wednesday, June 22, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT;** and Thursday, June 23, folkie **STEVE GOODMAN.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a hard-bop classicist (he wrote "Freight Trane" several seasons back) with a pretty, light touch, leads his trio through Sunday, June 19; on Tuesday, June 21, percussionist **RAY MANTILLA** will drop by with his group, **SPACE STATION;** and Wednesday, June 22, will mark the arrival of Dallasite **RED GARLAND.** In the mid-fifties, Garland was Miles Davis's pianist in the groundbreaking, wonderful-sounding quintet that also included John Coltrane, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones. The group made history by simply showing up for work—its merest recording session or live appearance now seems like a major event. Garland's style, like those of the four other members of the group, was distinctive: he played (and plays) a variation of locked chords with an added-on split-second-delayed top note that sets each chord off and makes it luminous and shimmering. Garland will work with a band that will include none other than **PHILLY JOE** himself, on drums. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianists **DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** perform a program called "Piano and Jazz Contrapuntal Vocal Duets or Where Are You Gallagher & Shean?" Music from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday, June 15, Colin Young; Thursday, June 16, Alvin Fields; Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN;** Monday, June 20, Roland Vazquez; Tuesday, June 21, R. & B. guitarist Rodney Jones; Wednesday, June 22, the Lines; Thursday, June 23, singer Connie James; Friday, June 24, singer Ebony Jo-Ann; and Saturday, June 25, organist **CHARLES EARLAND.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, June 15, Blue Sparks from Hell and the Ray Contreras band; Thursday, June 16, Debra Ginsburg and Export; Friday, June 17, Ric Cherwin and George Dickel; Saturday, June 18, Buddy Traina; Friday, June 24, the Frohman-Mannozzi Cultural Connection; and Saturday, June 25, Topper Lilien. Shows at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-7457)—Rock and roll as the Late Show: Friday, June 17, the **BUSH TETRAS** and **DEFUNKT;** Friday, June 24, Nash the Slash and the Rescue; and Saturday, June 25, the Asbury Jukes and the Lenny Kaye Connection. Music way past your bedtime.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet here on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

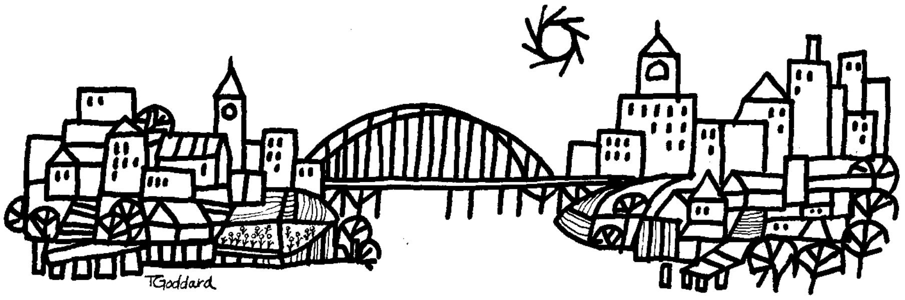
Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, June 15, Shockabilly and Khmer Rouge; Friday, June 17, **DAVID JOHANSEN;** and Saturday, June 18, the Passions. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, June 15-16, drummer **BOB MOSES,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** saxophonist **BOB MINTZER,** and others; Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, French Toast; Tuesday, June 21, Tiger Okoshi; Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, singer **CARMEN LUNDY,** with a string quartet; and Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, pop and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose sets can be a celebration of sixties soul music. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, June 15-16, pianist **JORGE DALTO** and percussionist **PATATO VALDEZ;** Tuesday, June 21, ex-punk rocker and current Brazilian pop singer Arto Lindsay and his band, the Ambitious Lovers; Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL.** Fridays belong to **PÉ-DE-BOI,** and Saturdays to **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Electronic saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS** heads up a quartet through Saturday,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 18; on Sunday, June 19, Jerry Gonzalez and the Fort Apache Band will perform; Monday, June 20, will be given over to pianist, composer, arranger, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his vivacious **ORCHESTRA;** and on Tuesday, June 21, **JAMES MOODY** will arrive with his tenor saxophone, his flute, his singing voice, his wit, and his quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** the personable-as-all-getout, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, is back at this enjoyably simple blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday is salsa night in the barnlike downstairs room: Monday, June 20, **WILLIE COLON** and **JORGE DALTO** will lead their bands, and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will be the guest jazz soloist. On Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** and the **WOODY SHAW** quintet will be onstage; on Thursday, June 23, a tribute to Kai Winding will feature **J. J. JOHNSON, AL GREY, JON FADDIS, MAXINE SULLIVAN, DICK SUDHALTER,** and others, from nine; and on Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will be back, this time with percussion wiz **MONGO SANTAMARIA.** Shows at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ At the Top of the Gate, Nacha Guevara, an Argentine pop singer who has been compared to Edith Piaf and Judy Garland, performs Tuesdays through Fridays at eight; Saturdays at seven and nine; and Sundays at seven-thirty. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine on Tuesdays, and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** is here on Wednesday, June 15, with his quartet; Friday through Sunday, June 17-19, will be devoted to guitarist **JIM HALL** and his trio; and on Tuesday, June 21, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** will bring in his sextet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. Saxophonist **FLIP PHILLIPS** works with bassist **MILT HINTON** and guitarist **CAL COLLINS** through Sunday, June 19; on Tuesday, June 21, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** will take charge with his trio. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is at the keyboard; Joe Ruddick performs Thursdays through Sundays. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The lineup: saxophonist **BENNY WATERS** through Saturday, June 18; Sunday, June 19, trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** and pianist **DICK KATZ;** Monday and Tuesday, June 20-21, **JOE ALBANY'S NEW YORKERS;** Wednesday, June 22, Django's Music; and Thursday through Saturday, June 23-25, Haywood Henry's quartet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Singer, pianist, and professor of Ellingtonia **BROOKS KERR** performs with bassist **THEODORE WILSON** through Saturday, June 18; on Monday, June 20, bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** will take over. Moore and Bertoncini have been playing their own brand of chamber music—a lively mixture of jazz, classical, and rock—together for years. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and delicate backup work are as astounding as ever. Guitarist **JOE BECK** works with **MOORE** every Sunday. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Saturday, June 15-18, at 8.

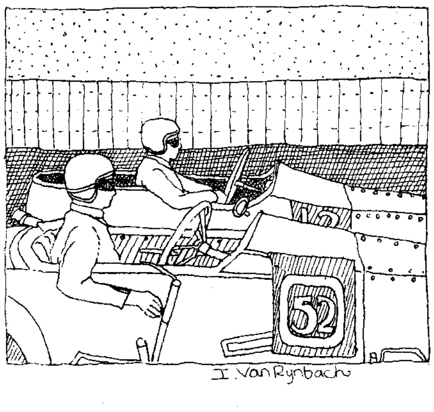
New York Women's Jazz Festival—Wednesday, June 15, at 8: The Jane Ira Bloom Ensemble and the Jay Clayton trio. . . . Thursday, June 16, at 8: Jane Jarvis, Grady Tate, Joe Beck, Jay Leonhart, and Sue Evans. . . . Friday, June 17, at 8: The Noreen Grey trio and the Carmen Lundy trio. . . . Saturday, June 18, at 8: The Willene Barton Quintet, with Sandra Reaves-Phillips. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 19, at 7: The Janice Robinson orchestra, Abbey Lincoln, and the Aminata Moseka quintet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) For information about tickets, call 924-5026.

Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse—Thursday, June 16, at 7: Astrud Gilberto & Group. . . . ¶ Friday, June 17, at 7: The Jimmy Heath/Slide Hampton quintet. . . . ¶ Monday, June 20, at 7 and 8:30: The Milt Jackson quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 21, at 7 and 8:30: Dizzy Gillespie & Group. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400.)

Tahuantinsuyo—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 18 at 8.

FestaBrasil '83—At the **BEACON THEATRE:** Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, at 8: Gilberto Gil. (Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717.) . . . **SYMPHONY SPACE:** Friday, June 24, at 8: Carlos Barbosa-Lima, Pé-De-Boi, and the Jelon Vieira DanceBrazil. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: The Loremil Machado Sarava Bahia Band, the Jelon Vieira DanceBrazil, and Nana Vasconcelos. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Kool Jazz Festival—Opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island Ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 24, at 5: Ralph Sutton, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 7 and 10:30: Ella Fitzgerald and Joe Pass. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: The Chuck Mangione quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: Michelle Rosewoman, with Univision, and the Butch Morris Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, from 4 to 10: Piano Spectacular, with Dick Hyman, Dick Wellstood, Ellis Marsalis, Jay McShann, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 5: The Toshiko Akiyoshi–Lew Tabackin Big Band, plus performers from Japan. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 7 and 11. Spyro Gyra and Steps Ahead. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: The Ellington Orchestra under the direction of Mercer Ellington, with Tammy Grimes, Oliver Jackson, Cecil Payne, Esther Marrow, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: Paquito d'Rivera & Havana/New York and the Hilton Ruiz trio. (Soundscape.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at midnight: Jazz films from Dave Chertok's collection. (Soundscape.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Akira Arita—Still-lifes in oils and mixed mediums by a realist. Also, two portraits. Through July 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Willem de Kooning—The artist's sculptures, plus a few small paintings. Through June 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. A nine-foot piece called "Seated Woman" is on view on the Seagram Plaza, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Etchings and lithographs. Through Saturday, June 25. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Alain Kirili—Three abstract hand-forged iron sculptures and a group of charcoal drawings shown in the garden and gallery, respectively, of the French Embassy. Through Friday, June 24. (972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alun Leach-Jones / Rick Dingus—Large canvases covered with kaleidoscopic patterns in bright colors. / Photographs of geological or archeological interest worked over with graphite and silver pencil. Through June 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Christopher White—Large abstractions, in most of which one can see suggestions of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the artist grew up. Through Saturday, June 25. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by five contemporary artists—John Bayalis, Jr., Roy Carruthers, Lionel Kalish, Jeffrey Kronsnoble, and Paul Pletka. Through Friday, June 24. . . . **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Cézanne, Degas, Kandinsky, Miró, Lichtenstein, and Pollock are some of the names in this lineup of paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Through Friday, June 17. . . . ¶ A second show here offers pastels and watercolors by the Impressionist Paul Maze (1887-1979). Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **CDS,** 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exhibit of paintings and sculptures, in which nominators and nominees are both represented; e.g., Carl Andre (showing a sculpture) picked Nancy Haynes (a painted-wood relief). Through July 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: More than fifty eighteenth-century paintings of Italy, including scenes of Venice by Canaletto and Guardi, ten capricci (landscapes combining elements both real and imagined) of Rome by Panini, and a view of St. Peter's by the British landscape artist William Marlow. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Aug. 19. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Gerry Rodbell Alpert—Ribbons of acrylic paint curled into rosettes two or three inches deep and applied to canvas in abstract patterns. Through Saturday, June 25. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Frank Bowling / Maurice Golubov—Thickly

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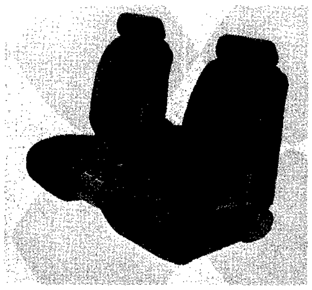

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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painted abstractions. / Excerpts from this veteran artist's sketchbook, ranging back to the twenties and from representational work to total abstractions. Through June 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL GRAVES—Drawings and models by this architect. Through Saturday, June 25. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

HAYLEY LEVER (1876-1958)—Watercolors of seaports and fishing villages here and abroad. Through July 15. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

HITCH LYMAN AND GARY KULAK—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through July 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD—Paintings done since 1965, ranging from the sky at dusk to closeup studies of parquet floors. Through Saturday, June 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

MARIANN LOVELAND MILLER / RICHARD MILLER—Fantasy paintings involving figures. / Collage paintings. Through July 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Sculptures, gouaches, and mixed mediums on paper in a ninetieth-birthday salute. Through Saturday, June 18. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New sculptures in carved stone and in steel. Through Friday, June 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

ANNETTE OKO—Paintings of architectural details on the upper West Side, including the façade of Teacher's bar. Through Friday, June 17. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

RENÉ SCHUMACHER—Recent acrylics in which jigsaw figures are scattered over the canvas. Through Saturday, June 18. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

JIM TOUCHTON—Still-lifes with Macdougal Alley in the background, and landscapes of East Hampton. Through July 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

BARBARA ZUCKER—Wood constructions inspired by latticework seen on Victorian houses in Vermont. Through July 1. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BELLMAN, 41 E. 57th St.: "The Apocalyptic Vision" is the title of a display of unsettling New Image paintings by Nancy Chunn, Peter Dean, Robert Morgan, and Michael Dvortcsak. Through July 15. . . . BORGENICHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Rafael Ferrer, Mark Innerst, and Donald Lipski are among the seven artists invited by the gallery to show their paintings and sculptures. Through June 30. . . . DEUTSCH, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings of Jersey wetlands by Peter Homitsky, industrial scenes by Stanley Friedman, and jovial self-portraits by Richard Corozine in which he pictures himself in the company of Picasso, Gorky, and Botticelli. Through Thursday, June 23. . . . GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings, paintings, and prints by Klimt, Kokoschka, Kollwitz, Schiele, and others. Through Sept. 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . GETLER-PALL, 50 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Dike Blair, Thomas Nozkowski, Marianne Stikas, David Storey, and Jonathan Waite. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . GOODMAN, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings from the past twenty years by German artists associated with Expressionism (among them A. R. Penck and Anselm Kiefer), and by some who are not (Blinky Palermo and Gerhard Richter). Through Friday, June 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . HABER THEODORE, 29 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by six contemporary artists, among them Richard Kalina and William Kortlander. Through June 30. . . . HAMILTON, 20 W. 57th St.: Delicate wood cabinets with unusual screens and drawers by Loren Calaway; shaped canvases heavily encrusted with grimy-looking paint by Michael David; and figurative oils by Dona Nelson. Through July 30. . . . HEIDENBERG, 50 W. 57th St.: Recent acquisitions, including works by Botero, Vuillard, and Miró, and a beguiling brush-and-ink drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec of a woman shaking hands with a little dog. Through July 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . MILLER, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "Surreal," a selection of paintings and sculptures from various periods by various artists—de Chirico, Guston, Louisa Chase, Lynda Benglis, and others. Through Friday, June 17. . . . PARSONS, 24 W. 57th St.: Recent work by members of the gallery stable, including Lee Krasner, Cleve Gray, Jack Youngerman, and Hedda Sterne, who is off on a new tack involving rectangles receding into the distance. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Laura Gilpin, Maynard Dixon, Maria Henle, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Aug. 12. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ROLAND BALADI / ALESSANDRO ALGARDI—Toasters, radios, and a gasoline can, all sculpted in polished marble, plus watercolors of similarly transmuted airplanes, cars, and so on. / Large white canvases on which tracts of indecipherable white writing appear. Through Saturday, June 18. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

GEORG BASELITZ—Large painted-wood sculptures of three carved heads and one full figure. Through Saturday, June 18. (Sonnabend, 121 Spring St.)

DONNA BYARS / DIANE FARRELL—Freestanding constructed-wood sculptures, plus cloth-wrapped miniatures arranged on the wall. / Charcoal drawings representing the Stations of the Cross. Through Saturday, June 25. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

WALTER DAHN—Paintings by a member of Germany's Mulheimer Freiheit. Through June 30. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

GEORG DOKOUPIL—Paintings by another member of the Mulheimer Freiheit. Through June 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

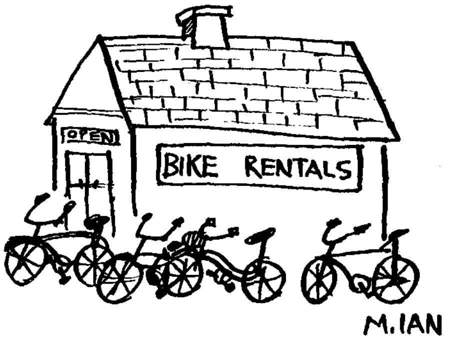
ELAINE HUYER AND NANCY LANGER—Abstract paintings by two colorists. Through Sunday, June 19. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

GERALD INCANDELA / PETER VOULKOS—Doctored photographs of art objects, including one of prehistoric New Mexican rock drawings embellished with tourist graffiti. / Stoneware fired by an ancient Japanese method. Through Saturday, June 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

BARRY LE VA / DAVID HAXTON—A single large sculpture combining such materials as metal, plaster, and plywood, plus collages employing drawings and diagrams. / Photographs of constructions that were made by the artist in order to be photographed. Through Saturday, June 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

LES LEVINE—Works ranging from a five-channel video installation to giant-size drawings in crayon, by this artist noted for using the billboard format. Through Saturday, June 25. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

CLEMENT MEADMORE—*Bronze floor samples,* so to speak, of his huge outdoor sculptures. Through Saturday, June 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)



GAYIL NALLS / ROBERT MCCAULEY—Eighty-six paintings, varying greatly in size, in which oils, acrylics, gold leaf, and silk screening are used to depict subjects ranging from private demons and Dadaist fancies to a frequently repeated Sphinxlike figure. / Sculptural pieces and drawings with social themes. Through July 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

ROYDEN RABINOWITCH—Polygonal sculptures of sand-blasted steel which lie on the floor and give the impression of trying to get up. Through Saturday, June 18. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BONLOW, 150 Greene St.: One painting or drawing and one sculpture apiece by fourteen artists known primarily as painters, among them Keith Haring, Robert Longo, and Ned Smyth. Through Tuesday, June 21. . . . BONNIER, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Ryman, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through July 30. . . . THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . GLADSTONE, 152 Wooster St.: Eleven artists (Jenny Holzer, Tim Rollins, Dara Birnbaum, others) exhibiting paintings, video, photographs, etc., that fall into the category of social commentary. Through July 29. . . . KNOWLTON, 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through July 29. . . . SPERONE WESTWATER, 142 Greene St.: Paintings and drawings by Mario Merz, Bruce Nauman, and Michael Venezia, and a large sculptural installation by Michael Singer. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . TOLL, 146 Greene St.: A show of figurative works, with two paintings apiece by Steven Campbell, Robert Carvin, and Baldo Diodato; and two sculptures by Bob Gober. Through June 30.

OTHER GALLERIES

FRANK MOORE—A large painting on thirteen hexagons, among other shaped-canvas works. Through Saturday, June 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

THE HORSE SHOW—A large group show for which the subject is horse imagery, as practiced over the past ten years by such artists as Deborah Butterfield, Robert Fichter, Sharron Quasius, Susan Rothenberg, Garry Winogrand, and others. Through Saturday, June 18. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BOUCKAERT, 100 Hudson St.: A survey of the paintings and sculptures exhibited at this gallery over the past two years includes such artists as Max Coyer, Alex McFarlane, and Edgar Franceschi. Through July 30. . . . CITY GALLERY, 2 Columbus Circle: "Spare Parts," a show of paintings, sculptures, and installations (several of the latter *en plein air*) realized with the surplus equipment that has been donated by local businesses and individuals to New York's Material for the Arts program. Cathey Billian, Louise Bourgeois, and Justen Ladda are among the nearly fifty artists. Through Friday, June 17. . . . 80 WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST GALLERIES, New York University: Paintings and drawings by ten artists who are not represented by a commercial gallery. Through Friday, June 24. (Open Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Saturdays.) . . . THE NEW MUSEUM, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Two independent artist groups, each showing works by its members—Photographs from En Foco, a Bronx organization; and an installation elaborating on the journal of a feminist publishing group called Heresies Collective. Through July 20. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . STOLER, 13 White St.: Ursula von Rydingsvärd and Nancy Grossman are among the artists represented in this inaugural, all-sculpture show, dominated at the entrance by a towering black wood and red neon construction by Christopher Sproat. Through July 1. . . . WHITE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

COLUMNS, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St.: Posters, prints, drawings, and a few paintings by William Wegman, Robert Kushner, Susan Rothenberg, and other artists who have donated them for a sale benefitting this nonprofit gallery. Through Saturday, June 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

GEORGE AGUIRRE—Color photographs. Through July 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

HARRY CALLAHAN—Photographs recently printed in Germany using a laser-scanner. Through July 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ / LEWIS W. HINE (1874-1940)—Sixty prints, all from his "On Reading" series, and some not seen before. Through July 2. / Immigrants at Ellis Island and other prints dating from the early nineteen-hundreds. Starts Friday, June 17. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs, selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, will be mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

BOB WALDEN—Color photographs, such as those showing an overgrown section of Cunningham Park that unintentionally doubles as an automobile graveyard, which underscore the ironies of urban life. Through June 30. (Educational Alliance Gallery, 197 East Broadway, near Canal St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Roy Stryker: U.S.A., 1943-1950," an exhibit of about two hundred prints by photographers who were commissioned by Mr. Stryker, the administrator of a photography project for Standard Oil of New Jersey, to detail "the kinds of things a scholar a hundred years from now is going to wonder about." The better-known names are Elliott Erwitt, Russell Lee, Lisette Model, and Gordon Parks. Through July 3. (Tuesdays through *Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays*, noon to 6.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 18 W. 54th St.: Contemporary photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum" as well as a re-creation of part of the natural-history museum he founded in Philadelphia in the seventeen-eighties. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Starts Friday, June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, *18 W. 54th St.—A show* of extremely large photographic prints by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, William Wegman, and others. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Starts Thursday, June 16. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by a painting from both the early and late camps. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through July 4. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Music on the lawn: On Tuesday, June 21, at 6:30, solo concerts by Anthony Braxton (saxophone) and by Jorge Morel (guitar).

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of fifty paintings by Winston Churchill. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, *dance, and so on.)*

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Abstract and conceptual art by practitioners who live and work in the Southwest. Through July 2.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An installation by Gioia Timpanelli. . . . ¶ Six artists from Los Angeles (Jill Giegerich, Victor Henderson, Kim Hubbard, Lari Pittman, Mitchell Syrop, and Megan Williams) are showing paintings, sculptures, and photographs. Both shows through July 2.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Bill Gordh, Debra Wanner, and others (performance), Thursday, June 16, at 8:30; Frank South, Mitch Kaplan, and Bill Gordh (performance), Friday, June 17, at 8:30; Joe Lowery and Frank South (performance), Saturday, June 18, at 8:30; Mitch Kaplan, Joe Lowery, and Debra Wanner (performance), Sunday, June 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A show of artists' books. Through Saturday, June 25.

ART IN THE ANCHORAGE, Cadman Plaza West and Front St., at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge on the Brooklyn side. Exhibition hours: Daily, noon to 8; closes at 7 on Wednesdays. Admission is two dollars.—Warner Wada, Jane Greengold, and Ned Smyth are among the ten artists who have designed installations for this site in a show that is on all summer. Creative Time is the sponsor.

MUSIC

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Gunther Schuller conducting a program of music by Charles Wuorinen, Jacob Druckman, Tison Street, and Mr. Schuller, with Joseph Robinson, oboe. The final program in the "Horizons '83" series. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, June 15, at 8.)

OHIO BOYCHOIR—Alexander B. Musichuk directing. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, June 16, at 8.)

HARMONIC CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA—David Hykes directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday through Sunday, June 17-19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

HARMONIE ENSEMBLE—Steven Richman conducting. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, June 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music for a While—A program of medieval music entitled "All About Eve." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, June 18, at 9.)

Norman and David Hollander—Cello and piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, June 21, at 8.)

Alliance for American Song—American vocal and instrumental music ranging from 1922 to 1982, performed by Cynthia Richards Hewes, soprano; Laurie Carley, mezzo-soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and the New York Motet Choir. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, June 21, at 8.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, June 22, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 15: The Journey and Bryan Adams. . . . ¶ Friday, June 17: The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 18: The Grateful Dead. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 19: The Beach Boys and Firefall. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 21: Bette Midler. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 22: Al DiMeola, John McLaughlin, and Paco DeLucia. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25: Rick Springfield and Sparks. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, June 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Monday, June 20, at 5:35 (doubleheader); Tuesday, June 21, at 7:35; Wednesday, June 22, at 5:35 (doubleheader); and Thursday, June 23, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, June 24, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 25, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, at 8, and Sunday, June 19, at 2.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Fashion, Wednesday, June 15; the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 18; the Bowling Green Handicap, Sunday, June 19; the Juvenile, Wednesday, June 22; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Toronto, Sunday, June 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Chicago, Wednesday, June 22, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Thursday, June 16. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Friday, June 17, through Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 12.

Yachting—America's Cup at Newport: Defenders' preliminary trials, Saturday, June 18, through Saturday, June 25. . . . Challengers (Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy) in the first of three elimination series, Saturday, June 18, through Sunday, June 26. . . . ¶ Start of the Marion-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 24.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—"Bloomsday on Broadway II," a seventeen-hour-long event, including readings from "Ulysses" by Anne Meara, Michael Moriarty, Fritz Weaver, Barnard Hughes, Maria Tucci, Malachy McCourt, and Howard Stein, and recorded excerpts from the 1982 Irish Radio broadcast of the James Joyce Centennial Celebration in Dublin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, June 16, from 8 A.M. until 1 A.M. Friday. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, June 15, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art, plus paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 16-17, at 10:15 and 2: The individual hand-colored aquatints from a complete set of John James Audubon's "The Birds of America." . . . ¶ Friday, June 17, at 10:15 and 2: International porcelains, bronzes, furniture, decorations, and clocks—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 18, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese and Japanese works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 18, at 2: Nineteenth-century ceramics, from the estate of Wilfred Swall. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 22, at 10:15 and 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, together with dance, theatre, and opera memorabilia. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 18. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 22, at 7:30: A benefit auction of paintings, drawings, sculptures, primitive art, and antiquities. Exhibition starts Tuesday, June 21. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 18. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, Russian and Greek icons, and *objets de vertu.* Exhibition starts Saturday, June 18. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, June 23, at 10 and 2:30, and Friday, June 24, at 10 and 2: Oriental ceramics and other works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 16. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, June 21, at 11, English and Continental furniture and decorations, and at 2, silver, and *objets de vertu.* Exhibition starts Friday, June 17.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**BOTANICAL GARDEN,** the Bronx: Wednesday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Richard Stilwell; conducted by Eugene Kohn. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens: Saturday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "La Bohème," with the same cast as June 15. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Tuesday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23, at 6), "La Bohème," with the same cast as June 15. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mariella Devia, Dano Raffanti, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri. . . . **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 24, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "La Bohème," with Natalia Rom, Myra Merritt, Jeffrey Stamm, and Brent Ellis; conducted by Eugene Kohn.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Jeffrey Kahane, piano, and Marni Nixon, soprano. (Saturday, June 18, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 7. (First concert on Wednesday, June 22—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Greenwich Village sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 19, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30.)

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the Brooklyn Bridge, is being held every evening, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Sundays through Thursdays at 9:15, and Fridays and Saturdays at 9:15 and 10. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

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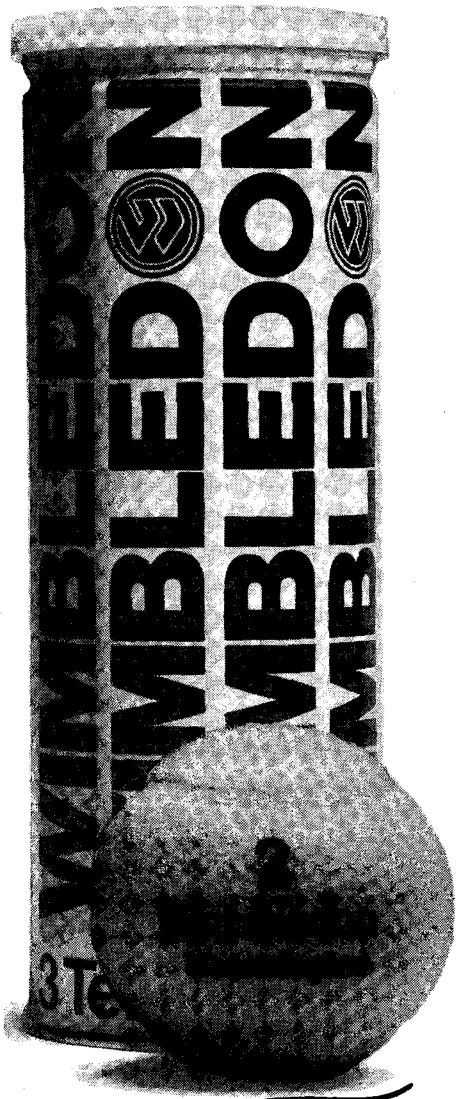

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

June 15: "From the Life of the Marionettes" (1980; directed by Ingmar Bergman; in German), with Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; and "The Serpent's Egg" (1978; Ingmar Bergman), with Liv Ullmann and David Carradine.

June 16: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.

June 17: "Monika" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson and Lars Ekborg; and "Three Strange Loves" (1949; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Birger Malmsten and Eva Henning.

June 18: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann.

June 19: "The Virgin Spring" (†) and "The Magician" (†).

June 21: "All These Women" (†) and "A Lesson in Love" (†).

June 22: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†) and "The Seventh Seal" (†).

June 23: "Face to Face" (†).

June 24: "Hour of the Wolf" (†) and "Shame" (†).

June 25: "Winter Light" (†) and "Through a Glass Darkly" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through June 16: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

From June 17: "Alsino and the Condor" (Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through June 16: "Max Mad" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson; and "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.

June 17-23: "Mad Max;" and "Four Friends" (†).

From June 24: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through June 16: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

From June 17: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through June 16: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

From June 17: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 2: "Blue Thunder" (†).

Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through June 23: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

From June 24: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through June 23: "The Salamander" (1980; Peter Zinner), with Franco Nero and Anthony Quinn.

From June 24: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through June 16: "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

From June 17: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through June 16: "Local Hero" (†). From June 17: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: Through June 16: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From June 17: "Superman III."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through June 23: "La Truite" (Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert. From June 24: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The White Rose" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through June 16: "The Road Warrior" (†). From June 17: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 21: "Betrayal" (David Jones), Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley. From June 22: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Theatre 2: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 2: "Blue Thunder" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through June 16: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

June 17-21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

From June 22: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"WarGames" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Theatre 2: Through June 16: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon. From June 17: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Irreconcilable Memories" (1979; directed by Klaus Volkenborn, Karl Siebig, and Johann Feindt; in German); and "Of Judges and Other Sympathizers" (1981; Axel Engstfeld; in German). From June 22: "Prix de Beauté" (1930; Augusto Genina; in French), with Louise Brooks; and "A Conversation with Louise Brooks" (1974; Richard Leacock), a short film.

Theatre 2: June 15: "Early Summer" (1951; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 16: "The Life of O-Haru" (1952; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). June 17-18: "Crucified Lovers" ("Chikamatzu Monogatari;" 1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "The Record of a Tenement Gentleman" (1947; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 19-20: "My Love Has Been Burning" (1949; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "The Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family" (1941; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 21: "Sansho the Bailiff" (†). June 22-23: "An Autumn Afternoon" (†) and "Ugetsu" (†). June 24-25: "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (†) and "Street of Shame" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 21: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†). From June 22: "Mon Oncle" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Local Hero" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Tender Mercies" (†). From June 24 (tentative): "The Ruling Class" (†).

Theatre 3: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).

Theatre 4: "Diva" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Tender Mercies" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Gandhi" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Flights of Fancy" (Roman Balayan; in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through June 16: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish).

From June 17: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Heatwave" (Phillip Noyce; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Richard Moir.

Theatre 2: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Heads or Tails" (Robert Enrico; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Serrault.

Theatre 2: Through June 21: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†). From June 22: "Mon Oncle" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through June 16: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin. From June 17: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through June 16: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From June 17: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through June 16: "WarGames" (†). From June 17: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through June 16: "Tender Mercies" (†). From June 17: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through June 23: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley. From June 24: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Theatre 2: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

Theatre 2: Through June 16: "Local Hero" (†) and "Best Friends" (†). From June 17: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev; and "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Theatre 3: Through June 16: "The Ruling Class" (†). From June 17: "Tender Mercies" (†); and "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (1982; Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Theatre 4: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie; and "Diner" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through June 16: "Bill Cosby Himself," a concert film. From June 17: "Superman III" (directed by Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: Through June 16: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky. From June 17: "Karate Killers on Wheels."

Theatre 3: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.

Theatre 4: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

Theatre 5: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

Theatre 6: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

Theatre 3: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Blue Thunder" (†).

Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through June 16: "The Salamander" (1980; Peter Zinner), with Franco Nero and Anthony Quinn.

From June 17: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"48 Hrs." (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Theatre 2: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Theatre 2: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson. From June 24: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

June 15: "Wasn't That a Time!" (1982; Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers; and "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), about The Band.

June 16: "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.

June 17-18: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head.

June 19-20: "Lola" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

June 21: "Brimstone and Treacle" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright; and "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

June 22: "Freaks" (†); and "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran, Sharon Tate, and Polanski.

June 23: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.

From June 24: A week-long program of Swiss films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 16: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "Yojimbo" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

June 17-18: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (1982; Joe Layton), a concert film; and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, in San Francisco.

June 19-21: "Victor/Victoria" (†); and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.

June 22-23: "Carmen Baby" (1967; Radley Metzger), with Uta Levka; and "Camille 2000" (1969; Radley Metzger), with Danièle Gaubert.

June 24-25: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 16: A program of cult films usually seen only at midnight.

From June 17: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

June 15: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French). Both X-rated.

June 16-18: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979) and "La Cage aux Folles II" (1981), both films in French, directed by Edouard Molinaro, with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

June 19-20: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

June 21-22: "I Remember Mama" (†) and "Life with Father" (†).

June 23-25: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 16: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969; Sydney Pollack), with Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin, Susannah York, Red Buttons, and Gig Young; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.

June 17-18: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna; and "Eyewitness" (1981; Peter Yates), with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods.

June 19: "The Young Lions" (†) and "Mutiny on the Bounty" (†).

June 20-21: "Supervixens" (1975; Russ Meyer); and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979; Russ Meyer).

June 22-23: "Bite the Bullet" (1975; Richard Brooks), with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn; and "The Long Riders" (†).

June 24-25: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, and John Heard.

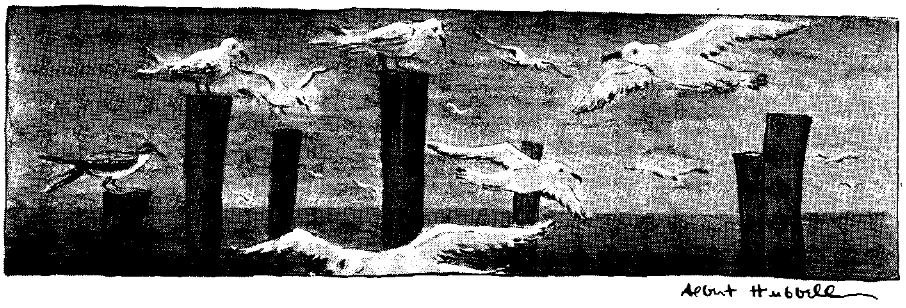
Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

June 15: "Une Femme Douce" (1969; Robert Bresson; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin; and "A Free Woman" (1974; Volker Schlöndorff; in German).

June 16: "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart.

June 17: "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo; and "Ugetsu" (†).

June 18: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex



Ingram; and "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.

June 19: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen.

June 20: "La Salamandre" (1971; Alain Tanner; in French), with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis; and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (†).

June 21: "Moonlighting" (1982; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons; and "The Go-Between" (†).

June 22: "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Knife in the Head" (†).

June 23: "In a Lonely Place" (†); and "Bitter Victory" (1959; Nicholas Ray), with Richard Burton, Curt Jurgens, and Ruth Roman.

June 24: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.

June 25: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 15: "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, Edith Evans, and Joan Greenwood; and "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.

June 16-18: "My Fair Lady" (1964; George Cukor), with Audrey Hepburn, Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Gladys Cooper.

June 19-20: "The Sound of Music" (1965; Robert Wise), with Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer.

June 21-22: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Susannah York, Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw; and "In the Heat of the Night" (†).

June 23-25: "Oliver!" (†). (1968; Carol Reed), with Ron Moody, Oliver Reed, Mark Lester, Jack Wild, and Shani Wallis.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 15: "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Rebellion" (1967; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

June 16: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "This Property Is Condemned" (1966; Sydney Pollack), with Natalie Wood, Robert Redford, Charles Bronson, and Kate Reid.

June 17-18: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Bloodbrothers" (1978; Robert Mulligan), with Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, and Richard Gere.

June 19: "O Lucky Man!" (†) and "Time After Time" (†).

June 20: A program of cartoons.

June 21: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, Jessica Harper, and Gerrit Graham; and "Get to Know Your Rabbit" (1972; Brian De Palma), with Tom Smothers and John Astin.

June 22: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Battle Cry" (1975; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese).

June 23: "Funny Face" (†); and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

June 24-25: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 15: "Lady in the Lake" (1947; Robert Montgomery), with Montgomery, Audrey Totter, and Lloyd Nolan; and "Night Must Fall" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, and Dame May Witty.

June 16: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "They Made Me a Criminal" (1939; Busby Berkeley), with John Garfield, May Robson, Gloria Dickson, and the Dead End Kids.

June 17: "Thieves Like Us" (1974; Robert Altman), with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen; and "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.

June 18: "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.

June 19: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

June 20: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Ganz; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

June 21: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "The Big Heat" (†).

June 22: "The Roaring Twenties" (†) and "Angels with Dirty Faces" (†).

June 23: "College Holiday" (1937; Frank Tuttle), with Jack Benny and Burns and Allen; and "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943; Sidney Lanfield), with Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane.

June 24: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

June 25: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949; Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable and Rudy Vallée.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—June 16 at noon: "Vers un Réalisme Poétique: 1936-38" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French, with English subtitles), with Victor Francen and Line Noro. . . . ¶ June 16 at 6: Three documentaries on Zimbabwe—"I Can Hear Zimbabwe Calling" (1980; Ron and Ophera Hallis), "Nkuleleko Means Freedom" (1982; Ron and Ophera Hallis), and "New Zimbabwe" (1982; Frank Frost). . . . ¶ June 17 at noon: "Vers un Réalisme Poétique: 1936-38." . . . ¶ June 17 at 2:30: "Lucrèce Borgia" (1935; Abel Gance; in French, with English subtitles), with Edwige Feuillère, Gabriel Gabrio, and Josette Day. . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "Quilts in Women's Lives" (1981; Pat Ferrero), "Fundi: The Story of Ella Baker" (1981; Joanne Grant), and "China: Land of My Father" (1979; Felicia Lowe). . . . ¶ June 18 at noon: "Once Upon a Choice" (1981; Liane Brandon), "The Flashettes" (1977; Bonnie Friedman), "Am I Normal?" (1979; Debra Franco and David Shepard), and "Anything You Want to Be" (1971; Liane Brandon). . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30: "2 A.M. Feeding" (1982; Kristine Samuelson), "Joyce at 34" (1972; Joyce Chopra and Claudia Weill), and "Men's Lives" (1975; Josh Hanig and Will Roberts). . . . ¶ June 18 at 5: "Great Grand Mother" (1978; Anne Wheeler and Lorna Rasmussen), "Possum Living" (1980; Nancy Schreiber), and "Union Maids" (1976; Julia Reichert, James Klein, and Miles Mogulescu). . . . ¶ June 19 at noon: "Once Upon a Choice," "The Flashettes," "Am I Normal?," and "Anything You Want to Be." . . . ¶ June 19 at 2:30: "Love It Like a Fool" (1979; Susan Wengraf) and "In Our Water" (1981; Meg Switzgable). . . . ¶ June 19 at 5: "Outskirts of Hope" (1982; David Davis) and "With Babies and Banners" (1978; Lorraine Gray). . . . ¶ June 20 at noon: "Conversations with Willard Van Dyke" (1981; Amalie Rothschild). . . . ¶ June 20 at 2:30: "Faisons un Rêve" (1936; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Raimu, and Jacqueline Delubac. . . . ¶ June 20 at 6: A program of films by Abigail Child. . . . ¶ June 21 at noon: "The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir" (1974; Claudia Weill and Shirley MacLaine). . . . ¶ June 21 at 2:30: "Le Roi" (1936; Pierre Colombier; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu, Gaby Morlay, Victor Francen, and Elvire Popesco. . . . ¶ June 21 at 6: "An Acquired Taste" (1981; Ralph Arlyck) and "The Last to Know" (1981; Bonnie Friedman). . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30: "Mayerling" (1937; Anatole Litvak; in French, with English subtitles), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6: "Le Roi." . . . ¶ June 24 at 2:30: "La Mort du Cygne" (1937; Jean Benoît-Lévy and Marie Epstein; in French, with English subtitles), with Mia Slavenska and Yvette Chauviré. . . . ¶ June 24 at 6: "Les Gens du Voyage" (1937; Jacques Feyder; in French, with English subtitles), with Françoise Rosay and Marie Glory. . . . ¶ June 25 at noon: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "Les Gens du Voyage." . . . ¶ June 25 at 5: "La Loi du Nord" (1939; Jacques Feyder; in French, with English subtitles), with Michèle Morgan, Pierre Richard-Willm, and Charles Vanel. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through June 26: "Oracle" (1981-83; Frank Gillette), a video work. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evening until 8). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle, Eva Dahlbeck, Bibi Andersson, Harriet Andersson, and Gertrud Fridh. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 21.)

Angels with Dirty Faces (1938)—An entertaining picture lurks behind that uninviting title. Warners threw its assets together in this one: James Cagney at his cockiest as a gangster, Pat O'Brien as a priest, and Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, George Bancroft, and the Dead End Kids, too. It has jokes and romance and a smashing big last sequence on Death Row—the priest asks the gangster to act cowardly when he's executed, so that he won't be a hero to the Dead End Kids, and Cagney comes through with a rousing finale. Michael Curtiz directed; John Wexley and Warren Duff wrote the screenplay, based on Rowland Brown's story. (It was followed the next year by "The Angels Wash Their Faces.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now-marriageable daughter, who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 22-23.)

Best Friends—The script raises the question: Why does formalizing a living-together relationship by marriage often wreck it, leaving both partners feeling trapped? But the scriptwriters (Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin) have nothing but sitcom answers. It's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a Velveeta comedy, processed like a Neil Simon picture, with banter and gags and an unctuous score. All its smart talk is low-key and listless. It stays on the surface, yet it's dissatisfied with the surface; it's a deeply indecisive movie that starts escaping its subject as soon as the newlywed screenwriting partners—Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn—go off on their wedding trip and into a series of comic nightmares. The two have been made so lightweight that there's nothing at stake when they recoil from each other, and Reynolds gives a flabby, mildewed performance. Directed by Norman Jewison; with Jessica Tandy, Barnard Hughes, Audra Lindley, and Keenan Wynn. Two performers give the film a little bounce—Ron Silver as a hotshot movie producer and Richard Libertini as the Hispanic who conducts the marriage ceremony. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/24/83.) (Olympia Quad; through June 16.)

The Big Heat (1953)—Sidney Boehm's solid, hard-nosed script might have been made into a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style. The movie is all of a piece; it's designed in light and shadows, and its underworld atmosphere glistens with the possibilities of sadism—this is a definitive *film noir*, with a few stunningly choreographed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is Dave Bannion, a police lieutenant who ignores the orders of his superiors and investigates a big-time gangster (Alexander Scourby). A bomb is planted in Bannion's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. Full of hate, Bannion leaves the department to find revenge. When one of the gangster's henchmen (Lee Marvin) throws scalding coffee at his mistress, a high-living tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame), and she wants vengeance, too, she joins up with Bannion, and the film accumulates corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. From a novel by William P. McGivern; cinematography by Charles Lang, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21.)

Blue Thunder—The plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern, Warren Oates, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews State.)

Diner (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Face to Face (1976)—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). Her skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares without falling prey to them herself. Why, then, does she take a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 23.)

Fanny and Alexander—Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3; starting June 17.)

The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and can decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 24-25.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

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Four Friends (1981)—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties, and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is a semi-autobiographical account by Steve Tesich of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian working-class youth, Danilo, who comes with a big, heavy symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, particularly in his sense of humor, and Penn, trying for a large-scale social vision, brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and self-pity of the William Inge–Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the big, immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America," and in order to accommodate a whole catalogue of symbolic events of the sixties—everything from a race riot to the landing on the moon—the plot bounces along exhaustingly. The characters are always learning life's important lessons. In a key sequence we get crosscutting between Danilo folk-dancing in the sunshine with his immigrant-worker friends and the girl with her soul-sick druggie-hippie pals at a strobe-lighted psychedelic revel that features acid and a suicide in flames. It's health versus sickness, life versus death. And the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, Jim Metzler, and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy as a rotten-rich swine, and Lois Smith as his wife—she gets to let out a yelping sound that's like the grandmommy of a scream. So may you. (1/4/82) (St. Marks Cinema; June 17-23.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams, Wallace Ford, Harry and Daisy Earles, Johnny Eck (who had half a torso), Randion (known as the Living Torso), the Siamese twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, Roscoe Ates, Edward Brophy, and Henry Victor as the strong man. Adapted from the story "Spurs," by Tod Robbins. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The Givenchy clothes are lovely; the sequences (which Avedon supervised) of Astaire taking photos are often amusingly, romantically misty. Best of all, the George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh sprightliness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years earlier (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The Leonard Gershe script (which has no relation to the earlier show) is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and the movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Hepburn's rescue from European sex-mad intellectualism by clean-minded, all-American boy Astaire is so cheap and false a plot development that the picture's sophistication sinks into a very unphotogenic miasma. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. With Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemyng. Eugene Loring assisted Donen and Astaire on the choreography. (Thalia; June 23.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

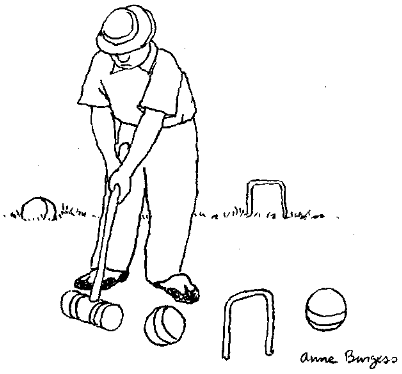
The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Metro Cinema; June 21.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 24.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a cynical, tired Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but disappointingly hollow murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. In talking to a hat-check girl, Steele discovers that she has read the book he is supposed to adapt to the screen; not wanting the bother of reading it himself, he invites her to his place so he can grill her about it. When the girl is murdered, the police think he did it. Steele is in love with Gloria Grahame, but he's under so much pressure because of the police that he almost kills her in a jealous rage. That makes her queasily fearful—maybe he actually did in the other girl. And she leaves him. Ray doesn't seem to have an adequate budget or enough ideas to play with; he keeps the thing going, but the dialogue is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast—Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid, Jeff Donnell, Art Smith, Robert Warwick, Steven Geray, and Hadda Brooks as the singer in the night-club sequence. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes, adapted by Edmund H. North and Andrew Solt; cinematography by Burnett Guffey; music by George Antheil. (Metro Cinema; June 23.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller, with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with Poitier's color used for comedy. He's like a black Sherlock Holmes in a Tom-and-Jerry cartoon of reversals. For once it's funny (instead of embarrassing) that he's superior to everybody else. In the final joke, Steiger plays redcap to him. With Lee Grant, Warren Oates, Beah Richards, Scott Wilson, Peter Masterson, Matt Clark, Peter Whitney, James Patterson, and Larry Gates. The cinematography by Haskell Wexler has an exciting, alive quality, and the good Quincy Jones score includes a title song sung by Ray Charles. Directed by Norman Jewison, from a script by Sterling Silliphant based on a novel by John Ball. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Actor (Steiger), Screenplay, and Editing (Hal Ashby). (Regency; June 21-22.)

I Remember Mama (1948)—Kathryn Forbes' novel about her Norwegian family in San Francisco is used as the framework for a mother image of formidable proportions. This image is held to with the serene nostalgia that we reserve for our very best fantasies—Mama (Irene Dunne) is tall and beautiful,



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wise and omniscient. Except for a few gooey lapses (the worst is a bathetic hospital scene), George Stevens directed with warmth and intelligence; it's not a bad movie, though it has a too-careful look, with meticulous reconstructions of San Francisco streets circa 1905-10. Philip Dorn is Papa, and Barbara Bel Geddes does well as daughter Katrin. As the rakehell Uncle Chris, Oscar Homolka goes in for too many flourishes and loiters too long on his deathbed; Edgar Bergen is the timid undertaker who marries Mama's sister. The movie seems hemmed in, maybe because DeWitt Bodeen's script sticks too closely to the stage adaptation by John van Druten. Also with Cedric Hardwicke, Rudy Vallée, Barbara O'Neil, Florence Bates, Peggy McIntyre, June Hedin, and Steve Brown. Cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 21-22.)

Knife in the Head (1980)—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (Metro Cinema; June 22.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 21.)

Life with Father (1947)—The director, Michael Curtiz, seems to be totally out of his element in this careful, deadly version of the celebrated, long-running Broadway comedy—a piece of starched Americana—by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, based on Clarence Day's stories. William Powell plays the crotchety head of a large, tumultuous upper-middle-class New York household in the eighteen-eighties; this must have seemed like a plum of a role, yet Powell's timing (usually impeccable) is way off, and the comic expressions freeze on his face. Everybody seems to be trying too hard. With Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Lydon, Monte Blue, Emma Dunn, and Martin Milner. The script is by Donald Ogden Stewart. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 21-22.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive (played by Peter Riegert) who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and Olympia Quad; through June 16.)

The Long Riders (1980)—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. We have seen all this before, but Walter Hill's straightforward direction and the picture's elegant camerawork (by Ric Waite) and design (by Jack T. Collis) make it fresh again and stirring indeed. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys—and their group efforts are just about the best thing in this American beauty, which droops a bit only in its final scenes. With Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 22-23.)

The Magician (1958; "Ansiktet," which means "The Face")—This Ingmar Bergman film isn't a masterwork, or even a very good movie, but it is clearly a film made by a master. It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the King, and along the way we met . . ." Then it becomes confused and argumentative. But the mysterious images of Max von Sydow as the nineteenth-century mesmerist, Vogler, and Ingrid Thulin as his assistant, Aman (Vogler's wife, Manda, in male disguise), carry so much latent charge of meaning that they dominate the loosely thrown-together material. Bergman labels the film a comedy, though audiences may not agree. It's a metaphysical gothic tale, with some low-comedy scenes and some grisly jokes involving an eyeball and a hand. The theme—magic versus rationalism or, if one prefers, faith versus skepticism, or art versus science, or illusion versus reality—is treated too theatrically to sustain such heavy-breathing dialogue as "I always longed for a knife to cut away my tongue and my sex—to cut away all impurities." There are times when one would be happy to hand Bergman that knife. He uses a nineteenth-century setting for the clichés of the twentieth century—the man of science (Gunnar Björnstrand as Vergérus, the physician) is cold and sadistic, etc. Those who worry about the supposed division between emotion and intellect never leave one in doubt about which side they're on. With Bibi Andersson as Sara, Erland Josephson as Egerman, Gertrude Fridh as Mrs. Egerman, Naima Wifstrand as Vogler's sorceress grandmother, Bengt Ekerot as the actor Spegel, and Åke Fridell as Tubal. Photographed by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 19.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. In

French. (Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 21.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that René Clair satirized in "À Nous la Liberté" and Chaplin in "Modern Times" but the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern hygienic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passersby will fall into their lamppost trap; the old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the wonderful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads at the circular windows become eyes looking out. But the moments are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? With Jean-Pierre Zola, Lucien Frégis, and Alain Bécourt. In French. (Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 22.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1962)—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown version of a tale that used to be about good men and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 19.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer; the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's. Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Thalia; June 19.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director Richard Marquand trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Cinema I; through June 16.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—The title and the names of the stars—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart—make it sound like a lot more fun than it is. They play underprivileged kids who grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. The movie has a very mechanical and moralistic view of character; nobody ever says or does anything that surprises you. If you fed the earlier gangster movies into a machine and made a prototype, you'd come up with this picture. With Gladys George, Priscilla Lane, Paul Kelly, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh, and Elisabeth Risdon. Directed by Raoul Walsh, from a script by Jerry Wald, Richard Macauley, and Robert Rossen, based on a Mark Hellinger story; produced by Hal B. Wallis. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Olympia Quad; through June 16. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 24, tentative.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 21.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (57th St. Playhouse.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity that Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 22.)

Shame (1968)—Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). One of Bergman's greatest films, this is one of the least known. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 24.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes themes in an intricate plot structure. And in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, and its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful, and epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent, love-loving maid; Margit Carl-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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quist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. With Åke Fridell as the groom, and, in a bit part, Bibi Andersson. Cinematography by Gunnar Fischer. (Used as the basis for the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 22.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house where they live and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan; through June 16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 17-21.)

Street of Shame (1956)—Kenji Mizoguchi's ascetic view of the lives of the inhabitants of Tokyo's red-light district, with Machiko Kyo. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 24-25.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere. Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism; with the fine young actress Ellen Barkin as Mac's daughter by his first marriage, and Betty Buckley as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 16. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 23. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting June 17.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 25.)

Time After Time (1979)—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (Thalia; June 19.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Loews Paramount.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Metro Cinema; June 20.)

Ugetsu (1953)—This subtle, violent yet magical film is one of the most amazing of the Japanese movies that played American art houses after the international success of "Rashomon" in 1951. The director, Kenji Mizoguchi, handles the narrative in two styles: barbaric sequences dealing with greed and civil war that seem realistic except that the characters are deliberately animalistic and are symbolically acting out the bestial side of man; and highly stylized sequences dealing with the aesthetic, luxurious, and romantic modes of life. When the hero (Masayuki Mori), a grunting peasant potter, develops self-awareness and becomes an artist, the meanings multiply. The film is upsetting and unspeakably cruel at times, and then so suggestive and haunting that it's confounding. When, in the midst of serene elegance, the phantom Lady Wakasa (Machiko Kyo) offers the potter-artist rarefied sensual delights, you know how he feels as he cries, "I never imagined such pleasures existed!" Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. With Kinuyo Tanaka as the potter's wife. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; June 17. . . . ¶ Film Forum; June 22-23.)

Victor/Victoria (1982)—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs, by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse, are bland and forgettable. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; starting June 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; June 19-21.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 19.)

WarGames—The people who made it had half an idea. The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm; the boy is like an American Antoine Doinel, and he's the life of the movie. But when this boy accidently plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over, especially a huge box of flashing light that sounds like an eighteen-wheel truck rumbling down the highway. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, who has some nifty lines in the first part, and Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Loews New York Twin, U. A. 85th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 16.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 25.)

The Young Lions (1958)—This piece of heavyweight kitsch is fairly entertaining, what with Marlon Brando as a fearfully handsome German ski instructor turned Nazi (he's also the blondest blond ever seen), Montgomery Clift as a forlorn, romantic American Jew, and Dean Martin as a Broadway playboy. The three meet before the Second World War and then again during it. Directed by Edward Dmytryk and adapted by Edward Anhalt from an Irwin Shaw novel, the film is episodic and overproduced, like a wartime "Grand Hotel." Maximilian Schell plays a mean Nazi, in contrast to Brando's misguided, agonized idealist, and Hope Lange, May Britt, and Barbara Rush are among the women. Also with Lee Van Cleef. Cinematography by Joe MacDonald; music by Hugo Friedhofer. (167 minutes.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 19.)

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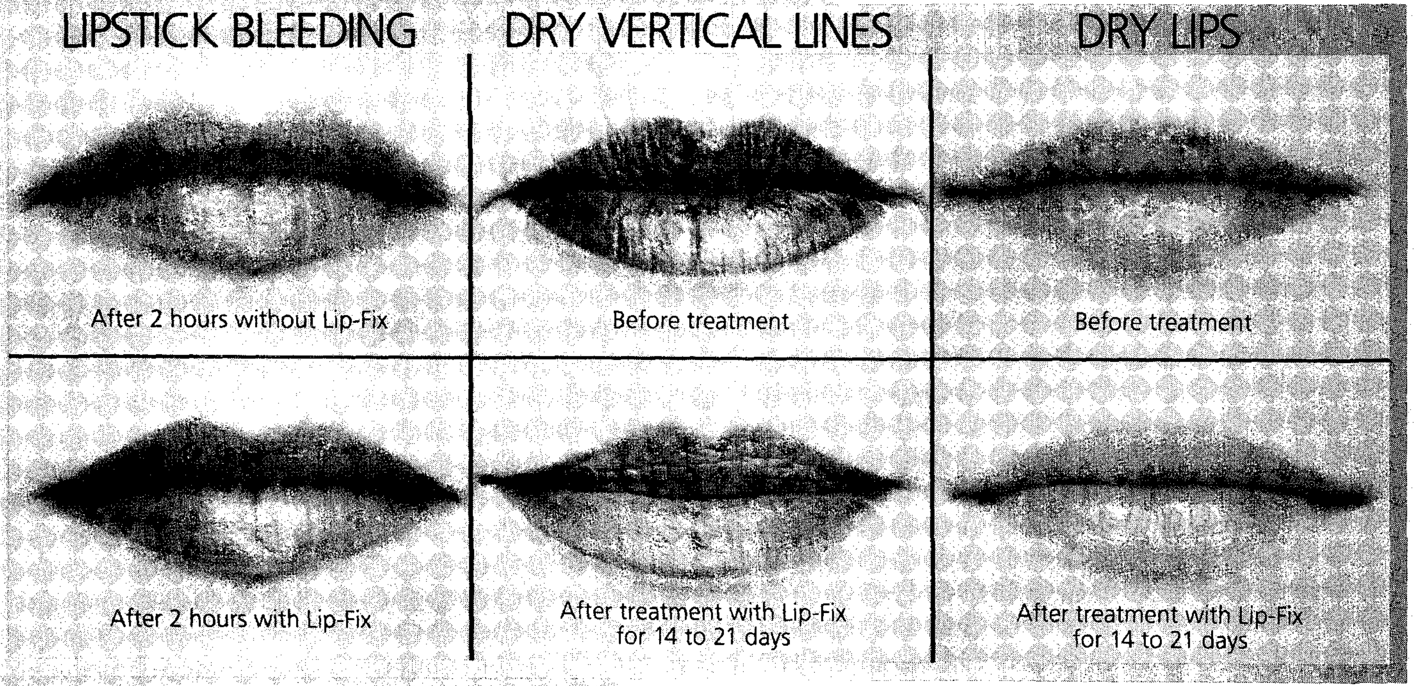

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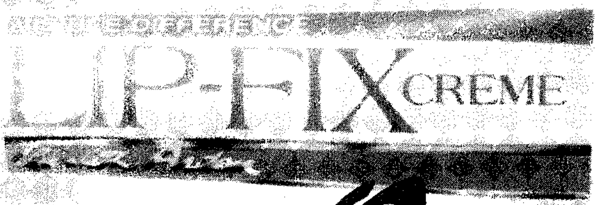

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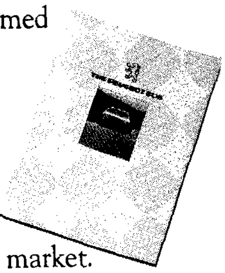


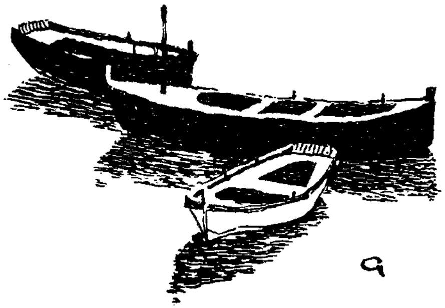
PEUGEOT

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOMETIMES new and original thoughts count for less than old and trite ones. Not long ago, we made our first visit to the new Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, and while we were in town we walked to the nearby Lincoln Memorial, where we had been many times in the past. Afterward, we sat by the pool between them, pondering their juxtaposition and the very obvious things they say about wars and how our country should undertake them. The wisdom in the eyes of the statue in the Lincoln Memorial is sad but not troubled wisdom, and the speeches carved on the walls flanking the statue (two of the very few speeches in our history short enough to be carved on a wall) explain that sadness. Lincoln fought, and fought ably, a war that he believed in, yet it was a war that tore at his heart, for the simple reason that it was a war, and hence, like all wars, a waste and a pity. Neither speech blusters or blows hard. At Gettysburg, he is no Pericles; even in honoring brave men, he is unwilling to tell the horrible lie that death in glorious battle is the best end a man can come to, for Lincoln, as is evident just from the look on his face, would have liked to live out a long life surrounded by old friends and good food. In the other speech, the Second Inaugural, famed for its "malice toward none" benediction, Lincoln is even more reflective and quiet of soul, though he stands on the verge of victory. Almost every leader in almost every war has claimed God for his side. (Those from atheist nations have substituted old Karl M.: a poor bargain.) Lincoln, in the act of fighting a moral war if ever there was one, understands both the logic and the paradox of such aggrandizement. Yes, one must sometimes, though "all sought to avert it," fight, and fighting for what one believes in, and not simply for gain, involves a moral claim. But, of course, it is not so simple, for both sides stud their speeches with chapter and verse, and enter the lists hefting Bibles. "The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully," Lincoln says quietly. God "gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came." Abraham Lincoln fought mightily, but his might was the might of the right, and not of the righteous. And he did not fight enthusiastically, or from rage, or out of fear, but only to uphold what was just. If the Daniel Chester French image looked a little to the left, it would see, a few hundred yards away, a monument to men and women about whom no Gettysburg Address could ever be sincerely given. From these honored dead we did not "take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;" at best, their bodies persuaded us not to toss more buckets of blood down the drain that was Vietnam. The memorial, a long, low black granite wall bearing the name of each of the fifty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine Americans killed for less than nothing in Indo-China, shares solemnity with Lincoln's monument—no one talks at either, and no one thinks of talking (though some sob). We were there on Memorial Day weekend, and wild flowers had been strewn at the base of the granite panels. A mother had taped a letter to her dead son Bill beneath his name—a letter that used words like "waste" and "love." Nearby, men *felt* the carved names of their buddies—ran their fingers slowly across them, as if they were Braille, or as if they were flesh. There was much there to honor, and nothing there to celebrate, and Lincoln would have understood that, for he knew that the same was true of the Civil War—a war that made as much moral sense as any war ever could. Everyone who comes to the Vietnam monument seems to sense the same truth; the only ones who might not are those "leaders" who got us involved in Vietnam in the first place, because for them war held few horrors and fewer doubts, although the enterprise was as dubious as any in history.



While we were in Washington, the papers were full of President Reagan's decision to fire one Central American adviser and one Central American ambassador because they had been found guilty of creeping moderation. They are being replaced by fellows who know a Communist when they see one. Whether through carrying on secret operations and pumping in vast infusions of matériel or perhaps through storming the beaches, we seem likely to be involved in Central American wars for a long time to come. Though at best the situation is an extremely tricky one, Reagan appears to have no doubts at all about it—or if he does have doubts they go unmentioned, for in this age honesty gets in the way of salesmanship. One can only conclude that, lacking the vision to see God's designs as murky, Reagan views them as obvious: he has no reservations. The lesson that the fifty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine names hold for him appears to be not that wars are inevitably sorrowful and often colossally mistaken but only that more effective public relations, of all things, is a priority.

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Futurists

BY the year 2000, people will be using space travel on a commercial basis, sexual attitudes will continue to be in flux, Skylabs will have become an important part of our industrial system, nine-to-five office hours will have gone down the tubes, bartering will have become more important than money in many developed nations, and the work ethic will have lost its punch. At least, many members of the New York chapter of the World Future Society seem to think so. We attended a discussion sponsored by the society the other evening in the Governor Lehman Room of the Williams Club, on East Thirty-ninth Street, and found about fifty earnest-looking people seated on wooden chairs listening to two speakers discourse on what may lie ahead for the human race. The society's members like to call themselves futurists, although most dictionaries reserve the term either for people holding certain religious beliefs or for practitioners of the early-twentieth-century art movement known as Futurism.

The first speaker was Gerry West, the owner of West Marketing Research, who stood at a lectern at one end of the room and discussed the results of a questionnaire that had recently been mailed to members of the chapter. "We sent out two hundred and fifty questionnaires and got about a hundred back," said Mr. West, a slender, gray-haired man with an unassuming manner. He went over fifty-one statements on the questionnaire with which the members had been asked to agree or disagree. One statement predicted that by the year 2000 the average life span of men in developed countries would approach eighty-five. "I would say there's hope for men," Mr. West remarked with a smile. "Forty-eight per cent of the respondents agreed with the statement."

A woman in a blue dress stood up and asked, "When you say 'men,' do you mean *men* or *men and women*?"

"Well, the word in the statement was 'men,' " Mr. West said.

"I'm *outraged* that in this day and age the focus should be on men," the woman said, and she sat down.

The second speaker was Arthur Shapiro, the executive vice-president of the market-research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly & White. Mr. Shapiro is a dark-haired, bearded man with an emphatic way of speaking, and he discussed the changes in basic life styles which might be expected by the next century. He stood at the lectern and spoke in an informed fashion about things like the economy, values, the anti-nuclear movement, the quality of life, and roller discos, but his presentation did not always go without a hitch. At one point, there was the following exchange:

Woman in a Red Sweater (*raising her hand*): I would like to know what does not *exist* today that is going to impact on our future. I mean, what will evolve? I mean, there are things you haven't even *suggested*.

Shapiro: Isn't that why we are here?

Woman: Well, there's a lot that we should be *exploring*, and you haven't—

Shapiro: If you'll just be patient.

Woman: I *am* being patient.

Shapiro: And less hostile.

Woman: I am *not hostile*.

Shapiro: I'm really only—

Woman: I'm asking you an *evolutionary* question.

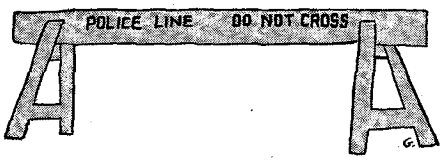
Shapiro: And I would like to *answer* your question, if you'd just—

Woman: *My question is unhostile!*

Harmony was restored, and during the next hour or so the futurists discussed such things as synfuels, recycling, the E.R.A., trainmen, nurses, retooling, Gandhi, electronics, the Declaration of Independence, happiness, the media, airplanes, entrepreneurs, the Soviet Union, hedonism, defeatism, military research, Chrysler, self-denial, strip-mining, the Sierra Club, Japan, the G.N.P., Social Security, Betty Friedan, rock music, Epcot, Adam and Eve, and ballooning.

When the meeting broke up—with most members continuing the discussion as they headed for the door—we caught up with Marion Percival, the president of the New York chapter, and asked her to tell us about the World Future Society.

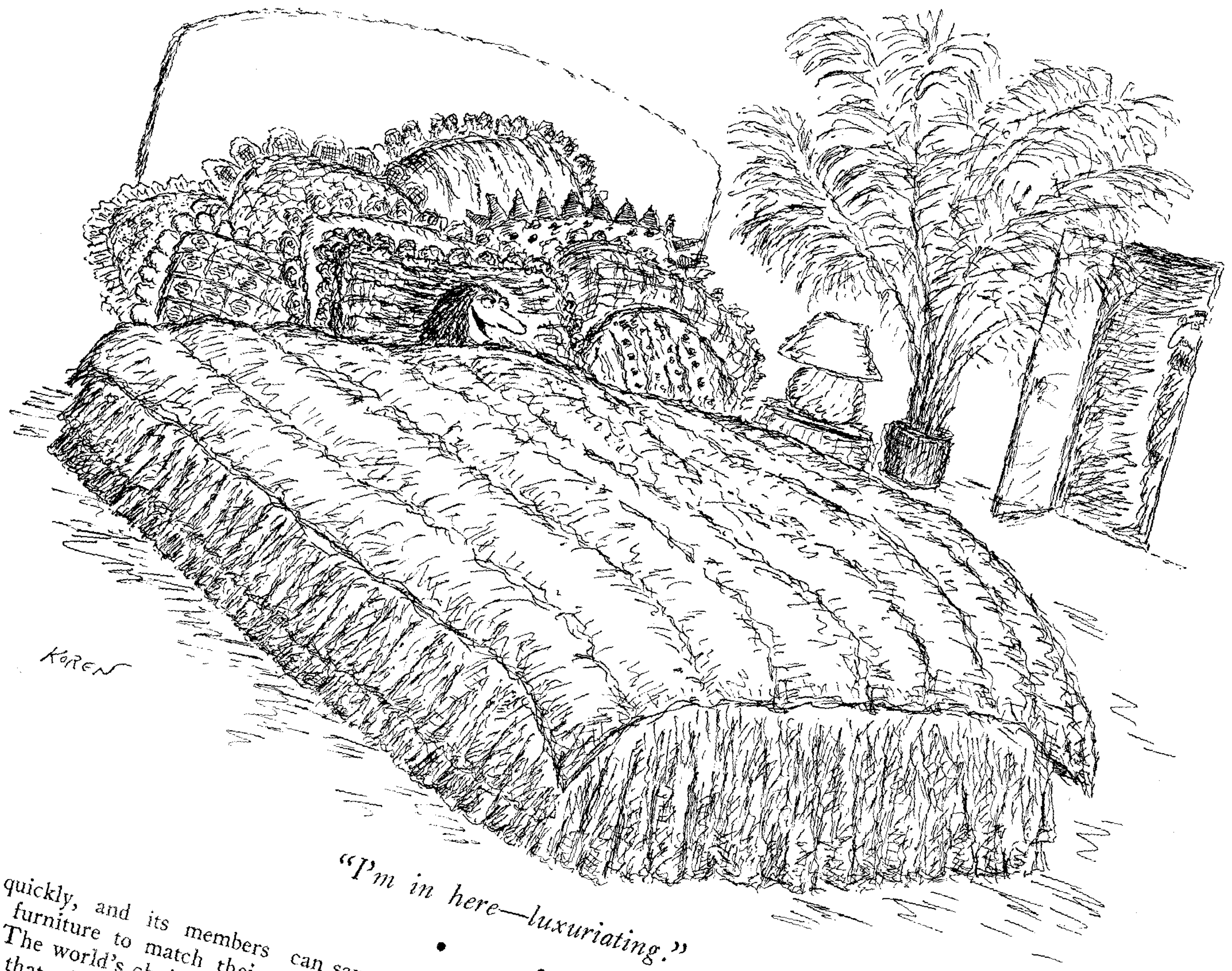
"The society was founded in 1966," said Miss Percival, a scholarly-looking blond woman who teaches and does career counselling and placement at Hunter College. "A group of private citizens started it in Washington, and now there are over thirty thousand members, in more than eighty countries. This chapter was formed in 1972, and we have about two hundred and fifty members. Membership is open to anyone, and you'll find that futurists belong to just about every profession imaginable. Of course, no one really *knows* what the future will be like, but in the society we study what it *may* be like. A while ago, I had a wonderful idea—I wanted to invite a numerologist, an astrologer, and a palm reader to come talk to us. But our board of directors vetoed the idea. They were afraid that, with our membership, which is apt to be a bit contentious, things might get out of hand. It's a pity, though, and I still think that it would have been a lot of fun. The future doesn't just *happen*, you know. We create it, through what we do, or fail to do, today."


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

Newport Desks

THIS year, two desks made in Newport, Rhode Island, a little more than two hundred years ago were auctioned in New York and broke all previous records for prices paid for American furniture. The first was sold at Sotheby's in January for six hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, and even in the rarefied air of valuable antiques the sum created a sensation. Desk No. 2, similar to it, was sold on June 2nd at Christie's for six hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars—a price that gave it second place in the record books. We called Christie's to find out what particular magic these two desks possessed. Christie's referred us to its consultant, Ralph E. Carpenter, and his book "The Arts and Crafts of Newport, Rhode Island," which was published in 1954 by the Preservation Society of Newport County.

From Carpenter's book we learned that in 1725 a young man named Job Townsend, a Quaker who was a "joiner" by trade, settled on Easton's Point, overlooking the harbor of Newport. His brother Christopher built a house and cabinet shop nearby. The two young men began turning out finely made furniture of all sorts—tables, chairs, bureaus, desks, and whatever else the carriage trade might fancy. Newport in those days had no lack of a carriage trade. It was a thriving town, whose fine harbor made it a pivotal point in the well-known triangular trade with the West Indies and Africa. A wealthy merchant class



"I'm in here—luxuriating."

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developed quickly, and its members needed fine furniture to match their new status. The world's choicest mahogany was that of Santo Domingo, Jamaica, and Cuba. Even then, it cost one English pound per board foot. The Townsends chose the very best mahogany brought back by ships trading in the West Indies, and evidently spared no pains in fashioning it into furniture. In 1743, Job Townsend took on an apprentice, John Goddard, who was then twenty, and who shortly afterward married Job's daughter Hannah. John's brother James married Job's other daughter, Suzanna. Both Goddards joined the elder Townsends in the family business. By then, several of Job's and Christopher's sons, of whom six ultimately became cabinetmakers, were also making furniture. From this point on, it is impossible to separate the work of any one of the Townsend-Goddard craftsmen from that of the others. For a time, six Townsends and two Goddards were working contemporaneously. No one can say which of them originated any particular element of style or craftsmanship. Only a handful of pieces—not including the two desks—are signed or labelled. What all experts agree on is that the craftsmanship of the Townsends and Goddards was impeccable in every detail. Who set this high standard of perfection—whether it was Job or Christopher Townsend or John Goddard, or whether it evolved from collaborative effort—can never be discovered.

Not only craftsmanship but design makes their best pieces matchless. In the early years, the Townsends' style was derived from English designs, but they carried it out with an elegance all their own. At some time in the seventeen-fifties, it is thought, the Townsend-Goddard craftsmen adopted a carved scallop shell—sometimes convex, sometimes concave—as an embellishment, and it came to be a hallmark of their work. Also beginning in the seventeen-fifties, relations with England became steadily more distant, and during the years preceding the Revolution fewer and fewer examples of English-style furniture reached America. The Townsends and Goddards began to devise their own designs, until their work became unique in style as well as in quality. It was then that they produced the pieces that are fetching such extraordinary prices today. Thirty years later, the war had destroyed Newport's prosperity, and when John Goddard died, in 1785, he was bankrupt. Yet, in spite of the hard times, Townsend-Goddard sons and grandsons carried on into the nineteenth century. The Metropolitan Museum has a table that is thought to have been made in 1790 by Stephen and Thomas Goddard, sons of John. A desk with bookcase now at the Rhode Island School of Design is inscribed "Made by John Goddard/1761 and repaerd by Thomas Goddard/1813." Thomas seems to have outlived all the rest and to have continued to make furniture, but in later days he departed from the old styles and supplemented his income by building boats. He died in 1858, at eighty-three.

Having been briefed by the book, we met Ralph Carpenter, himself a distinguished Newport gentleman—gray hair, blue eyes, navy-blue blazer with gilt buttons, navy-blue tie, beautiful shoes, beautiful manners, ardent lover of beautiful furniture. He told us he had combined a passion for collecting with a career in Wall Street, where he was an officer in the brokerage house of Dean Witter Reynolds until six years ago; then he retired to join Christie's as a consultant on his specialty—American furniture.

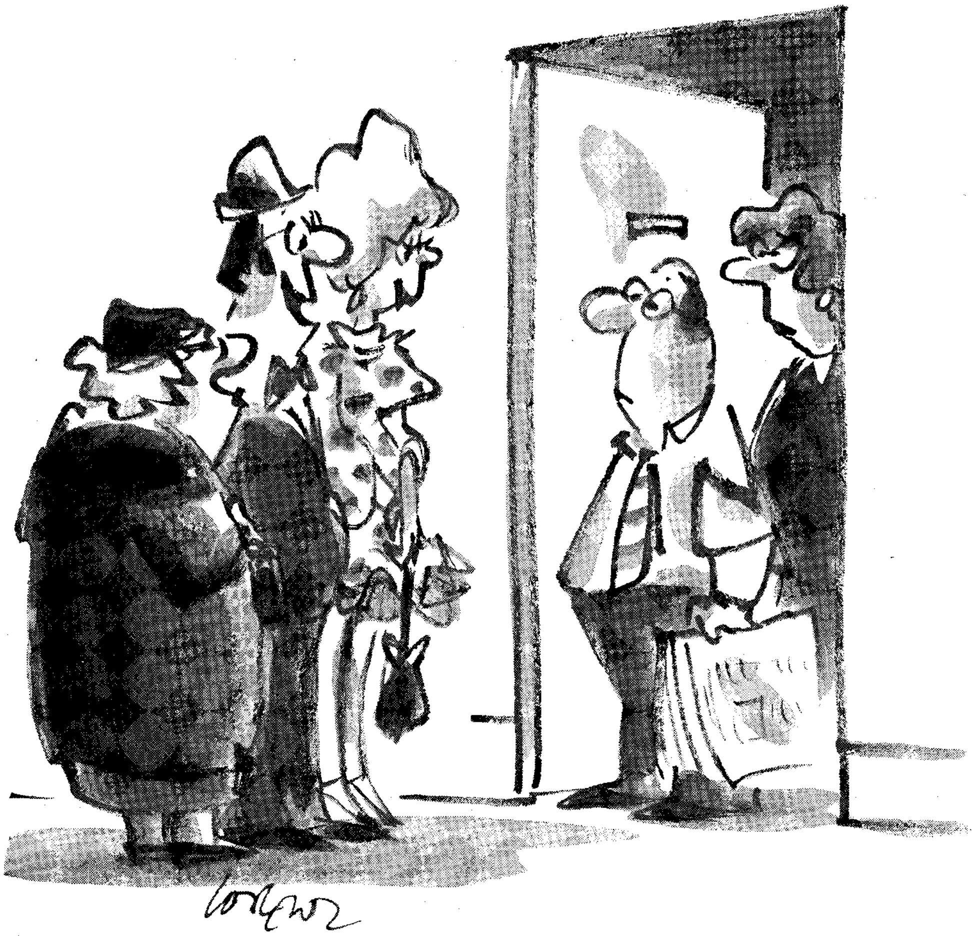
Mr. Carpenter was clearly elated by the recent sales, for the high prices vindicated his belief that the Townsends and Goddards were the finest craftsmen in furniture that America has produced. "Imagine one family—practically speaking, the Townsends and Goddards were one family—producing so many brilliant craftsmen over such a long period of time!" Carpenter said. "There were at least fifteen in all. That alone is unique." Of the six-hundred-and-twenty-seven-thousand-dollar desk, Carpenter said that there is good evidence it was made for the merchant Aaron Lopez or one of his family and was given as a wedding present to Isaac Minis, of Savannah, whose family summered in Newport. The desk remained with the Minis family in Savannah until the sale at Christie's. The desk that sold at Sotheby's for some sixty thousand dollars more had an equally well-documented background. It was made to order for a Captain George Gibbs in about 1765, and descended through five Newport generations. Both desks are kneehole desks of block-front design embellished with four shells. Blocking, Carpenter explained, is a manner of shaping that gives the façade of the drawers an inward or outward curve. It was occasionally used by other cabinetmakers, but the Townsends and Goddards brought it to perfection. Their block fronts combined with the carved shells are unlike any others. "I know of only twenty-four four-shell Townsend-Goddard block-front kneehole desks, and they are the jewels in the crown of American cabinetmaking," Carpenter said. "It is possible a twenty-fifth has been found. I've heard rumors, but I haven't seen it myself. Fourteen of the twenty-four I know of are in collections such as the Metropolitan's and the Boston Museum's or in firmly held private collections, and thus are off the market more or less permanently."

We asked about the likelihood that further pieces might be found.

"Don't think there aren't people out there scouring the hinterland, such as Nova Scotia, looking for them," Carpenter said. He estimated that perhaps half a dozen might still turn up. "Most families who had Townsend-Goddard furniture cherished it through the generations, and the present generation knows what it is. None of them are likely to have banished it to the henhouse. The stuff has a dignity that resists such treatment, though one block-front *was* painted white when a dealer found it."

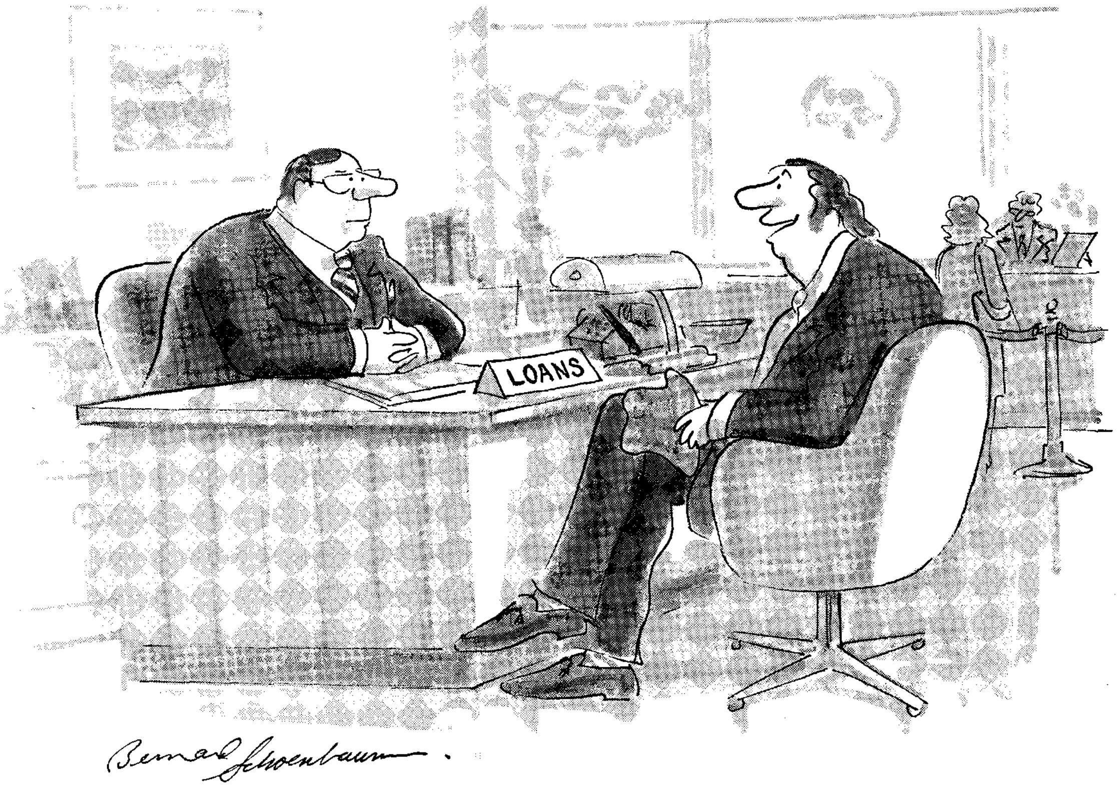
A step below the four-shell desks in value are those with three shells. Carpenter knows of ten, in various collections. There are also ten shell-carved desks topped with bookcases. All are in museums. If one came up for sale, it would bring, Carpenter estimated, at least a million dollars.

Scarcity, obviously, is one element in the high price of Townsend-Goddard desks. A growing appreciation of American cabinetmaking is another. Until the nineteen-twenties, it was considered second-rate compared with English work. At that time, the Townsends and Goddards were virtually forgotten. As more of their work has been discovered and documented, interest in it has grown, and prices have risen dramatically. Carpenter mentioned a few benchmarks. In 1938, David Stockwell, the Wilmington dealer who, with an associate, Ronald C. Bauman, bought the Minis desk a couple of weeks ago, had been able to buy one similar to it for five thousand dollars. In the early nineteen-fifties, Stockwell had bought a second for about twenty thousand dollars. Then, in the sixties, prices suddenly took off. Doris Duke paid a hundred and four thousand dollars for a four-shell kneehole desk. In 1972, a collector bought one for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. In 1980, it was resold for two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. And scarcely three years later the Gibbs and Minis desks brought more than twice that. If the twenty-four desks on Mr. Carpenter's list command an average price of six hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars, the two



"Good evening, Mr. Belknap. As you may know, there are three women to every man in New York. Here are your other two."

dozen are worth nearly sixteen million dollars. Old Job Townsend would be amazed at what he and his family wrought.



"It was kind of crazy. When I awoke this morning, my consumer confidence was back."

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Golfer

ONE of the people presenting awards at the Tony ceremonies held the other evening at the newly christened Gershwin Theatre (it used to be called the Uris) was the celebrated director-playwright George Abbott, who received a tumultuous standing ovation. "I appear to be among friends," he said, with a sly grin, before setting about his duties. On the same occasion, the 1936 musical comedy "On Your Toes," of whose book Mr. Abbott was a co-author, with Rodgers and Hart, and whose current revival he has directed, received an award. Later that evening, Mr. Abbott was spied dancing at a merry clip in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton, where further Tony festivities were under way. A couple of days afterward, we were permitted to join him at a rehearsal of "On Your Toes" at the Virginia Theatre, where the show opened in March. The rehearsal was necessary because of some major changes in the cast: Galina Panova is this week taking the place of Natalia Makarova, who has some long-standing commitments to fulfill, and Kitty Carlisle Hart is taking the place of Dina Merrill for a period of six weeks, while Miss Merrill is on holiday.

Seated on folding wooden chairs on the bare stage of the Virginia were Abbott and three of his producers: Alfred de Liagre, Jr.; Roger L. Stevens; and John Mauceri. Abbott is an exceptionally tall and strongly built man, with a handsome Roman head; in the course of chatting with him and watching him at work, we found it impossible to believe the incontrovertible fact that on the twenty-fifth of this month he will be celebrating his ninety-sixth birthday. It turned out that Abbott himself often finds his age impossible to believe. "I never knew what it was to feel old until I was ninety," he told us. "I used to play a lot of tennis, but I had to give it up, because I noticed that when I stood at net people were afraid of hitting me—didn't think I could get out of the way in time. In the last few years, I've been reduced to playing golf, and I'm no good at it. Started too late." Abbott was born in Forestville, New York, and graduated from the University of Rochester in 1911. He studied playwriting under George Pierce Baker, at Harvard, and then drifted into acting. "In the theatre, one thing just naturally leads to another. After seventy years of it, there isn't much I haven't tried my hand at," he said.

"I'm the merest stripling next to George," said de Liagre. "I'll be seventy-nine in October, and this is only my fiftieth year in the theatre. No doubt George thinks I have much to learn."

Miss Panova—a small, pretty woman with blue eyes and curly blond hair—arrived onstage, and Abbott jumped to his feet to welcome her. A moment later, in came Kitty Carlisle Hart, dark-haired and dark-eyed and evidently in high spirits. Since 1976, she has served as chairman of the New York State Council on the Arts and has become a familiar figure in all parts of the state; it has been almost thirty years since she made her last appearance on Broadway. Miss Panova, a former member of the Kirov Ballet, left Russia in 1974 and is now a citizen of Israel. In the role of Vera Baronova, a highly temperamental Russian ballerina, she is making her début on Broadway. Abbott set briskly to work with the two actresses, who already had their lines down pat. From time to time, Abbott would suggest to Miss Panova a slight change of emphasis on a particular word—"Galina, what about a little more force when you come to 'shoes'? 'What the hell are all these *shoes* doing here?' "—and Miss Panova was always quick to oblige.

"Panova has a deeper, stronger voice than Makarova," de Liagre told us, sotto voce, as the scene continued. "She'll be easier to understand, and just as amusing. I think we're lucky to have her."

Abbott ordered a break and went over to talk for a moment or so to Stevens. "It was Roger, here, who dug me up down in Florida and asked me to take this job," Abbott said when he came back. "I'm glad he did. It's been a lot of fun. As soon as Galina and Kitty are all set, I'm off to my place in the Catskills, to play some more rotten golf."

GANDHI AT THE BAT

History books and available newspaper files hold no record of the visit to America in 1933 made by Mohandas K. Gandhi. For reasons of a sensitive political nature that have not yet come to light, all contemporary accounts of the visit were suppressed at the request of President Roosevelt. Although Gandhi repeatedly appeared in public during his three-month stay, the cloak of journalistic silence was seamless, and all that remains of the great man's celebrated tour is this long-secreted glimpse of one of the Mahatma's unexpected nonpolitical appearances, written by an anonymous press-box denizen of the day.

Yankee Stadium is used to roaring crowds. But never did a crowd roar louder than on yesterday afternoon, when a little brown man in a loincloth and wire-rimmed specs put some wood on a Lefty Grove fastball and completely bamboozled Connie Mack's A's.

It all started when Mayor John J. O'Brien invited M. K. ("Mahatma") Gandhi to see the Yanks play Philadelphia up at "The House That Ruth Built." Gandhi, whose ballplaying experience was limited to a few wallops with a cricket bat, jumped at the chance, and 12 noon saw the Mayor's party in the Yankee locker room, where the Mahatma met the Bronx Bombers. A zippy exchange occurred when the Mayor introduced the Lord of the Loincloth to the Bambino. "Mr. Gandhi," Hizzoner said, "I want you to meet Babe Ruth, the Sultan of Swat."

Gandhi's eyes sparkled behind his Moxie-bottle lenses, and he chuckled. "Swat," quoth he, "is a sultanate of which I am not aware. Is it by any chance near Maharashtra?"

"Say," laughed the Babe, laying a meaty hand on the frail brown shoulder, "you're all right, kiddo. I'll hit one out of the park for you today."

"No hitting, please," the Mahatma quipped.

In the Mayor's front-row private box, the little Indian turned down the offer of a hot dog and requested a box of Cracker Jack instead. The prize inside was a tin whistle, which he blew gleefully whenever the Bambino waddled up to bat.

The grinning guru enjoyed the game immensely—far more than the A's, who were down 3–1 by the fifth. Ruth, as promised, did smash a homer in the seventh, to Gandhi's delight. "Hey, Gunga Din!" Ruth cried jovially on his way to the Yankee dugout. "Know why my battin' reminds folks of India? 'Cause I can really Bangalore!"

"That is a very good one, Mr. Ruth!" cried the economy-size Asian.

By the top of the ninth, the Yanks had scored two more runs. After Mickey Cochrane whiffed on a Red Ruffing fastball, Gandhi remarked how difficult it must be to hit such a swiftly thrown missile and said, "I should like to try it very much."

"Are you serious?" Mayor O'Brien asked.

"If it would not be too much trouble. Perhaps after the exhibition is over," his visitor suggested.

There was no time to lose. O'Brien, displaying a panache that would have done credit to his predecessor, Jimmy Walker, leaped up and shouted to the umpire, who called a time-out. Managers McCarthy and Mack were beckoned to the Mayor's side, along with Bill Dinneen, the home-plate umpire, and soon all of Yankee Stadium heard an unprecedented announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, regardless of the score, the Yankees will come to bat to finish the ninth inning."

The excited crowd soon learned that the reason for such a breach of tradition was a little brown pinch-hitter shorter than his bat. When the pin-striped Bronx Bombers returned to their dugout after the last Philadelphia batter had been retired in the ninth, the Nabob of Nonviolence received a hasty batting lesson from Babe Ruth under the stands.

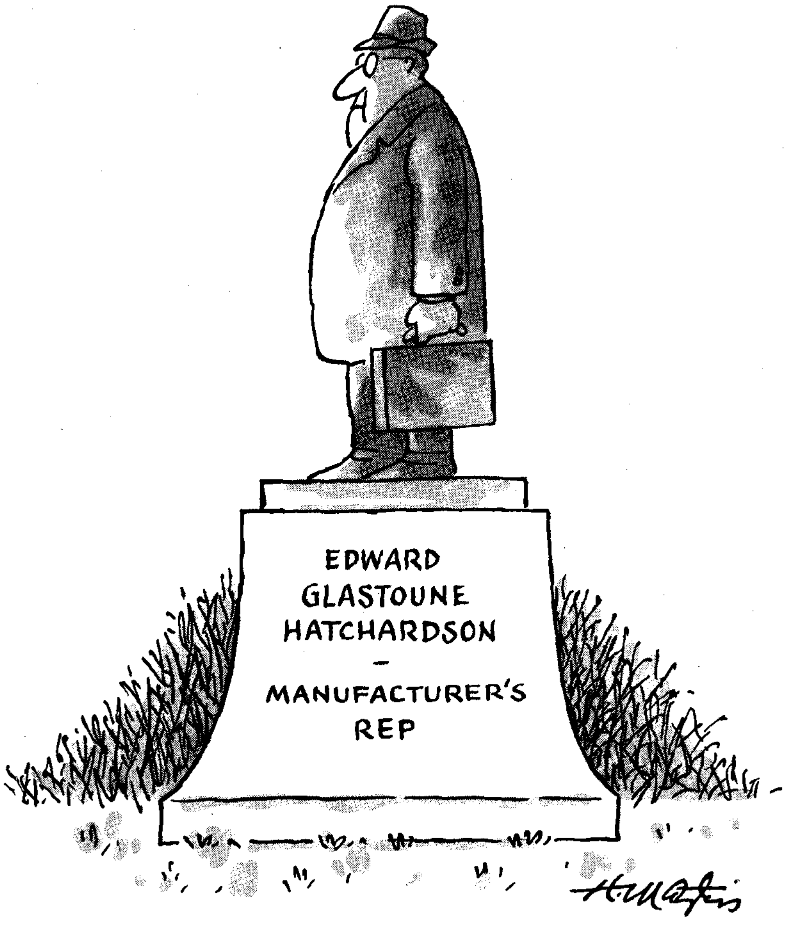
Lazzeri led off the bottom of the stanza, hitting a short chop to Bishop, who rifled to Foxx for the out. Then, after Crosetti fouled out to Cochrane, the stadium became hushed as the announcer intoned, "Pinch-hitting for Ruffing, Mohandas K. Gandhi."

The crowd erupted as the white-robed holy man, a fungo bat propped jauntily on his shoulder, strode to the plate, where he remarked to the crouching Mickey Cochrane, "It is a very big field, and a very small ball."

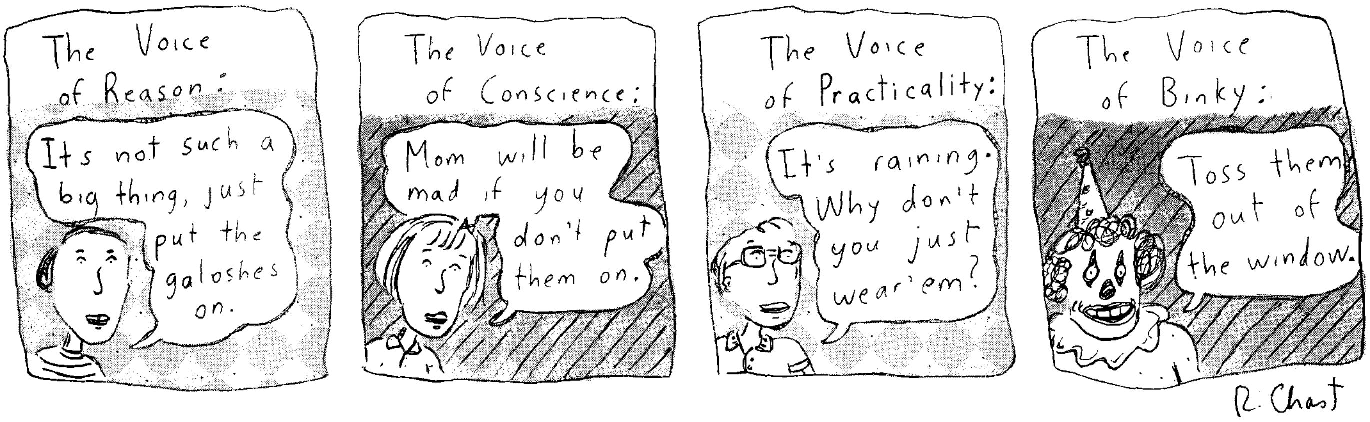
"C'mon, Moe!" Ruth called loudly to the dead-game bantam batter. "Show 'em *the old pepper!*"

"I will try, Mr. Baby!" Gandhi called back, and went into a batting stance unique in the annals of the great game—his sheet-draped posterior facing the catcher, and his bat held high over his head, as if to clobber the ball into submission. While Joe McCarthy called time, the Babe trotted out and politely corrected the little Indian's position in the box.

The time-out over, Grove threw a screaming fastball right over the plate. The bat stayed on Gandhi's shoulder. "Oh, my," he said as he turned and observed the ball firmly ensconced in Cochrane's glove. "That *was* speedy."



IN A QUANDARY


The Voice of Reason:
It's not such a big thing, just put the galoshes on.
The Voice of Conscience:
Mom will be mad if you don't put them on.
The Voice of Practicality:
It's raining. Why don't you just wear 'em?
The Voice of Binky:
Toss them out of the window.
R. Chast

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The second pitch was another dead-center fastball. The Mahatma swung, but found that the ball had been in the Mick's glove for a good three seconds before his swipe was completed. "Stee-rike two!" Dinneen barked.

The next pitch was high and outside, and the ump called it a ball before the petite pundit made a tentative swing at it. "Must I sit down now?" he asked.

"Nah, it's a ball," Dinneen replied. "I called it before you took your cut."

"Yes. I *know* that is a ball, and I did swing at it and did miss."

"No, no, a ball. Like a free pitch."

"Oh, I see."

"Wasn't in the strike zone."

"Yes, I see."

"So you get another swing."

"Yes."

"And if you miss you sit down."

"I just *did* miss."

"Play ball, Mister."

The next pitch was in the dirt. Gandhi did not swing. "Ball," Dinneen called.

"Yes, it is," the Mahatma agreed.

"Two and two."

"That is four."

"Two balls, two strikes."

"Is there not but one ball?"

"Two balls."

"Yes, I see."

"And two strikes."

"And if I miss I sit down."

Ruth's voice came booming from the Yankee dugout: "Swing early, Gandy baby!"

"When is early?"

"When I tell ya! I'll shout '*Now!*' "

Grove started his windup. Just as his leg kicked up, the Bambino's cry of "*Now!*" filled the park.

The timing was perfect. Gandhi's molasses-in-January swing met the Grove fastball right over the plate. The ball shot downward, hit the turf, and arced gracefully into the air toward Grove. "*Run*, Peewee, *run!*" yelled Ruth, as the crowd went wild.

"Yes, yes!" cried Gandhi, who started down the first-base line in what can only be described as a dancing skip, using his bat as a walking stick. An astonished Grove booted the high bouncer, then scooped up the ball and flung it to Jimmie Foxx at first.

But Foxx, mesmerized by the sight of a sixty-three-year-old Indian in white robes advancing merrily before him and blowing mightily on a tin whistle, failed to descry the stitched orb, which struck the bill of his cap, knocking it off his head, and, slowed by its deed of dishabille, rolled to a stop by the fence.

Gandhi paused only long enough to touch first and to pick up Jimmie's cap and return it to him. By the time the still gawking Foxx had perched it once more on his head, the vital vegetarian was halfway to second.

Right fielder Coleman retrieved Foxx's missed ball and now relayed it to Max Bishop at second, but too late. The instant Bishop tossed the ball back to the embarrassed Grove, Gandhi was off again. Grove, panicking, overthrew third base, and by the time left fielder Bob Johnson picked up the ball, deep in foul territory, the Tiny Terror of Tealand had rounded the hot corner and was scooting for home. Johnson hurled the ball on a true course to a stunned Cochrane. The ball hit the pocket of Cochrane's mitt and popped out like a muffin from a toaster.

Gandhi jumped on home plate with both sandalled feet, and the crowd exploded as Joe McCarthy, the entire Yankee squad, and even a beaming Connie Mack surged onto the field.

"I ran home," giggled Gandhi. "Does that mean that I hit a run home?"

"A home run, Gandy," said Ruth. "Ya sure did."

"Well, technically," said Umpire Dinneen, "it was a single and an overthrow and then—"

"*Shaddup*," growled a dozen voices at once.

"Looked like a homer to me, too," the ump corrected, but few heard him, for by that time the crowd was on the field, lifting to their shoulders a joyous Gandhi, whose tin whistle provided a thrilling trilling over the mob's acclaim.

Inside the locker room, Manager McCarthy offered Gandhi a permanent position on the team, but the Mahatma graciously refused, stating that he could only consider a diamond career with a different junior-circuit club.

"Which club would that be, kid?" said the puzzled Bambino.

"The Cleveland Indians, of course," twinkled the Mahatma.

An offer from the Cleveland front office arrived the next day, but India's top pinch-hitter was already on a train headed for points west—and the history books. —CHET WILLIAMSON

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Osborne, who told the board Tuesday that final figures on "Hansel and Gretel" are not in, declined to return calls from The Courant. But he said in a recent interview that "Hansel and Gretel," which was to have cost about $250,000, in the end cost twice as much. He also said he feared it would be hard to sell Hartford audiences on another Civic Center opera.

"It's a very difficult thing to market," he said. "I can't market it on hype alone. Maybe people are hyped-out."—*Hartford Courant.*

Never.

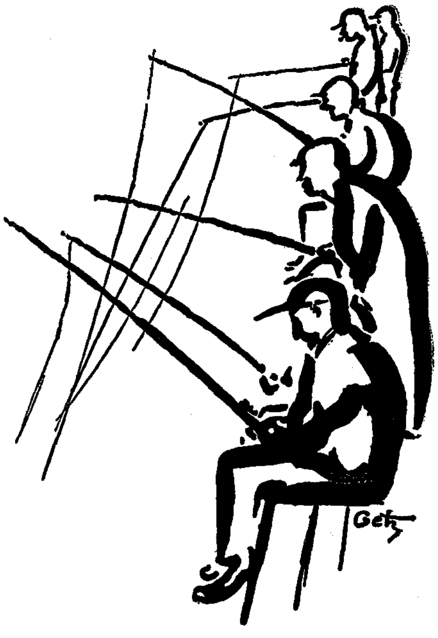
IN FRANCE

DURING the wet autumn of 1974, I heard about another American girl who was living in Neuilly. Her name was Kate, and she was said to be from a rich family in Chicago—a word my French friends pronounced with relish, in a pidgin staccato. Kate was a photographer, who specialized in making nudes look like vegetables; she lived on an immense allowance in an apartment near the Bois de Boulogne. She was an old friend of Philippe, Alain, and Roger, the three young men with whom I lived, and in early October we tried several times to visit her, but each time a hostile male voice over the telephone told us she was busy, or out of town, or indisposed. Philippe finally heard a rumor that she was being held prisoner in her apartment by her present lover and an ex-boyfriend, who were collecting her allowance and had bought a Fiat—the same model the Pope drove—with the profits.

The story was riveting enough when we discussed it one afternoon over drinks at the Bill-Board, a nondescript café near the Rue de Rivoli, but none of my companions seemed especially concerned about Kate. Alain sighed, and licked the ring of milk foam from his glass (he always ordered Ovomaltine); Roger thoughtfully rubbed his nose; and Philippe, shaking his head at me in mock sorrow, said, "Oh, Sarah. You American girls!"

Kate came occasionally into my thoughts as I sat shivering and watching television in the big vulgar living room of Philippe's uncle's apartment, where a penetrating chill rose from the marble floors. That fall I had only one pair of tights, because my supply of traveller's checks was dwindling and I didn't want Philippe to buy my clothes; over the tights, for warmth, I wore a pair of white tennis socks I'd bought in Lausanne in the summer. The socks, which I seldom washed, were getting tatty, brownish, and full of holes. I massaged my cold toes through my socks and tights and thought idly about Kate the Lake Forest débutante immured somewhere overlooking the rust-colored chestnuts in the Bois. She seemed to be a kind of sister or alter ego, although she was white and I was black, and back in the States I'd undergone a rush of belated social fury at girls like Kate, whose complacent faces had surrounded me in prep school and college. Idly I sympathized with her, guessing that she had a reason for investing in whatever thefts and embarrassments modern Paris could provide.

In October, there was a French postal strike, which pleased me: I had painstakingly cut off communication with my family in Philadelphia, and I liked the idea of channels closing officially between America and France. The dollar was down that year, and it was harder than ever to live on nothing in Europe, but scores of Americans were still gamely struggling to cast off kin and convention in a foreign tongue, and I was among them. I had grown up in the hermetic world of the old-fashioned black bourgeoisie—a group largely unknown to other Americans, which has carried on with cautious pomp for years in Eastern cities and suburbs, using its considerable funds to attempt poignant imitations of high society, acting with genuine gallantry in the struggle for civil rights, and finally producing a generation of children educated in newly integrated schools and impatient to escape the outworn rituals of their parents. The previous June, I had graduated from Harvard, having just turned twenty-one. I was tall and lanky and light-skinned, quite pretty in a nervous sort of way; I came out of college equipped with an unfocussed snobbery, vague literary aspirations, and a lively appetite for white boys. When before commencement my father died of a stroke, I found that my lifelong impulse to discard Philadelphia had turned into a loathing of everything that made up my past. And so, with a certain amazement at the ruthless ingenuity that replaced my grief, I left to study French literature in Lausanne, intending never to come back.



One weekend in Montreux, I met Philippe Durier, and at his suggestion quit school and Switzerland to come live in the Paris apartment he shared with his uncle and his uncle's array of male companions and his own two friends from childhood, Alain and Roger. There I entered a world where life was aimless and sometimes bizarre—a mixture that suited my desire for amnesia. Philippe was nineteen, a big blond who looked more Frisian than French. Though he wasn't particularly intelligent, there was something better than intelligence and older than his age in the way he faced the world, something forceful and hypnotic in his gray eyes, which often held the veiled, mean gaze of one for whom life has been a continual grievance. He was, in fact, an illegitimate child, raised outside Paris by his mother, and adopted only recently by his rich uncle. This uncle held a comfortable post at the Ministry of Finance, and Philippe, who had an apprentice job in the advertising department of Air France, lived and travelled lavishly on a collection of credit cards. When I met him, he had just returned from touring Texas, where he had bought a jaunty Confederate cap. Throughout our short romance, we remained incomprehensible to each other, each of us clutching a private exotic vision in the various beds where we made love. "*Reine d'Afrique, petite Indienne,*" Philippe would whisper, winding my hair into a long braid; he wanted me to wear red beaded threads in my ears, like women he'd seen in Brazil.

Philippe's ideas about the United States had a nuttiness that outdid the spaghetti-Western fantasies I'd found in other Frenchmen; for instance, he thought Nixon was the greatest President, Houston the most important city. I was annoyed and bored by his enthusiasm for chicken-fried steak and General Lee, and he was equally exasperated when I spoke of Georges Brassens or the Comtesse de Noailles. He couldn't begin to imagine the America I came from, nor did I know, or even try to find out, what it was like to grow up in Lorraine, in a provincial city, where at school the other boys gang up on you, pull down your pants, and smear you with black shoe polish because you have no father.

THE apartment where we lived was a sprawling place, designed with fixtures and details in an exuberant bad taste that suggested a motor inn in Tucson. A floor-to-ceiling wrought-iron grille divided the living room from the dining room, and the kitchen, hall toilet, and both bathrooms were papered in a garish turquoise Greek-key design. Otherwise it was a wonderful Parisian apartment: tall double windows, luminous wet skies, the melancholy soughing of traffic in the street below. When I arrived, the place held handsome antique wooden beds in each of the four bedrooms, and an assortment of boards and wooden boxes in the living room, dining room, and kitchen. Philippe's uncle, who spent little time there, seemed indifferent to comfort, preferring to furnish his apartment with a changing assortment of male humanity. There was Enzo, a muscular young mechanic, and Enzo's friends, who were mainly Italian hoodlums; there was Rafael, a short Spanish gypsy, who lived in a trailer out by Orly; there was a doddering Russian prince, and a wiry blue-eyed shadow in a leather jacket who Philippe assured me was an I.R.A. terrorist; there was an exquisitely dressed prefect of police, who sometimes lectured Philippe, Alain, Roger, and me on "*la nécessité des rapports sains entre les sexes*." Manners within this motley company had assumed a peculiar formality: strangers nodded and spoke politely as they passed in the halls.

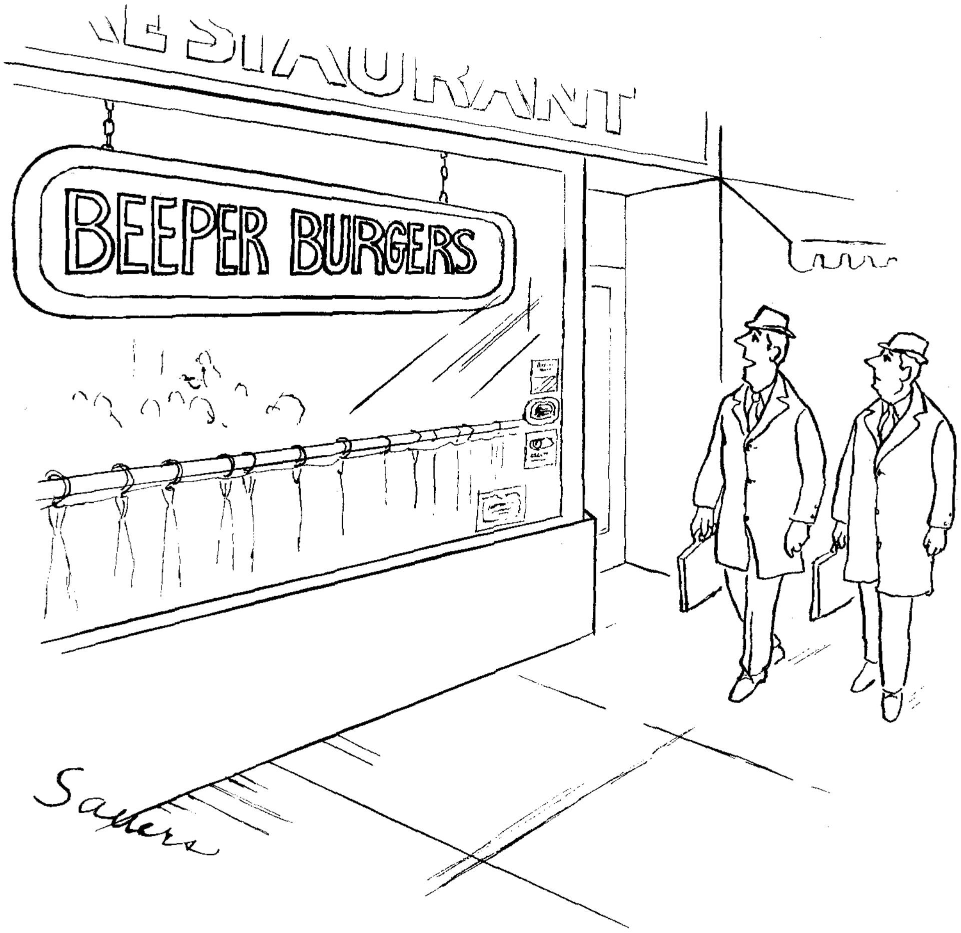
Alain and Roger both rented rooms in the Fifth Arrondissement, but they spent most nights in Neuilly, sleeping in whatever beds happened to be available. The two of them had grown up with Philippe in the city of Nancy. Alain was twenty and slight-bodied, with girlish white skin and beetling dark brows. He came from a large and happy petit-bourgeois family, and although he tried hard to look as surly as Philippe, he was generally amused rather than aggrieved, and a natural, naïve joy of life gleamed out of his tiny, crooked blue eyes. He loved to improve my French by teaching me nasty children's rhymes, and his imaginative rendering of my name, Sarah Ashley, in an exaggerated foreign accent made it sound vaguely Arabic. Roger, a student who sprang from the pettiest of petty nobility, had flat brown hair and a sallow, snub-nosed face. He was sarcastic and untrustworthy; his jokes were all about bosoms and bottoms; and of the three boys I liked him the least.

The four of us generally got along well. I was Philippe's girl, but a few times, in the spirit of *Brüderschaft*, I spent nights with Alain and Roger. At breakfast, we had familial squabbles over our bowls of watery instant coffee and sterilized milk (one of the amenities Philippe's uncle had neglected was the installation of a refrigerator); late at night, when we'd come back bored and dreamy from dinner or the movies and the rain on the windows was beginning to sound like a series of insistent questions, we played a game called Galatea, in which I stood naked on a wooden box and turned slowly to have my body appraised and criticized. The three boys were funny and horny and only occasionally tiresome; they told me I was beautiful and showed me off to their friends at cafés and discos and at the two Drugstores.

At that time, thank heavens, I hadn't seen or read "Jules and Jim," so I could play the queen without self-consciousness, thinking—headily, guiltily, sentimentally—that I was doing something the world had never seen before. Two weeks after I had come to stay at the apartment, I returned from shopping to find the big rooms filled with furniture: fat velvet chairs and couches from Au Bon Marché, a glass-and-steel dining-room set, and four enormous copies of Oriental rugs, thrown down recklessly so that their edges overlapped to form one vast wrinkled sea of colors. "They're for you, naturally," Philippe told me when I asked. "You were complaining about cold feet."

When Philippe, Alain, and Roger weren't around, I loafed in the apartment or rambled through the Louvre; the painting I liked most was Poussin's "Paradis Terrestre," where a grand stasis seems to weigh down the sunlit masses of foliage, and the tiny figure of Eve, her face unscarred by recollection, looks delicate and indolent.

If I was idle, all France around me was vibrating to the latest invasion of Anglo-Saxon culture. The first Mc-



"*I think they're trying to attract professional people.*"

• •

Donald's in Paris had opened on the Champs-Elysées. The best French commercials were those for Goldtea—artless takeoffs on "Gone with the Wind," with Senegalese extras toiling in replicas of American cotton fields, flat-chested French belles in hoop-skirts, and French male actors trying subtly to inject a bit of Wild West into the Confederate cavaliers they played. The hit song that fall was a number by the madly popular cartoon canary TiTi, who had begun in the United States as Tweety; it was a lisping ditty in a high sexy voice, and it seemed to be ringing faintly at all hours through the streets of the city. French girls were wearing rust-colored cavalier boots and skintight cigarette jeans that dug into their crotches in imitation of Jane Birkin, the English movie star. Birkin had the swayback and flat buttocks of a little girl, and she spoke a squeaky half-hysterical, English-accented French. Philippe, Alain, and Roger rolled on the floor in fits of insane laughter whenever I imitated Jane Birkin. I had a pair of cigarette jeans, too; they left a mesh of welts on my belly and thighs. Sometimes in the rainy afternoons when I walked in the Bois, I could hear TiTi's song playing somewhere deep in the dripping yellow leaves. Occasionally a wet leaf would come sailing out of the woods and affix itself squarely to my cheek or forehead like an airmail stamp, and I would think of all the letters I hadn't written home.

SUMMER SOLSTICE, NEW YORK CITY

By the end of the longest day of the year he could not stand it,
he went up the iron stairs through the roof of the building
and over the soft, tarry surface
to the edge, put one leg over the complex green tin cornice
and said if they came a step closer that was it.
Then the huge machinery of the earth began to work for his life,
the cops came in their suits blue-gray as the sky on a cloudy evening,
and one put on a bulletproof vest, a
black shell around his own life,
life of his children's father, in case
the man was armed, and one, slung with a
rope like the sign of his bounden duty,
came up out of a hole in the top of the neighboring building,
like the gold hole they say is in the top of the head,
and began to lurk toward the man who wanted to die.
The tallest cop approached him directly,
softly, slowly, talking to him, talking, talking,
while the man's leg hung over the lip of the next world,
and the crowd gathered in the street, silent, and the
dark hairy net with its implacable grid was
unfolded near the curb and spread out and
stretched as the sheet is prepared to receive at a birth.
Then they all came a little closer
where he squatted next to his death, his shirt
glowing its milky glow like something
growing in a dish at night in the dark in a lab, and then
everything stopped
as his body jerked and he
stepped down from the parapet and went toward them
and they closed on him, I thought they were going to
beat him up, as a mother whose child has been
lost will scream at the child when it's found, they
took him by the arms and held him up and
leaned him against the wall of the chimney and the
tall cop lit a cigarette
in his own mouth, and gave it to him, and
then they all lit cigarettes, and the
red glowing ends burned like the
tiny campfires we lit at night
back at the beginning of the world.

—Sharon Olds

• •

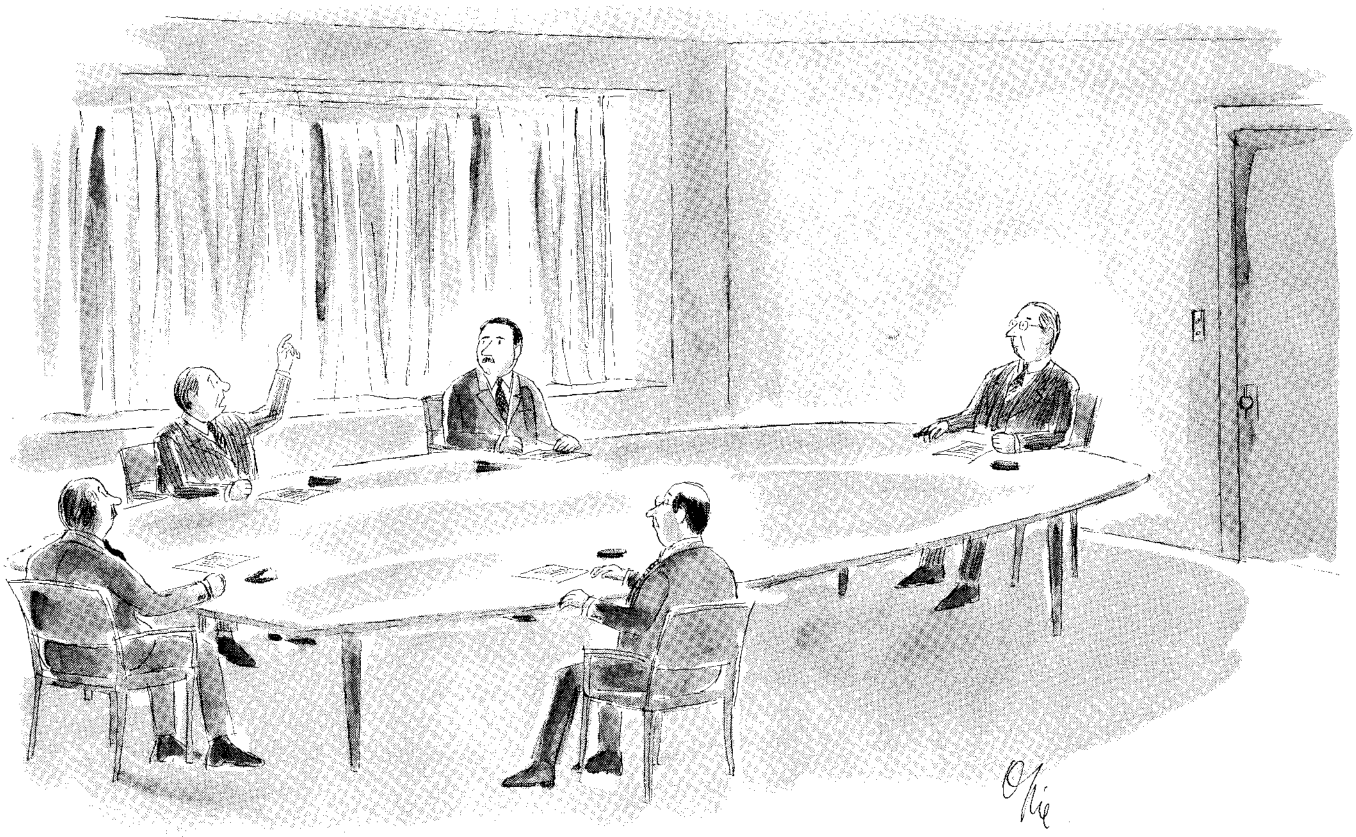
IN October, we went to England three times, on weekend excursions in Philippe's plastic jeep. We took the ferry to Dover, then drove up to London, where Roger thought it was fun to play slot machines late at night in a penny arcade in Piccadilly Circus. Each time, we put up at the Cadogan Hotel, charging a suite to Philippe's uncle's credit card. The respectable English and Continental travellers eyed us surreptitiously, and we determined that if questioned we would say we were a rock-and-roll band. "Josephine Baker et les Trois Bananes," suggested Alain.

Some chemistry of air, soil, and civilization filled me with unwilling nostalgia, and I kept a sharp lookout in London for certain types of tourists: prosperous black Americans, a little overdressed and a bit uneasy in hotel lobbies, who could instantly identify where I came from, and who might know my family. During the day, we would drive into the country and rent horses, prodding them into clattering gallops with Comanche yells. I was the official interpreter on these expeditions, and the times when I failed to understand a broad country accent the three boys jeered at me. "What's the matter, don't you speak English?" they'd say.

Later that fall, we tried to take the ferry from Normandy to the island of Jersey but were prevented from doing so by bad weather. We spent the night in Granville, in a tall, chill stone hotel where the shutters banged all night in a gale off the Channel. The next morning, Alain got up, looking very skinny and white in a pair of sagging blue underpants, and ran shivering to the window. "We'll have to forget the island," he said, peering through the shutters. The waves were slate-colored, huge, with an oily roll to them and with shifting crests of yellowish foam.

Alain was in a bad mood because Philippe and I had made love the night before in the twin bed next to his. "That was a charming thing to do," he said to Philippe, who was pulling on his jeans. "To torture a poor adolescent. I couldn't get to sleep for hours!"

He tossed a pillow at Philippe, who batted it away. Philippe and I were in foul moods ourselves, mainly because the mutual fascination that had joined us suddenly and profoundly three



"If someone doesn't propose a merger before the next meeting, may I suggest we go back to a smaller table?"

• •

months before had begun to break down into boredom and suspicion.

Still in his underpants, Alain jumped up onto one of the beds and began to yodel and beat his chest like Tarzan. "Aaah!" he yelled, rolling his eyes maniacally; then he leaped upon Philippe, who had bent to tie his sneaker.

"*Idiot! T'es dingue, toi!*" shouted Philippe, and the two of them began to wrestle, Philippe easily gaining the upper hand over the bony Alain. Alain groaned in pretended anguish when Philippe sat on his chest; it was clear that this attack and defeat were part of a ritual whose rules had been set in childhood. They were far closer to each other, I thought, than I would ever be to either of them.

When Roger appeared, he was in as bad a mood as the rest of us, his back aching because he had had to spend the night on an iron cot in a tiny *chambre de bonne* two floors above ours. "What a room!" he said, grabbing my comb and stroking his flat brown hair still flatter. "Good for a midget or a paraplegic!"

We gave up on the island of Jersey and drove inland toward Paris, past fields that were bright green beneath October mists, and through spare Norman villages, and then past brown copses and woodlands, all under a sky where a single white channel was opening between two dark fronts of autumn storm. Raindrops broke and ran upward on the windshield of the jeep, and I shivered in Philippe's aviator jacket, which he had bought in Texas. To keep warm, we sang, though the number of songs all four of us knew the words to was small: "Auprès de Ma Blonde," "Chevalies de la Table Ronde," "Dixie," "Home on the Range," and, endlessly, endlessly, John Denver. "Take me home, country roads," Philippe, Alain, and Roger would warble, throwing their heads back with a gusto that was only partly satirical: they thought Denver's music was the greatest thing America had exported since bluejeans.

In between songs we talked about Roger's sister Sabine, who was engaged in a battle with her parents because she wanted to marry a Jew. "Sabine is a fool," said Philippe. "The thing for her to do is to leave home and do exactly as she pleases."

There was silence for a minute, as in the back seat Alain glanced at Roger. All of us had heard how Philippe had left his small family—his pretty, weak-chinned mother and his grandmother, a meddlesome farmer's widow from Berry. The story went that when Philippe's rich uncle—whom the family discreetly described as "*misogyne*"—visited Nancy he had taken a chaste interest in the fifteen-year-old Philippe and had given him twenty minutes to decide whether to leave the town forever and come to live in Paris. Philippe claimed he had decided in five minutes and had never looked back.

Alain lit a Lucky Strike and tossed the match through a hole in the plastic window of the jeep. "It's not like that in my family," he said, his irregular face solemn for once. "With us, attachments have an awful strength."

We stopped for lunch at the Cercle d'Or, a small inn near the outskirts of Rouen. The place had a wood-burning oven, and we ate lamb roasted over the coals, and goat cheese and Bosc pears, and coupes napoléons, and then we drank coffee with Calvados. By three-thirty in the afternoon, the semicircle of white-covered tables near the

"You talk to the Dillenbecks and the Sykeses. I'll work the terrace."

• •

fire was almost deserted and the restaurant seemed hypnotically comfortable; padding waiters had begun to set the places for supper. Outside, above a hill covered with beeches, the rack of storm clouds had thinned into streaks of blue, and a few rays of sun reached into the dining room.

A squabble had started between Alain and Philippe when Alain, for no reason at all, threw a mayonnaise-covered olive into Philippe's wine. The quarrel lasted through the coffee, when Philippe, to the amusement of the restaurant staff, ordered Alain away from the table. Alain, swearing under his breath, shuffled obediently off to the courtyard and lay down in the back of the jeep; through the window by our table we could see his big sneakered feet protruding from under the rear flap in an attitude of careless defiance.

When he had gone, Philippe said, "*Espèce de con!*," and Roger, who worshipped Philippe and was always jealous of Alain, allowed a faint smile to cross his face. After that, Philippe stubbed out his cigarette on a crust of bread and began needling me about my appearance. Short skirts were out of fashion, he said, and mine made me look like a prostitute. "And wherever," he added, "did you get the idea that you could wear a green shirt with blue denim?"

"Americans don't pay attention to little things like the color of their clothes," remarked Roger nastily, brushing a thread from the sleeve of his immaculate tweed jacket. "Or the style of their hair. Sarah, *ma vieille*, you're certainly pretty enough, but why don't you put your hair up properly? Or cut it off? You have the look of a savage!"

Philippe giggled and grabbed my frizzy ponytail. "She *is* a savage!" he exclaimed, with the delighted air of a child making a discovery. "A savage from the shores of the Mississippi!" (He pronounced "Mississippi" with the accent on the last syllable.)

In the sunlight through the window, Philippe looked very fair-haired and well fed. His round face, like that of a trouble-making cherub, was flushed with malicious energy; I could tell he was enormously pleased to be annoying me, and that he wouldn't let me off easily.

"I'm going to go see Alain," I said, and started to get up, but Philippe held on to my hair and pulled me back.

"Don't go anywhere, darling," he said. "I want to tell Roger *all* about your elegant pedigree."

"Tell him about yours!" I said rashly, forgetting that Philippe was illegitimate.

Roger gave a thin squawk of laughter, and Philippe's face darkened. He picked up a spoon and began stirring the heaped butts in the ashtray. "Did you ever wonder, Roger, old boy," he said, in a casual, intimate tone, "why our beautiful Sarah is such a mixture of races, why she has pale skin but hair that's as kinky as that of a Haitian? Well, I'll tell you. Her mother was an Irishwoman, and her father was a monkey."

Roger raised his hand to his mouth and made an indeterminate noise in his throat.

A small, wry smile hovered on Philippe's lips. "Actually, it's a longer story. It's a very American tale. This *Irlandaise* was part redskin, and not only that but part Jew as well—some Americans are part Jew, aren't they? And one day this *Irlandaise* was walking through the jungle near New Orleans, when she was raped by a jazz musician, as big and black as King Kong—with sexual equipment to match. And from this agreeable encounter was born our little Sarah, *notre Négresse pasteurisée*." He reached over and pinched my chin. "It's a true story, isn't it, Sarah?" He pinched harder. "Isn't it?"

"Let me alone!" I said, pulling my head away.

"That's enough, Philippe," said Roger.

There was a short silence, in which Philippe's eyes were fixed cheerfully and expectantly on mine, as if he were waiting for a reward.

I said, "I think that is the stupidest thing I have ever heard. I didn't know you could be so stupid."

He waved his hand languidly at me, and I shoved back my chair and walked to the hall where the toilets were. All the staff had left the small dining room, which looked pretty and tranquil with the low fire and the tables freshly laid for dinner. The exception was the table where I had been sitting with Philippe and Roger. The cloth, which hadn't been cleaned after the coffee, was littered with ashes, wine stains, ends of bread, and fruit parings, as if filthy children had been playing there.

In the room labelled "Dames," which was surprisingly modern—all red, with Florentine-gold faucets—I closed the toilet lid and sat down on it, bending double so that my cheek rested on my knees. It was a position to feel small in. I sat breathing soberly and carefully, as I tried to control the blood pounding in my head. I wasn't upset by the racism of what Philippe had said. Nasty remarks about race and class were part of our special brand of humor, just as they had been in the wisecracking adolescent circles I had hung out with at school. On nights when we lay awake in bed, I often teased Philippe into telling me nigger jokes, stories of the sexy, feckless little mulatto girl the French call Blanchette. His silly tall tale had done something far more drastic than wound me: it had somehow—perhaps in its unexpected extravagance—illuminated for me with blinding clarity the hopeless presumption of trying to discard my portion of America. The story of the mongrel Irishwoman and the gorilla jazzman had summed me up with weird accuracy, as an absurd political joke can sum up a regime, and I felt furious and betrayed by the intensity of nameless emotion it had called forth in me.

Evil Spell

"Oh dear," I said aloud in English, and, still bent double, I turned my head and gently bit myself on the knee. Then I stood up, brushed my hair, and left the room, moving with caution.

In the vestibule, I met the hostess, a stout woman with beautiful, deeply waved chestnut hair. She told me my friends were waiting in the courtyard, and paused to regard me with a shrewd, probing gaze. "*Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle, d'où êtes-vous?*"

"*Je suis des États-Unis, mais jusqu'à present j'habite à Paris.*"

"*Ah, bon, les États-Unis. J'aurais dit Martinique. Vous parlez très bien le Français.*"

"*Merci. Je suis de Philadelphie, pas loin de New York.*"

"*Ah oui, j'ai vu des photos. J'ai un neveu à Montclair, dans le New Jersey. Mais vous, vous avez de la chance, habiter à Paris.*"

"*Oui, j'ai beaucoup de chance.*"

From an open doorway at the end of the corridor came the rich, dark smell of meat stocks and reductions; I could see into the kitchen, where a waiter in shirtsleeves was spooning up soup at a table. Beside him, a peasant in a blue smock and with a red, furrowed face had just set down a big basket of muddy potatoes.

When I walked out to the jeep in the courtyard, I found that the day had cleared into a bright, chilly autumn afternoon. The clouds had blown southward, skeins of brown leaves rose in the wind and dissolved over the low wooded hills and the highway, and the slanting sunlight on the small gray village, with its fourteenth-century church, its lone orange-roofed café and gas station, had the mysterious empty quality one sees in some of Edward Hopper's paintings. It was the kind of light that made me think of loss.

Philippe surprised me by getting out of the jeep to apologize. Apologies were hard for him, and he went about them badly, using his blunt sexuality, his natural tendency to domineer, and his adolescent harshness to turn "I'm sorry" into another form of bullying. "Don't sulk," he said, drawing his forefinger gently along my hairline, and I gave a sudden giggle. I could tell that he had been afraid not that he'd hurt me but that I would hurt his pride by withdrawing before he had finished with me.

By the time we'd reached Fontainebleau, it had gotten dark, and we were all feeling better. We had smoked a pipe of Corsican hash, we'd planned a sumptuous new outfit for me—cavalier boots, lavender stockings by Dim, and a ruffled black velvet dress—and Roger taught me a song that went:

Faire pipi
sur le gazon
pour embêter
les papillons

After that, as the lights of the Paris suburbs flashed by we sang more John Denver, yipping like coyotes at the end of every line. In between songs, Alain sucked on a tube of sweetened condensed milk with a look of perfect infant bliss in his crooked blue eyes. When Philippe told him to stop, that it was disgusting, Alain retorted, "It's no worse than your 'pasteurized Negress,' " and I laughed until I choked; all of us did.

BACK in Paris, we went to Le Drugstore Saint-Germain to have some of the fabulous hamburgers you eat with forks among all the chrome and the long-legged, shiny girls. Poor Roger tried to pick up two Dutch models in felt cloches (the film "Gatsby" had just opened on the Champs-Elysées), but the models raised their plucked eyebrows and made haughty remarks in Dutch, so that Roger was driven to flirt with a group of fourteen-year-olds two tables away, red-cheeked baby coquettes, who pursed their lips and widened their kohl-rimmed eyes and then dissolved into fits of panicky laughter. In the record department of Le Drugstore, we ran into Alain's friend Anny. Anny was a tall, sexy blonde, a law student renowned for unbuttoning her blouse at the slightest opportunity at any social gathering to display her pretty breasts. She couldn't open her shirt in the record department, but she did take off her high-heeled black shoe to display a little corn she had developed on one red-nailed middle toe, at which Philippe, Alain, and Roger stared with undisguised lust.

At eleven, we went off to see "Il Était une Fois Dans l'Ouest," and watching the shootouts in the gold-and-ochre mock-Western landscape gave me a melancholy, confused feeling: it seemed sad that I had spent years dreaming of Paris when all Paris dreamed of cowboys. When we came out of the movie, the inevitable rain had started up, and red and green reflections from neon signs along the street lay wavering in puddles. Alain wanted to stop in at a disco, but Philippe was sleepy, so we drove back to Neuilly, parked the jeep, and then dashed through the rain to the big icy apartment.

It was much later—after Alain and Roger had rolled themselves up in blankets to sleep on the couches, and Philippe and I had gone off to bed to make love with the brisk inventiveness of two people who have never felt much kindness toward each other—that I awoke with a start from a horrid dream in which I was conducting a monotonous struggle with an old woman with a dreadful spidery strength in her arms; her skin was dark and leathery, and she smelled like one of the old Philadelphia churchwomen who used to babysit with me. I pushed back the duvet and walked naked across the cold marble floor to the window. Through the crack between the shutters I could see a street light, and I could hear the noise of the rain, a rustling that seemed intimate and restless, like the sound of a sleeper turning over again and again under bedcovers.

SHALE
koren

How wonderfully simple it had seemed to be ruthless, to cut off ties with the griefs, embarrassments, and constraints of a country, a family; what an awful joke it was to find, as I had that afternoon, that nothing could be dissolved or thrown away. I had hoped to join the ranks of dreaming expatriates for whom Paris can become a self-sufficient universe, but my life there had been no more than a slight hysteria, filled with the experimental naughtiness of children reacting against their training. It was clear, much as I did not want to know it, that my days in France had a number, that for me the bright, endlessly beckoning horizon of the runaway had been, at some point, transformed into a complicated return.

I yawned and ran my hands up and down my body, pimpled with cold, feeling my usual absent-minded satisfaction in the length and suppleness of my limbs. Kate the photographer might make an interesting vegetable out of me, if I could only get to see her. Maybe tomorrow, I thought, I would go pound on her door; maybe her guardians would let me in. In a few minutes, I darted back to bed, and settled carefully onto the big flat pillow where Philippe had his face turned to the wall. Before I slept, I said to myself, "I can stay here longer, but I have to leave by spring." And that, in fact, is the way things turned out.

—ANDREA LEE

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From Corporate Banking Report*]

In sum, Biderman believes that the "hole" the retail banker has dug with the new, high-priced account must be filled with some fancy footwork on the part of the corporate banker.

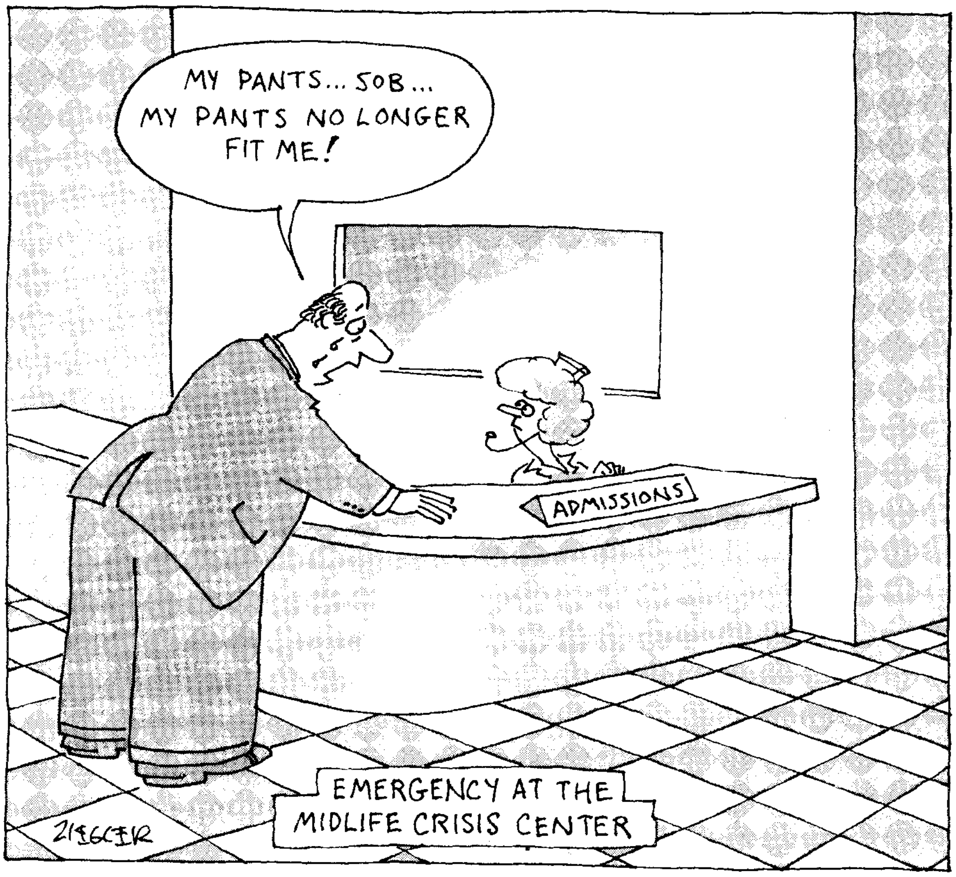
A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, JUNE 9

AT some future time, historians may look back and wonder how it was that politicians and policymakers made a decision to proceed with the development of a weapon that they knew had lost its original rationale, might escalate the arms race, and could put their own country's military force at greater risk. Congress's recent decision to approve going forward with the MX—for "missile experimental," a large, ten-warhead, land-based missile—was, at one level, predictable: Congress is traditionally loath to deny a President a weapons system. But, given the MX's bizarre history, the convoluted reasoning that went into its most recent justification, the serious misgivings of those who were most responsible for helping the weapon win congressional approval, and the potential consequences of their action, the story is an unusual one. It is a story of well-intentioned people acting out of a combination of their own sense of what it means to be "responsible;" their own sense of what they needed to do to "position" themselves politically or lay the groundwork for political advancement; and political fear. Almost none of those who made the President's victory possible thought that the missile was, in itself, a good idea.

While many of these people acted out of enduring political motivations, any important political decision has to also be understood in its context. The MX decision came at a time when many politicians feared they might soon be confronted with the "Who lost China?" issue in two new forms: Who "lost" Central America?; and, Who killed a weapons system a President said he needed for national security and for reaching an arms-control agreement? Behind many people's actions was the fear of a President with a clear talent for stating the case his way. The decision also came at a time when the subject of nuclear weaponry was an especially acute one politically, leaving those who did not naturally land on one side or the other of a particular question to seek what they considered politically safe ground. In this instance, the Reagan Administration was clever enough to provide them with it. On the one hand was an Administration that was engaged in an arms buildup of unprecedented magnitude, and whose zeal for arms control was in doubt, and on the other was a movement that had arisen in reaction to that Administration's policies and centered on a call for a freeze in the production of nuclear weapons. It was the politicians searching for some middle ground—painstakingly trying to pick their way through nuclear politics—who gave the President his victory on the MX. The Administration used as its instruments a commission that was made up of coöperative members of the defense establishment and was "bipartisan" (a term uttered in reverential tones); appeals to political ego; and a definition of the issue that created its own rationale—that the question of going ahead with the MX was one of national "will." The MX drove the rationale, rather than the other way around—the rationale kept changing. After the key politicians entered into a remarkable bargain with an Administration they essentially did not trust, allowing it to proceed with a weapon they essentially did not approve of, they, too, offered a series of rationales. They said—and fervently hoped—that they had put themselves in a position to influence the President's arms-control policy. But most of them were clearly uncomfortable with the bargain they had struck, and aware that, whatever the short-run political consequences, they had taken an action that history would judge.

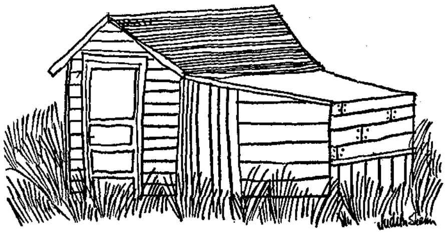
There had, after all, been earlier fateful steps in the history of the arms race—steps that some of the policymakers who took them came to regret. And the justifications for those earlier steps have had recent echoes. The decision to develop MIRVs (for "multiple independently targeted reëntry vehicles") was made during the Johnson Administration, and the decision to deploy them was made early in the Nixon Administration. The deployment was opposed by a large number of senators and representatives, who urged a moratorium until an arms-control agreement banning MIRVs might be reached. The Nixon Administration's response was that MIRVs were needed to offset potential Soviet advantages, and that only by planning to deploy MIRVs might the United


MY PANTS... SOB...
MY PANTS NO LONGER FIT ME!
ADMISSIONS
EMERGENCY AT THE MIDLIFE CRISIS CENTER
ZIEGLER

States get the Soviet Union to agree to withhold development of a similar weapon. The rationale was that the MIRV would be a "bargaining chip." But, according to Gerard Smith, this country's chief SALT I negotiator, the United States' offer to ban MIRVs was "halfhearted" (he says the military wanted no ban at all), and the Soviet Union was so far behind the United States in developing MIRVs that it did not want to be prevented from catching up. The result was that both sides deployed MIRVs. This is now seen as one of the most destabilizing steps in the arms race. It led Henry Kissinger, who approved their deployment, to remark later, "I wish I had thought through the implications of a MIRVed world." Now Kissinger is among those who are trying to wrestle the MIRV out of existence.

The next great "advance" in the arms race, which also led to a new instability, was the development of the cruise missile—a small missile that can be launched from land, sea, or air—which was given the go-ahead during the Ford Administration. It had been offered to an at first unenthusiastic military as a solace for the SALT I agreement, and it, too, was touted as a "bargaining chip." Now the United States is deploying cruise missiles, and the Soviet Union is taking countermeasures, and there is widespread agreement among arms experts that cruise missiles—especially once they are deployed on submarines—will be nearly impossible to detect, and therefore to bring under an arms agreement. (By 1976, when Kissinger was trying to reach a new arms-control agreement, the Pentagon was reluctant to give up the cruise, and it was off limits as a bargaining chip. Kissinger remarked, "I didn't realize the Pentagon would fall in love with cruise missiles.") Both the MIRVs and the cruise missiles had been justified on political as much as military grounds: they would demonstrate our will to go forward with new weapons; they would cause the Soviet Union to give something up at the bargaining table. The MX was justified on the same grounds.

HOW is it, then, that it became a test of this country's "will" for it to go forward with a weapon for which there was very little other justification? In one sense, something like the MX was bound to come along, as each service continually tries to "improve" the weapons systems it already has. In this case, something that eventually became the MX had been discussed by the Air Force since the mid-sixties, and its justifications along the way were several, and changeable. At first, it was discussed as a larger, more accurate missile, at the same time that building a new, MIRVed Minuteman missile was under study. The new large missile would have many more warheads and, because of its improved guidance system, would be able to destroy "hard targets"—the very strong Soviet missile silos and command and control centers, which the Minuteman could not destroy. The Soviet Union has large, heavy missiles that are seen as theoretically capable of destroying Minuteman silos. But the theory behind this country's strategic planning has been that it had, over all, sufficient strength to deter a Soviet attack. Moreover, the United States has been taking other steps to make its warheads more powerful and accurate. A new missile was also sought as a solution to the presumed vulnerability of the entire land-based missile system—the "window of vulnerability"—and was to be invulnerable to a Soviet attack. The two different purposes of the new missile—that it was to be a more powerful offensive weapon, capable of hitting more Soviet targets (the emphasis given it by the Strategic Air Command); and that it was to be an invulnerable weapon (the purpose emphasized by Pentagon officials in Washington)—fed directly into the recent confusion over the rationale for the MX. Moreover, there was a strain of thought that since the Soviet Union was developing large, heavy missiles



IN PASSING

On the Canadian side—we're standing far enough away—
the Falls look like photography, the roar a radio.

In the real rain, so vertical it fuses with the air,
the boat below us is starting for the caves.

Everyone on deck is dressed in black, braced for weather
and crossing against the current of the river.

They seem lost in the gorge dimensions of the place,
then, in fog, in a moment, gone.

In the Chekhov story,
the lovers live in a cloud, above the sheer witness of a valley.

They call it circumstance. They look up at the open wing
of the sky, or they look down into the future.

Death is a power like any other pull of the earth.
The people in the rain gear with the cameras want to see it

from the inside, from behind, from the dark looking into the light.
They want to take its picture, give it size—

how much easier to get lost in the gradations of a large
and yellow leaf drifting its goodbye down one side of the gorge.

There is almost nothing that does not signal loneliness,
then loveliness, then something connecting all we will become.

All around us the luminous passage of the air,
the flat, wet gold of the leaves. I will never love you

more than at this moment, here in October,
the new rain rising slowly from the river.

—STANLEY PLUMLY

● ●

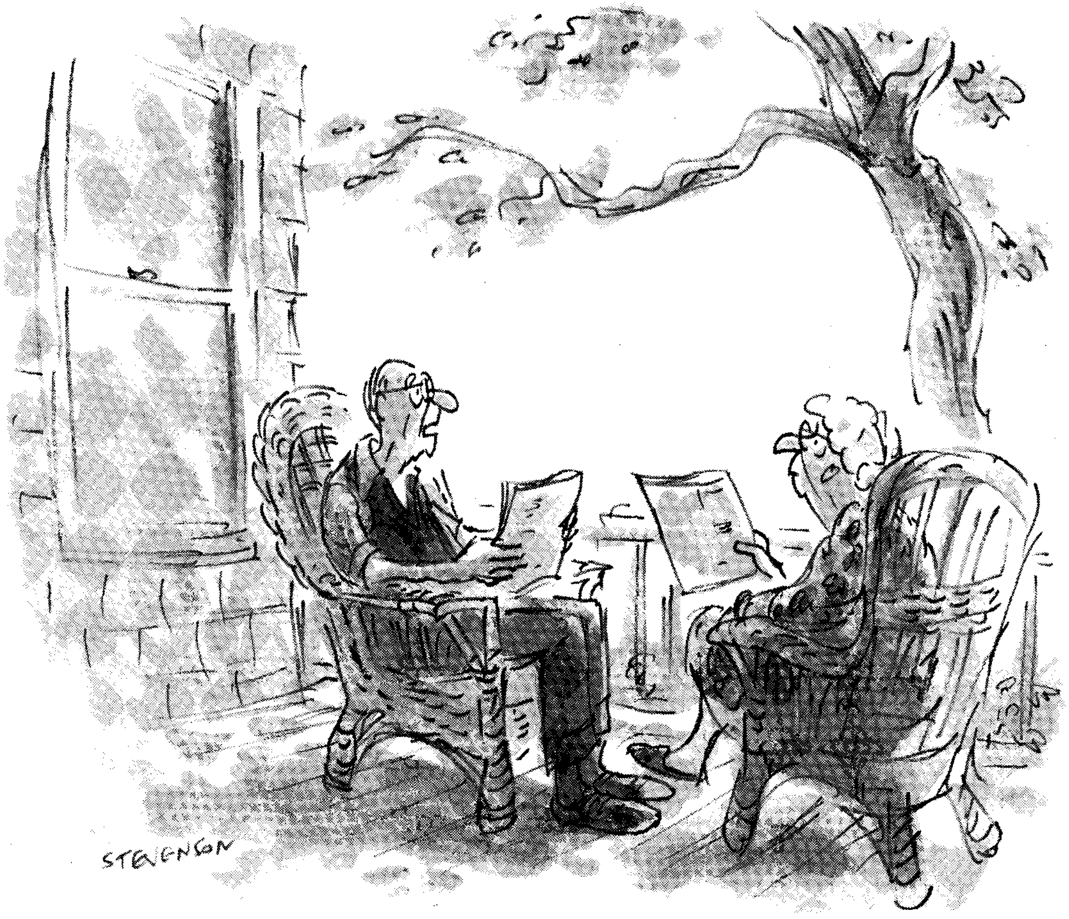
RLE AIRWAYS
B TOBEY

"Some days nobody goes anywhere!"

• •

the United States should develop them as well. The United States had so far chosen not to do so, on the theory that it didn't need to—that, using miniature components, it could pack the same capability into a smaller missile, which would have greater accuracy. The heavy missile enjoyed support not only in the Air Force but also on Capitol Hill, where Senator Henry Jackson, Democrat of Washington, and an influential member of the Armed Services Committee, was vigorously pushing for one. (Thought was also given to developing a missile that could be used on land or at sea, but the Air Force and the Navy each wanted its own new missile. Also, the push for a huge missile ruled out a common one.) A member of the committee's staff, realizing that the two philosophies behind the new missile—that it should be large, and that it should be survivable—didn't necessarily mesh, came up with a proviso, which Congress approved, saying that money could not be spent developing a new large missile unless a survivable basing mode was found for it. From the time that the Minuteman II, a single-warhead missile, was first deployed, in 1965, there was talk of its becoming vulnerable to attack—by what was also a variable. During the fight in Congress in 1969 over whether to deploy an anti-ballistic missile system (ABM), Defense Secretary Melvin Laird argued that the system was necessary because this country's land-based missiles were probably vulnerable to the Soviet SS-9, a large single-warhead missile. (At that point, the MIRV was also justified as a countermeasure to the Soviet ABM.) After the Senate approved the ABM by one vote, the Nixon Administration negotiated a treaty with the Soviet Union limiting each side to two ABM sites each, and this was later amended to allow for just one, both sides having grown unenthusiastic about the efficacy of such systems. (The American system, near Grand Forks, North Dakota, was abandoned less than a year after its completion.)

The potential vulnerability of land-based missiles also led to a search for ways not just to defend them—which was the theory of the ABM—but also to make them survivable, through various schemes for not keeping them trapped in fixed silos. So the Air Force embarked on an endless series of studies of new ways to deploy land-based missiles and came up with thirty-four plans: putting them at the center of a wheel-shaped system and sending them out to one of the several spokes; transporting them in and dropping them from airplanes (the C-5A cargo plane); hanging them underneath dirigibles; putting them on trains; placing them in orbit; carting them around on trucks; and placing them in long tunnels. The tunnel idea lasted for quite some time. Then an elementary flaw occurred to someone: a tunnel would conduct the effect of a blast anywhere along it. The tunnel idea was what the Carter Administration inherited. The Carter Administration then moved toward the idea of a loop that contained twenty-three shelters; the missile would move periodically around the loop, and hide in one of the shelters. The plan was to place two hundred missiles in forty-six hundred

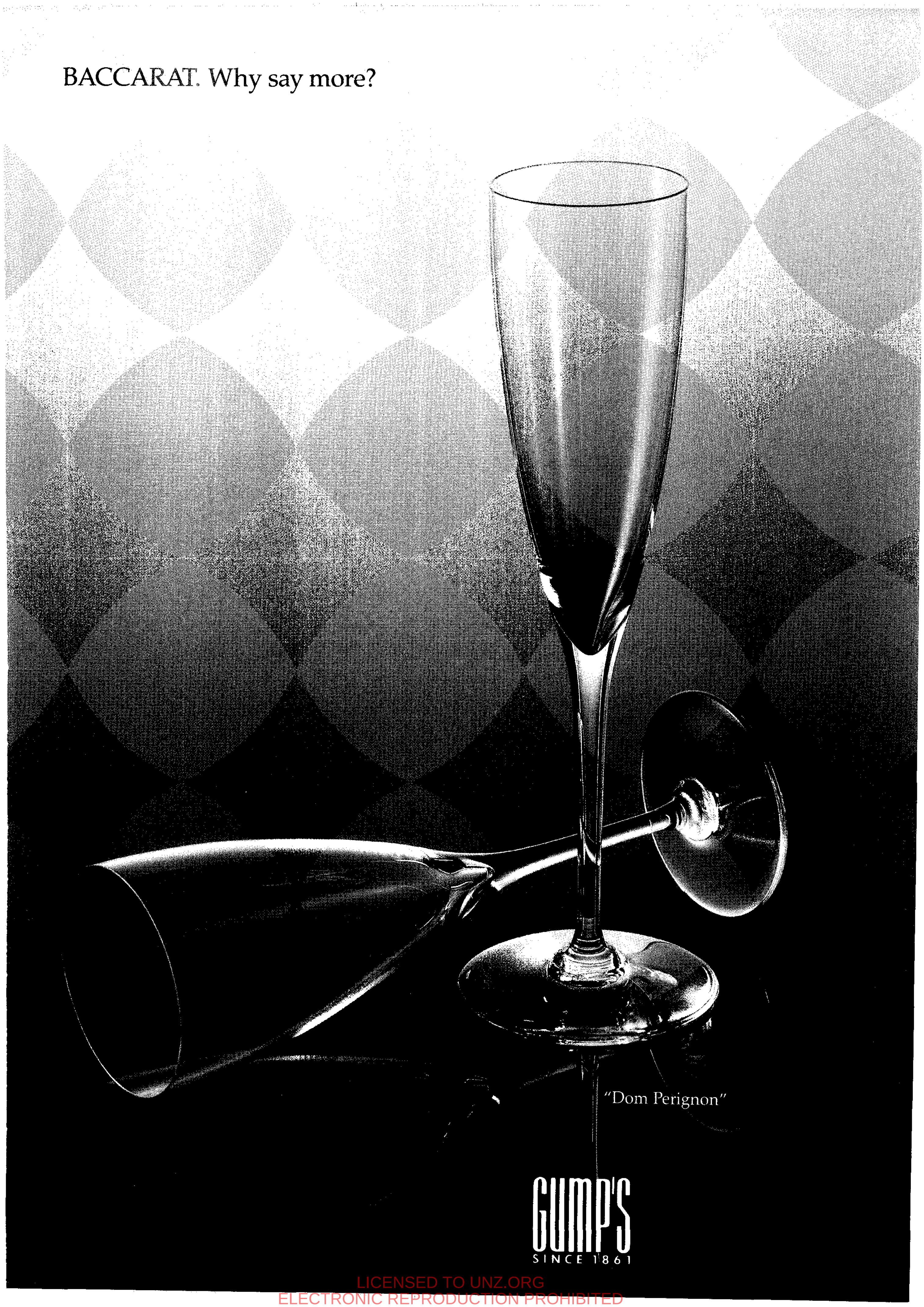


"Tell me, Martha—was I ever, in your opinion, a hunk?"

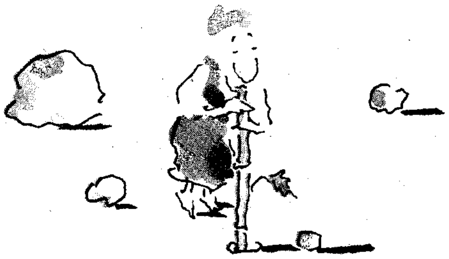
• •

potential shelters. This scheme became known as the "race track." Toward the end of the Carter Administration, it was modified slightly, and the modified system was officially known as the multiple protective shelters, or MPS. It was the race-track idea, however, that stuck in the public debate, and was subject to ridicule, because of its apparent gimcrackery. In June, 1979, Carter gave it his approval, mainly because he felt under pressure to do so in order to win Senate approval of the SALT II agreement. The Joint Chiefs of Staff had warned that they could not support the SALT agreement unless there was a land-based system with guaranteed survivability. The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs had favored the tunnel, which evolved into the loop. A Pentagon official told me at the time that the race-track idea had been hurriedly developed. "The engineering was done at lightning speed and might rise up to spite us," the official said. "It took only four to six weeks to get this exact configuration." The Air Force had lobbied hard for it within the Administration and on Capitol Hill, partly because several Air Force officials felt that if they had lobbied harder for the B-1 bomber Carter would not have succeeded in getting that killed. So Carter and his Defense Secretary, Harold Brown, made the political decision to go ahead with the MX in some form of multiple-shelter system, despite their reservations about the idea. A former Carter Administration official now says, "The MX is the illegitimate child of SALT." Predictably, the opponents of SALT were not mollified, and opposed the treaty anyway.

But even during the Carter Administration Western interests—ranchers, miners, environmentalists, politicians—were complaining about the prospect of a multiple-shelter system on Western public lands. Their objections had to do with everything from aesthetics to the use of water to the use of land for which some of these interests had other things in mind. (The "sagebrush rebellion" and some part of the anti-MX sentiment were closely related.) Air Force officials delivered themselves of such statistics as that the system would use less water than it takes to water the golf courses of Las Vegas. Normally pro-defense politicians, including Senator Barry Goldwater, Republican of Arizona, let it be known that they did not want missile-protection systems in their areas. The shelter system was to be based on public lands in Utah and Nevada. Others who shared this sentiment were Senator Paul Laxalt, Republican of Nevada, the chairman of the Reagan 1980 campaign and perpetually described as the President's closest friend on Capitol Hill; and Senator Jake Garn, Republican of Utah. So Reagan campaigned against the multiple-shelter system, and, shortly after entering office, appointed a commission to come up with a new basing system for the MX. The commission, which was headed by Charles Townes, a Nobel physicist who teaches at Berkeley, and was composed mainly of scientists and technical people as well as defense strategists, reported in July. It said that it had some doubts about the long-term wisdom of a multiple-shelter plan but recommended that a modified, smaller version of one go forward (a hundred missiles in a hundred silos), which could be expanded into a multiple-shelter "shell game" system in case nothing else worked out. It suggested that for the long term such alternatives as carrying the MX on aircraft or putting them in deep underground bases be studied. But because Reagan had campaigned against the idea of a multiple-shelter ground-based system and his Western friends were opposed to any such thing, the Reagan Administration instead recommended placing the missiles in existing silos. (This was the plan that Reagan was embarrassingly unable to explain to the press when it was announced in October, 1981.) The Administration also said that it would study other long-term basing plans, including placing the missiles on cargo planes (this plan came to be called Big Bird), using deep underground missile basing (which came to be called DUMB), and using some kind of ABM defense (which would have required abrogat-


BACCARAT. Why say more?
"Dom Perignon"
GUMP'S
SINCE 1861

EARTH'S FIRST SOFT DRINK.



When the earth was new, mountains rose and valleys were carved and there was created, in what is now called France, a spring that is now called Perrier.®

All the Perrier in the world is born in that spring.

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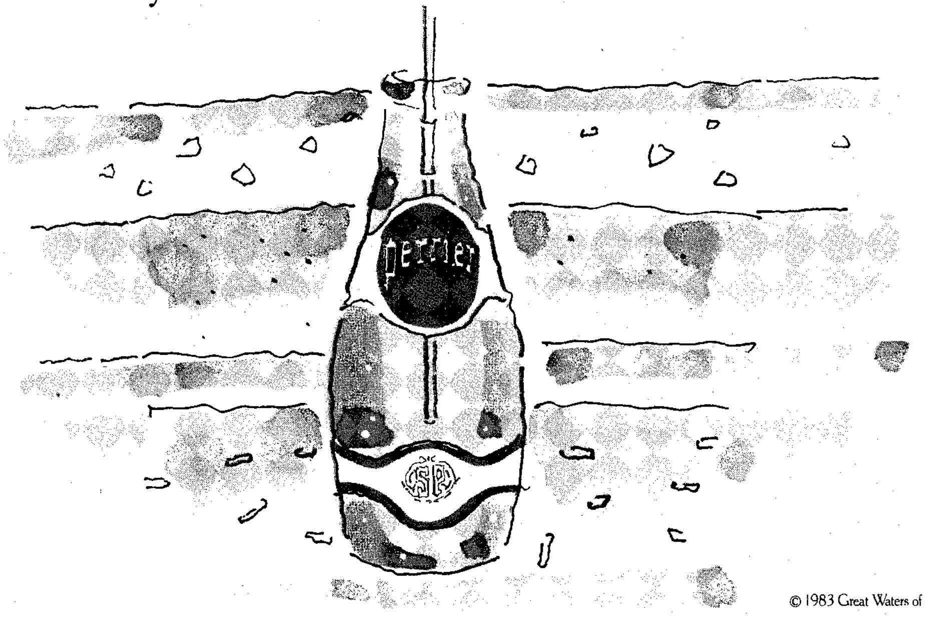

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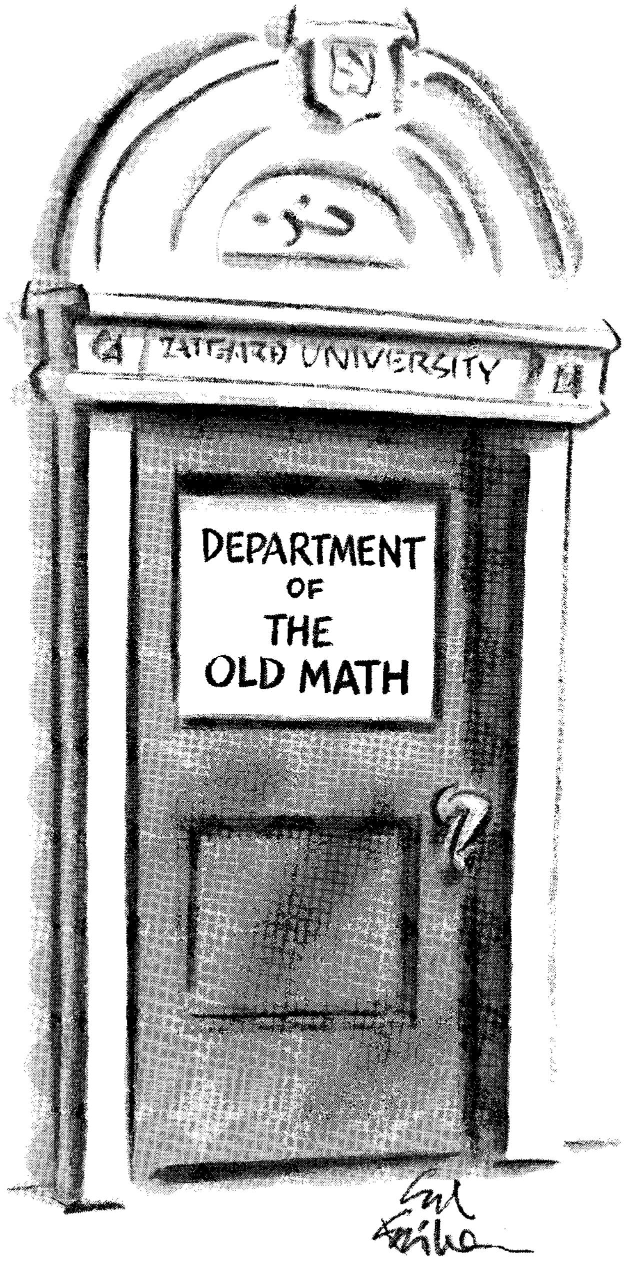
ing the ABM treaty). In time, all these plans went away. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, who is close to Townes, still believes that the idea of placing the missiles on planes is a good one, but he does not have much company. (The Air Force was among those who opposed it; among other things, it presents targeting problems and is very expensive. There was also some concern about public reaction if one of the planes carrying an MX happened to crash.) Congress concluded that the Administration hadn't really solved the problem of how to base the missile so that it would be survivable, and in the summer of 1982 told the Administration to try again, and to report by December.

By this time, a constituency was developing in the Air Force and among the highly placed civilians in the Pentagon for a plan to protect the silos by placing them so close together that the incoming Soviet missiles would blow each other up, by a process known as "fratricide." The fratricide theory had been around for some time, and now enjoyed a new vogue. A second, and largely unspoken, rationale for such a system was that it would provide the basis for some sort of anti-ballistic-missile system. The ABM treaty is still in effect, but a number of defense strategists would like to be rid of it. A new Townes Commission was formed in May of 1982 to study the idea of a closely spaced basing system, which acquired the name Dense Pack. The commission's report, which was not made public, was that the Dense Pack idea was promising, but that there were problems with it, including the fact that the Soviet Union might find a way to counter it, and that it was a very complicated business. In late November, the President recommended that one hundred MX missiles be deployed in Wyoming in a Dense Pack formation. Officials knew that the proposal for the new basing system hadn't been sufficiently prepared. It was to be presented to the lame-duck Congress in late November, following the elections, which had not exactly been a triumph for the Administration. And it emerged in testimony on Capitol Hill that three of the five members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff opposed the Dense Pack idea, and that even Townes had reservations. The Administration nonetheless, with some misgivings, submitted the Dense Pack plan to Capitol Hill in December, as was required by law. It ran into a cross fire of questions—even the name had a certain absurd ring to it—and was voted down. The House voted 245 to 176 to deny money to procure the MX, on the ground that a sensible basing mode had still not been found, but it did approve money to develop the missile and a basing mode, and stipulated that money could not be spent—"fenced it off"—until Congress approved of a basing system. The Senate voted 56 to 42 to establish tight procedures for future congressional action to release the money that had been fenced off. (Those with misgivings about the MX itself voted against the procedures.) Jackson, in coöperation with the Administration, worked out a procedure by which Congress had to act within forty-five days of receiving another recommendation for a basing mode from the President. There was a feeling on Capitol Hill that this was the Administration's last chance, and it was understood that the Administration would appoint yet another commission. The procedure, in which the House concurred (it was part of an umbrella "continuing resolution," covering spending for a number of government agencies, and Congress was eager to get out of town), was a very unusual one. It wrote the terms of a resolution approving the releasing of the money for a basing mode and for developing and flight-testing the MX which was to be voted on by the next Congress: a simple, one-line resolution stating that the House or the Senate (the law allowed the lawmakers to fill in the blank on that matter) "approves the obligation and expenditure of funds appropriated in Public Law [another blank] for MX missile procurement and full-scale engineering development of a basing mode for the MX missile." (The public-law number could not be known until the resolution actually became law.) In their rush, the drafters mistakenly put in the word "procurement," and this led to some confusion over exactly what was being voted on this year. The law also specified that the resolution could not be amended or delayed. It was never clear when the House voted in December how many were voting against the MX under any circumstances and how many were simply voting against the Dense Pack basing system. The Administration decided that this


ZAIGARD UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF THE OLD MATH

time it would appoint an MX commission that would deal with not just the technical but also the political realities.

THE role of the new commission, the President's Commission on Strategic Forces, which was formally established in early January, was not to decide whether there should be an MX but how to fashion an MX proposal that Congress would approve. Robert McFarlane, deputy to William Clark, the head of the National Security Council, was in charge of putting together the commission. The Administration had already taken a fancy to the idea of establishing bipartisan commissions, having set one up in 1981 to deal with the sticky political problem of how to reduce the cost of the Social Security program. But whereas the Social Security commission represented a wide array of points of view, the new MX commission was a different sort of thing. McFarlane said to me recently, "I believed there was a bipartisan consensus within the community—the family—that we had to have the MX or it would demonstrate an inability on the part of the United States to solve problems." The members chosen for the new panel were people who shared that point of view. There are, of course, members of "the community"—including a number of scientists, three former Secretaries of Defense, two former directors of the Central Intelligence Agency, and former military officials—not to mention informed people outside it, who are not of the opinion that the United States needs the MX, and even feel that deployment of it is a bad idea. But though the commission was ostensibly charged with conducting a thorough review of strategic forces, it was not in the cards that it would recommend against the MX. The purpose of the commission was to turn Congress around. It followed that the commission must be "bipartisan," containing both Democratic and Republican respectables from the defense and public-policy community. The members of the commission were people who either had supported the MX or could be counted on to give it their support.

Then the White House officials made a shrewd, and crucial, decision. They decided that the best way to assure that Congress would approve the commission's product was to involve certain key members of Congress—members whose opinion would sway other members—in the commission's deliberations. And certain key members were, for their own reasons, willing to coöperate. Thus, the deal that the President ultimately made with Congress in order to get its approval of the MX was actually in the making from the outset: it was, as the expression goes, "precooked." The exercise began with the choice by McFarlane of two ideal people to carry it out: Brent Scowcroft, a retired Air Force lieutenant-general who had been Henry Kissinger's deputy when Kissinger ran the National Security Council, and then was placed in charge of the N.S.C., succeeding Kissinger, and later became a member of Carter's General Advisory Committee on Arms Control; and James Woolsey, who was an adviser to the SALT talks and a member of the N.S.C. staff during the Nixon Administration, and was Under-Secretary of the Navy during the Carter Administration. Woolsey is an old friend of McFarlane's and a defense conservative. Scowcroft, who was chosen as chairman of the commission, had been a mentor of McFarlane's for some time, and had excellent credentials for his new task. He was in good standing among mainstream Republicans and among a broad swath of Democrats as well. People of both parties viewed him as the perfect N.S.C. head: the quiet, mild, fair implementer, whose ego did not get in the way of doing his job, or of other people. He was not one for pushing policies of his own. People of both parties had compared him favorably as N.S.C. head with his predecessor, Kissinger, and his successor, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Scowcroft is a public servant, an honorable public servant, whose instinctive loyalty is to the Commander-in-Chief. He faithfully and competently gets the job done. McFarlane said to me, "Brent has said they were looking at something that was militarily sensible and how that relates to arms control and what we can succeed with—what is politically viable. We just had to win this one." McFarlane served in the Marines for twenty years and worked as a White House Fellow in the early nineteen-seventies, and therefore with Scowcroft. Woolsey helped McFarlane select other people for the commission. (Scowcroft and Woolsey had served together on the first Townes Commission.) The list of the commission's members and its "senior counsellors" is a compilation of former officials and others who could be counted on to support a consensus and to be persuasive with Congress. Among them were William Clements, the Deputy Secretary of Defense in the Nixon and Ford Administrations (Clements had pushed the cruise missile); John Deutch, a scientist and Under-Secretary of the Department of Energy in the Carter Administration; Alexander Haig; Richard Helms, former director of the Central Intelligence Agency; John Lyons, a vice-president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the chairman of its committee on defense issues, and president of the Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers; William Perry, the Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering during the Carter Administration; Thomas Reed, Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs in the Reagan Administration, who resigned from the White House (but not the commission) after he was charged with inside stock dealings; Levering Smith, a retired vice-admiral who was involved in the development of several weapons systems; and Nicholas Brady, an investment banker who in 1982 did a brief tour as an interim senator from New Jersey and in 1980 had been the state co-chairman of the Bush campaign. (George Bush had a hand in selecting some of these people.) The "senior counsellors" were four former Secretaries of Defense—Harold Brown, Melvin Laird, Donald Rumsfeld, and James Schlesinger—along with Kissinger; John McCone, a former director of the C.I.A.; and Lloyd Cutler, a Washington lawyer who had served as a Special Counsel in the Carter White House. Not a boat rocker or, of course, an MX opponent in the group; and some members were to prove quite valuable when it came time to sell the commission's report on Capitol Hill. Anything with the imprimatur of Harold Brown and William Perry was bound to make an impression on Democrats, though among some people conversant with defense issues both men are respected more for their analytical powers and ability to explicate complex matters than for their political or policy judgment. But probably no one was as politically valuable as Woolsey, who was, as it happens, an old, close friend of Les Aspin, a Democratic congress-

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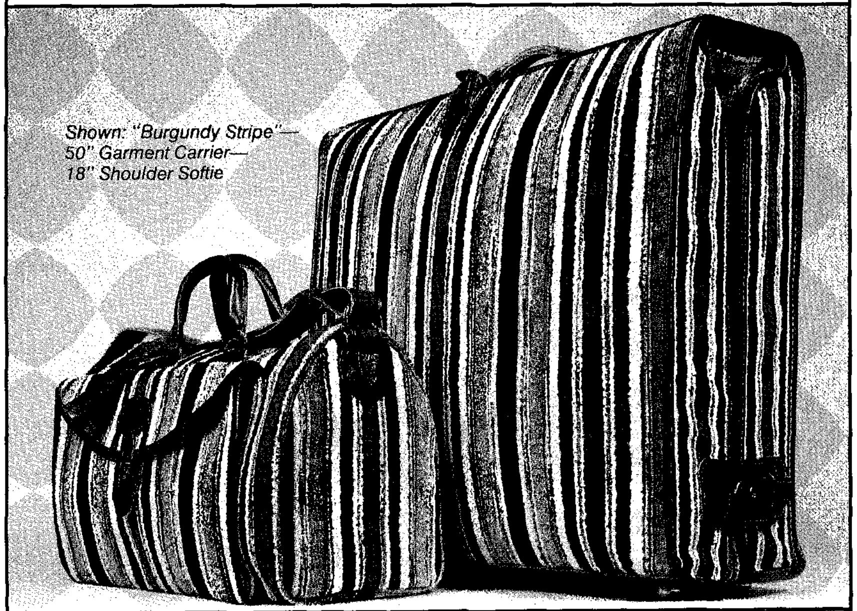

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man from Wisconsin and a highly influential House member on defense matters. Aspin, who had built a reputation as a defense critic, was now looking for a way to support getting on with the MX, and putting the issue behind him, and he and Woolsey, working together from the outset of the Scowcroft Commission's deliberations, found the way.

Les Aspin, forty-four, is a large, exuberant man, a former defense intellectual—he was among Robert McNamara's "whiz kids"—who was elected to Congress at the age of thirty-two and immediately went on the Armed Services Committee. He made something of a reputation for himself by frequently issuing clever press releases criticizing such things as military pensions, assignment practices, and subsidized veterinary care for servicemen's pets—rather than strategic matters, dealing with the bigger picture. Now graying and developing a slight paunch, Aspin in recent years has grown more cautious: some attribute this to the fact that he had a fright in the 1980 election, as his district grew more hawkish. And in the past year or so he has been trying to bridge the divide within his own party on the issue of nuclear politics. At the Democratic Party Conference held in Philadelphia last June, he helped draft a resolution to blur the question of whether the Party supported the idea of a nuclear freeze. When the freeze movement was recruiting congressional support last year, Aspin's own initial view was that, rather than back a freeze resolution, the Democrats should support the reintroduction of the SALT II agreement, and he made a strong case for this approach. Then, whatever his misgivings, he supported a freeze resolution when it came before the House last August (when it lost by two votes) and again this year, when, after much amending, it passed. Aspin was, in fact, an active participant in developing the strategy for the freeze debate earlier this year, once some adjustments he wanted in the resolution had been made. Last year, he voted against the MX in its Dense Pack wrappings, and in 1980 he had voted to delay development of the MX. This year, Aspin is for the first time chairman of an Armed Services subcommittee—on Military Personnel and Compensation. One House Democrat says, "Being chairman of a defense subcommittee means you are now dealing with a constituency out there—the Pentagon. It means being able to deliver favors to your colleagues, but in order to do that you've got to have the support of the Pentagon. The same thing is true in other areas, like agriculture: they need you and you need them, and you help each other.” Aspin is seen by some of his colleagues as wanting the approval of the community of defense intellectuals; and the less charitable of his colleagues suggest that a strong motivation for Aspin is that he wants to be Secretary of Defense someday. To reach such a goal, one cannot have been simply a critic of the Pentagon. It is a fact that a sizable portion of the Washington population—more sizable all the time, it seems—consists of people “positioning” themselves for a high job in some future Administration. Positioners tend not to be terribly daring or to take highly controversial positions or to get on the wrong side of a constituency that will have a strong say in their future.

In any event, Aspin was ready to play a role in helping the Administration get the MX approved. Woolsey and Aspin had worked together in the Pentagon as systems analysts during the McNamara years, and have remained friends since, frequently playing squash or tennis together. Aspin told me recently, “We started to talk even before the commission was announced. Every other panel or commission that had looked at this thing was just looking at the narrow military-basing question, and then would try to sell it to the public, with disastrous results. So Woolsey and I thought of two things: one was you ought to start with the politics—what's possible to pass—and then, two, among the possible things to pass, what makes sense militarily.”

I asked Aspin why he was looking for a way to get an MX system approved.

He replied, “My thinking was that this issue had been around a long time and it wasn't going to get settled—it wouldn't really be defeated and it wouldn't be fully deployed—and my feeling was that when both sides have gone at each other for a long time it gets time to cut a deal. And even if you had the votes to defeat the MX, a year later something happens—the Soviets invade Afghanistan—and they'd say, ‘You see, we don't have a land-based missile,’ and the MX would come back, and would cost more. That's what happened with the B-1 bomber—it just kept coming back.”

According to Aspin, Woolsey, who essentially wrote the Scowcroft report, had the outlines of the eventual compromise in mind as early as January. The idea was to recommend that a limited number of MX missiles be deployed and that the country then move to the deployment of single-warhead missiles. While the idea of the single-warhead missile has been identified with Representative Albert Gore, Jr., Democrat of Tennessee and son of the former senator from Tennessee, and Gore showed great political entrepreneurship with it, it had actually been around for some time and had been discussed in defense circles and much written about. Recently, Henry Kissinger blessed the idea. And Scowcroft and Woolsey had pushed the idea with the first Townes Commission, in 1981. The theory is that by, in effect, de-MIRVing land-based missiles, and having many single-warhead missiles deployed, either side would have greater difficulty destroying the other's land-based missiles. An arms-control agreement that limited the ratio of each side's warheads to the other's launchers would, the theory goes, prevent either one from having a sufficient number of warheads to destroy all those of the other side. Moreover, a single-warhead missile, which came to be called Midgetman, would be a less inviting target than one that contained several warheads. Woolsey explained to me that the commission could not recommend simply skipping the MX and proceeding to the single-warhead missile, because there remained technical problems to be worked out about the single-warhead missile and such a missile might not come on line until the early nineteen-nineties. If the MX were simply scrapped, he said, the land-based-missile force would not be modernized for several more years, and that would cause a delay in providing an incentive for the Soviet Union to negotiate. The last point was a highly debatable one, as shall be seen. Moreover, it was generally understood that the Air Force was far more enthusiastic about the MX than about the single-warhead missile, and the theory was that it had to be given the one in order to induce it to develop, however reluctantly, the other. Weinberger, too, is not keen on going ahead with the Midgetman. The priority for the Air Force and for important high-level Pentagon officials is a large land-based missile with “hard-target kill capability.” And there were the others, including Jackson, who were determined that the United States have such a missile. And the President himself was committed to going ahead with deploying the MX, to which he had given the name Peacekeeper. (The origin of that, it turns out, was that Peacekeeper was the name of a gun that William Clark's grandfather, a U.S. Marshal, had used to “preserve the peace” in his California frontier community.)

MARKET
M. IAN

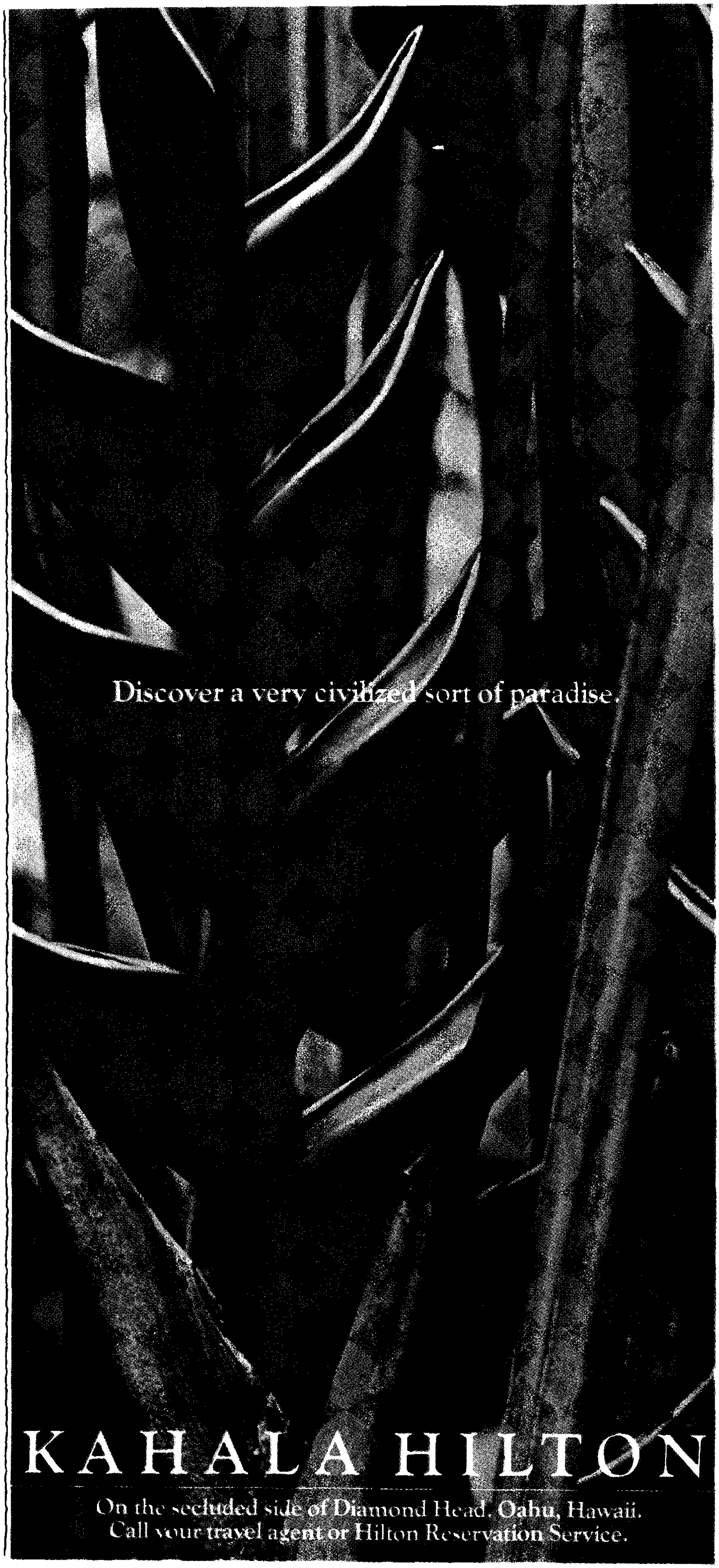
In late January, Woolsey and Scowcroft began a series of meetings with Aspin on Sunday afternoons—at Woolsey's house, at Aspin's house—to talk about what the effect would be on the House floor of various possible commission proposals. They talked about how many MX missiles should be recommended—the multiple-shelter system and Dense Pack basing had contemplated two hundred missiles—and concluded that something like a hundred and fifty or a hundred might be more politically acceptable. Aspin volunteered to “run the traps” with a few people. So he went to Thomas Foley, Democrat of Washington and the House Majority Whip. Foley, fifty-four, is a moderate, and is a bridge between the older and younger Democrats; he is also close to Jackson on defense and on other matters, both men coming from the same state, where defense contractors are an important part of the economy. Aspin thought that Foley would be the key to getting the support of, or at least neutralizing, other members of the House Democratic leadership. Foley told Aspin he thought that some combination of an MX deployment and a recommendation to proceed with a single-warhead missile might win enough Democratic votes for the MX. Aspin and Foley then went to House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, who, while he did not agree to back their proposal, advised them that if they wanted to get the matter settled in the House once and for all they should find a proposal that a majority of both parties would support. O'Neill had his own complicated equation to solve on the MX: he is from Massachusetts, where anti-nuclear sentiment is strong, yet construction of the MX would bring a substantial number of jobs to his area; moreover, his own troops were divided. In the end, he opposed the MX, but since the House leadership was divided on the question there was no Party effort to defeat the weapon. This was what Aspin had been hoping for. While the commission proceeded with its deliberations, Aspin held a number of meetings on the Hill, to which he invited some of his Democratic colleagues to talk things out with Scowcroft and Woolsey. As the commission got close to writing the report, House members were also invited to breakfast meetings at Blair House. Gore was consulted, and came away feeling that he had impressed on the commission the importance of going ahead with the single-warhead missile and of stressing arms control. One of the results of the meetings with members of Congress was that the commission became convinced of the importance of stressing arms control in its report, and Scowcroft carried this message to the White House. And so the Scowcroft Commission produced a report that was designed to be acceptable to various constituencies: Democrats on Capitol Hill, the White House, and the Pentagon. This is why the report had such an odd shape.

HAVING found no other politically acceptable way to base the missile, the commission in its report, released on April 11th, recommended that a hundred MX missiles be placed in Minuteman silos—the theoretical vulnerability of which had led to the long search for another way to base the MX in the first place. Some commission members believed that the shell-game shelter system still made the most sense, but this was, of course, unacceptable to the White House. The report talked vaguely of some "impressive" possibilities for hardening the silos. The commission had considered suggesting that the missiles be protected by an anti-ballistic-missile system, but decided that it wasn't worth the fuss of suggesting the abrogation or renegotiation of the ABM treaty. To justify placing the MX in fixed silos, the commission dismissed the hypothetical "window of vulnerability" —the possibility that the Soviet Union could destroy all our land-based missiles in a single strike. The window of vulnerability had been a popular argument among critics of the SALT II treaty, including Reagan, and proponents of deploying the MX. It had always been a dubious proposition, resting on the assumption that the Soviets would, with perfect accuracy and timing, destroy all the land-based missiles at once, and that the United States would not respond to the Soviet attack in any way. Some people argued that the window was real; others that it might not be real but since there was a perception that it was it had to be treated as if it were. The commission described the MX as a transitional weapon, and recommended the deployment of Midgetman single-warhead missiles, and it stressed the importance of arms control. (The commission was not specific, but one thousand was the number generally under consideration.) In addition to recommending the deployment of the MX, the commission threw a sop to the Pentagon by giving Weinberger the leeway he had sought over whether the Midgetman would be proceeded with. The commission also couched its recommendations on arms control in terms that Pentagon officials would find useful. Having proposed proceeding with the MX, albeit in a vulnerable basing system, the commission offered a number of rationales, some of them quite imaginative. It said that deployment of the MX, since it would give the United States a hard-target kill capability, might induce the Soviet Union to negotiate and also to shift its land-based system to a force of single-warhead missiles. One of its more imaginative rationales was that the booster for the MX might come in handy for space shots. But the most important reason for deploying the MX, the commission said, was that we must demonstrate to our allies and our adversaries that we "have the will" to proceed. The Scowcroft report thus has its own internal logic when viewed in the universe in which the commission had to function; outside that universe, its logic was seriously questioned.

The critics' arguments ran along several lines. One was that the strongest argument for the MX missile had been that it was to be invulnerable, but now it was being placed in vulnerable, fixed silos, and since it would have ten warheads, rather than the Minuteman's three, it would be the most inviting of targets. (In fact, even though the MX was designed to fit a Minuteman silo, there are a number of technical problems involved in placing it there which have not been resolved.) This, then, it was argued, would lead to instability, because it would be a further inducement to the United States to launch the missile if it was believed that an attack was on the way —that is, to adopt a policy of "launch on warning," one of the most controversial areas of nuclear doctrine. The Scowcroft Commission did not pretend that the MX would be survivable in the basing mode it recommended. Therefore, the argument of the critics went, the Soviets would have to be more concerned than ever that the United States was moving toward a policy of a "first strike," and they would adjust their policy accordingly, and the world would be on more of a hair trigger than ever. Moreover, since the MX would have a hard-target kill capability its primary utility would be as a first-strike weapon. Since the Soviet Union has a far higher proportion of its nuclear missiles on land than the United States has (about seventy-five per cent, as compared with about twenty-five per cent), the Soviet Union would have more to fear from a first strike. The Scowcroft Commission's theory was that a hundred MX missiles would not be seen as sufficient to give the United States an effective first-strike capability. The critics said that there was no way the Soviet Union could be certain that the United States would stop with a hundred MX missiles, and that, in fact, once they were in production the pressure to deploy still more of them was likely to increase. Even some of those who ended up supporting the MX feared that a hundred of them, combined with other weapons, would give the United States a first-strike capability. Deterrence and stability, the critics of the Scowcroft Commission's report argue, have rested on each side's knowing that the other could not destroy its nuclear arsenal. It is, in fact, this thinking that lies behind the impetus to build single-warhead missiles, and thus the Scowcroft Commission is at philosophical odds with itself.

Therefore, the MX is viewed by critics as "destabilizing," and as actually detracting from our national security.

It is also seen as yet another stepup in the arms race. One argument that was made for going ahead with the MX was that it would be a "bargaining chip," but what was meant by this was vague, and subject to various interpretations. Sometimes it was said that a decision to deploy the MX would "force the Soviet Union to come to the bargaining table," but that overlooked the fact that the Soviet Union was already there. (Reagan, when he announced his approval of the commission report, said, "Unless we modernize our land-based missile systems, the Soviet Union will have no real reason to negotiate meaningful reductions.") Sometimes it was suggested that the MX would force the Soviet Union to give up something important, such as some of its own heavy missiles, but both Weinberger and Thomas Reed stated that the United States had no intention of not going ahead with the MX. In mid-May, Weinberger said on ABC's "Good Morning America," "The question is not whether or not it's a bargaining chip. Nobody ever suggested that it was a bargaining chip. It's part of our necessary modernization." Reed said, "A bargaining chip is what we'll do if the Soviets don't come to the table." The understood implication was that the Administration would build the MX and then threaten to build more. The whole discussion was marked by more than a little confusion as to what a bargaining chip is: somehow the idea has developed that if the United States decides to go ahead with a certain weapon the Soviet Union will implore us not to do so and will offer to give up in return something it already has. In fact, this has never happened. (The MIRV and the cruise were "bargaining chips.") Proponents of the bargaining-chip theory argue that the ABM treaty is an example of its working, but others who have studied the ABM negotiations say that the treaty was reached because neither side was actually very keen on going ahead with an ABM system and the Nixon Administration knew that the backing for the ABM in Congress was shaky. They say that it was the very willingness of the United States to give up the ABM that made reaching an agreement possible. Opponents of the MX argue that the most likely Soviet response to deployment of an MX is deployment of a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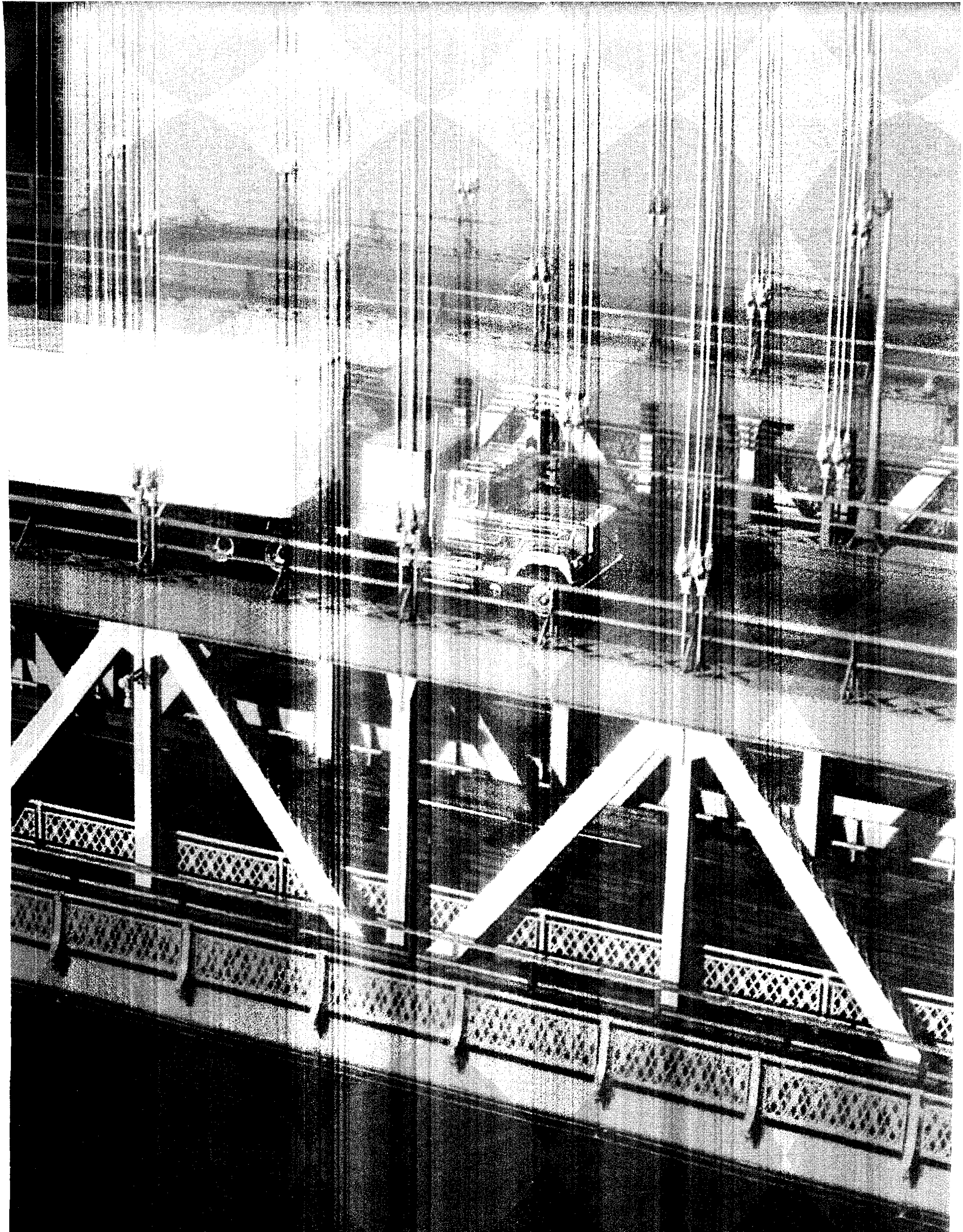

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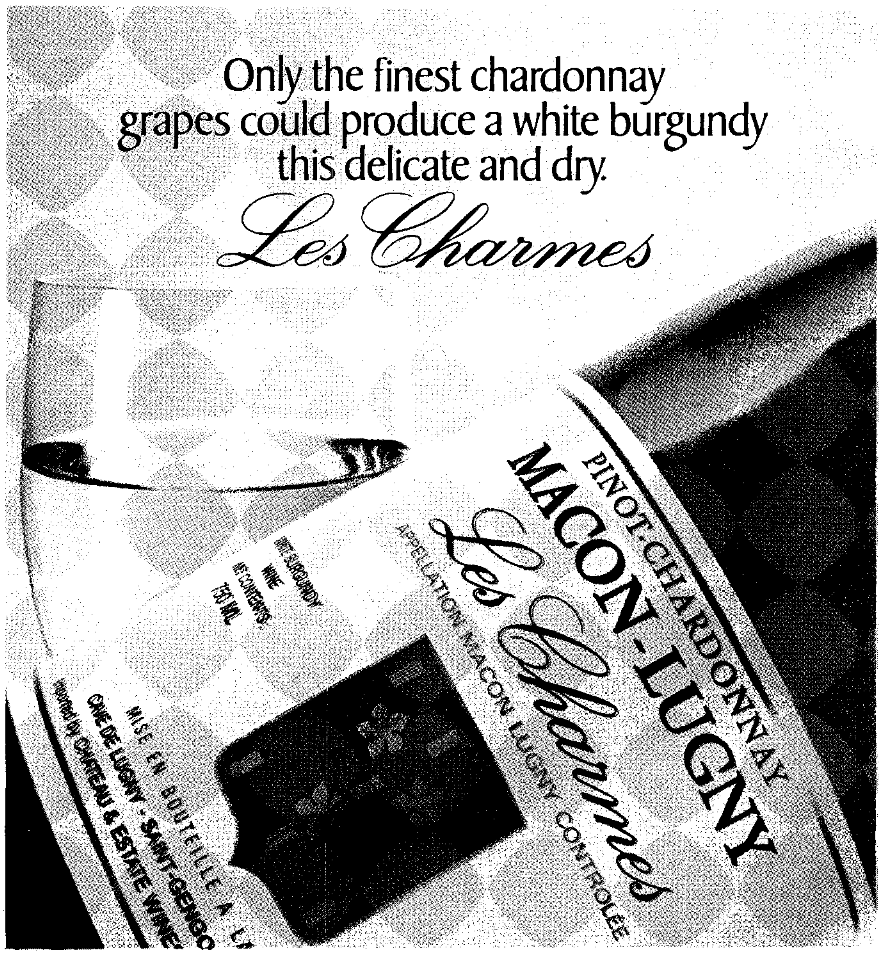
similar missile of its own, which is now in the testing stage, and is therefore farther along than the MX is. (While the Soviets do have large, heavy missiles, theirs are propelled by liquid fuel, which makes them harder to maintain; the MX, like the Minuteman, relies on solid fuel.) As for the argument that the MX might be an inducement to the Soviets to bargain seriously, MX opponents say that other "improvements" in our arsenal, either recently made or under way, provide a sufficient inducement. They cite the building of the B-1 bomber and the development of the *Stealth*; the equipping of Minuteman missiles with a more accurate and powerful warhead (the Mark 12A); developing new submarine-launched ballistic missiles (the Trident IIs, or D-5s), which will also be more accurate and powerful—capable, in fact, of destroying hard targets; and the deployment of cruise missiles, which also can destroy hard targets. A more subtle argument made by the Scowcroft Commission and its supporters in Congress is that the MX will give the United States "leverage" over the Soviet Union, by forcing it to reconfigure its strategic forces in a way that puts less reliance on large land-based missiles. The critics' response to this is that the other new weapons coming on line are sufficient to encourage such a change.

When I asked Woolsey about the criticism that the commission report seemed self-contradictory, he replied, "The report seeks to compromise a bunch of views and accepts partially a number of arguments, so I'm not surprised that that appears to be the case. It's an effort to put together several pieces of the puzzle, and an attempt to say that people who have talked about strategic weapons in different ways each in part have some legitimacy in what they're saying."

Some of the commissioners' and others' testimony about the new recommendations showed how shaky the proposition was. Scowcroft and Brown admitted that the new basing system was driven more by political than by military considerations, and that a "shell game" would have been preferable. "I think we are facing a situation where we have to proceed from where we are now," Brown said. "I think there is no way to go back." The testimony of Weinberger and of the Joint Chiefs of Staff elicited that a shell-game system would provide more survivability for the new missiles and, furthermore, that the United States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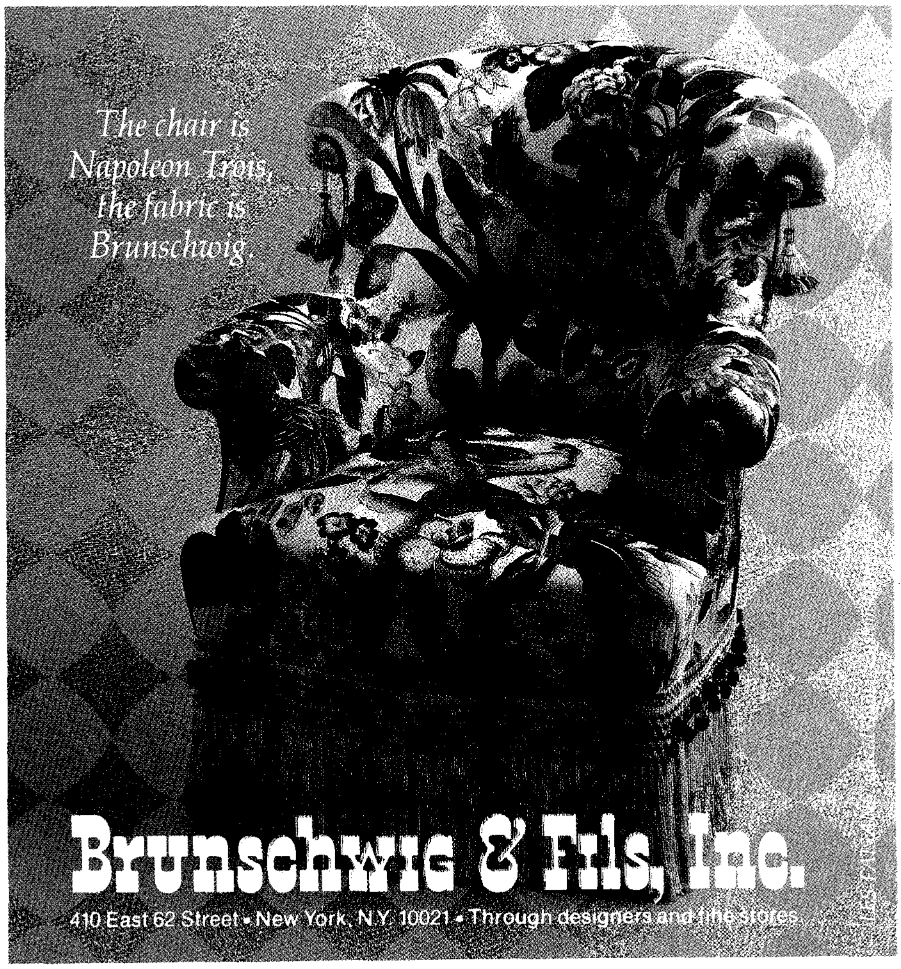
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might be moving to a policy of "launch under attack." The situation prompted Senator John Tower, Republican of Texas and Chairman of the Armed Services Committee, to say, "If anything, the MX program is a textbook case of how not to manage an important national-security issue."

And there was an abundance of past testimony on the part of the Scowcroft Commission's defenders (and even some of its authors) that suggested the degree to which they had either changed their minds or accommodated the new political realities. Much of this testimony was given when Congress was considering the President's short-lived plan, announced in October, 1981, to place the MX in existing silos.

Weinberger: "I would feel that simply putting it into existing silos would not answer two or three of the concerns that I have: namely, that [the location of] these are well known and are not hardened sufficiently, nor could they be, to be of sufficient strategic value to count as a strategic improvement of our forces."

Jackson: "My main criticism—and I criticized the Carter Administration—is that in the nineteen-eighties Minuteman and Titan are vulnerable in those silos. . . . We have given the Soviets a better target to shoot at."

Perry: "My concern is that if we had this very accurate, very threatening missile in unprotected silos, and if they do not go to a survivable system themselves . . . that simply increases the hair trigger . . . on both sides. . . . I agonized over that and said on balance I would not go ahead with that because I don't believe we will come up with a survivable basing mode that is acceptable."

Woolsey wrote: "The Administration's decision to deploy MX in existing silos, hardened or not, provides little more than a fig leaf, and that, at best, for only a short time."

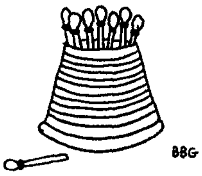
Brown: "The October 2 decision adopts an admittedly very vulnerable basing system. . . . There is talk of further hardening of existing silos for a much-truncated MX force, but since the MX will not be available until 1986, that further hardening, if it is at all feasible, will not be available before the Soviets can install a new generation of guidance systems. The Soviets, using technology that they have already developed, will surely be able by that time to improve the accuracy of their ICBMs further, so that in the case of a nuclear war the hardened MX silos will find themselves in the fireball and in the crater left by the nuclear explosion of Soviet warheads; the silos would not survive such an experience."

THE sendoff of the Scowcroft report was a carefully staged affair, with thought having been given to just what various key figures would say, and also to the timing of the release. Aspin was of the view that it was very important that no one seem overly pleased with the report, so that neither Congress nor the Pentagon would be leery of it. He says that he advised Weinberger ahead of time not to appear too cheerful about the report: "I said to Cap and others, 'Don't crow when this comes out; we need you to grouse. Say this isn't very good, but, etc., etc.' " On April 19th, when the President announced his approval of the report, Aspin did his bit by agreeing to a request by White House officials that he go out on the White House lawn to make a statement to the press. Aspin says, "I went out on the White House lawn and said that the report's not great, but it's probably the best we can get." Weinberger told a congressional hearing, "No one is saying this is a perfect solution." When the report was released, Harold Brown, for his part, said that the "proposals deserve bipartisan support even though they are not ideal and do not provide an immediate solution to the problem of ICBM vulnerability." He also said he made his recommendation "with an appreciation that more politically astute decisions in the past could well have produced a better solution." Brown, along with Scowcroft, also made a number of television appearances on behalf of the report. To have Harold Brown, the brilliant scientist and former Democratic Secretary of Defense, championing the report was critical to giving it the needed bipartisan aura and to making it acceptable for Democrats to support it. Brown and Woolsey were also important salesmen on Capitol Hill. According to some Democrats, Woolsey told them privately that Reagan might be reëlected for another term, and that backing him on the MX might be the best way to influence his arms-control policy. A Democratic aide says, "The disarming thing was you had people like Harold Brown saying privately, 'You're right—it's no more survivable than the Minuteman.' They give you that up front, and they also say that, working on the assumption we're not going to launch on warning, it gives you only marginal strategic value. But they say we're not talking about much military value—that it's a test of this nation to make and implement a decision that the Soviets do not want to see made and implemented." He adds, "The way you succeed in getting a program like this through is you define it as narrowly as possible from a military point of view and as widely as possible from a symbolic point of view." Another Democratic aide says, "Without the Scowcroft Commission, we'd never have the MX. If Weinberger had said he wanted to put the MX in Minuteman silos, he'd have been laughed off the Hill. But you had Brent Scowcroft and Harold Brown—who advise Democrats—saying it, and you had a bipartisan commission of genuine experts. It was a beautiful move."

Aspin had also advised the White House that the MX should not be the first defense issue before the Congress this year. Aspin's thinking was, he says, "Everyone was looking to cut money for defense; if the Scowcroft report was up first it would sink. We had a vote on the budget resolution, and people could vote to cut the defense budget there, and the Senate vote on Adelman"—Kenneth Adelman, whom Reagan had nominated to replace Eugene Rostow as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency—"and all the doves could vote against him, and the House could vote on the freeze." And then Aspin pointed out a great truth about congressional behavior: "I said people will then have voted three dove votes. The usual pattern of this place is that people begin to get a little uncomfortable if they've gone too far one way and start looking for a way to pop back the other way." Aspin says that he gave this advice to Scowcroft, to people in the Pentagon, and to Reed. As a result, he says, there was an intentional delay in getting the Scowcroft report to the President and another delay before the President made his recommendation to Congress and the forty-five-day approval period stipulated by the resolution adopted last December began to run. Says Aspin, "We wanted it to come up a little bit after the freeze vote."

The legislating of a call for the

President to negotiate a bilateral freeze on the testing, production, and deployment of new nuclear-weapons systems was more difficult than its sponsors had anticipated, and this affected the politics of the MX. The freeze idea turned out to be more viable as a political expression than as a piece of legislation. When the freeze resolution came before the House, its sponsors had difficulty answering hard questions about how, exactly, it would work. Even some legislators who are arms-control liberals were troubled by efforts to translate the freeze idea into law: either it had to be amorphous or it had to dictate to the President the specific terms of an agreement he must reach. Moreover, there was the question of whether it was preferable for the President to be involved in inevitably lengthy negotiations over the terms of a freeze or to get on with arms-reduction talks. Members of the House who are careful students of arms control were bothered by these questions, but, given the political strength of the freeze movement, and being confronted with the question of whether they wanted to "send a message" to the President on arms control, they went along. The House freeze debate dragged on for seven weeks, and in the end, after much amending, the House on May 4th approved a freeze resolution that could be interpreted in several ways. And, just as Aspin had predicted, a number of people who had supported the freeze were eager to cast a vote that would blur the picture and protect them from the charge of being "unilateral disarmers." The vote on the MX gave them a chance to do that. Many members of Congress prefer not to take difficult positions, and go to great lengths to avoid doing so. They like to find the opportunity to vote one way and then another on controversial questions—to fuzz things over. The fact that it might seem inconsistent to vote for a freeze on nuclear weapons and then vote to develop the MX actually played into the hands of those who wished to cover themselves politically. An aide to the House leadership said to me, "The MX provides the first opportunity for that group to try to recast the attitudes about them and explain what they think the vote on the nuclear freeze means—and interpret it somewhat differently from the way the others have." Another House Democratic aide said, "These are people who had doubts about the freeze. They aren't doves who became hawks; they went with the freeze and then wanted to get back to the center."

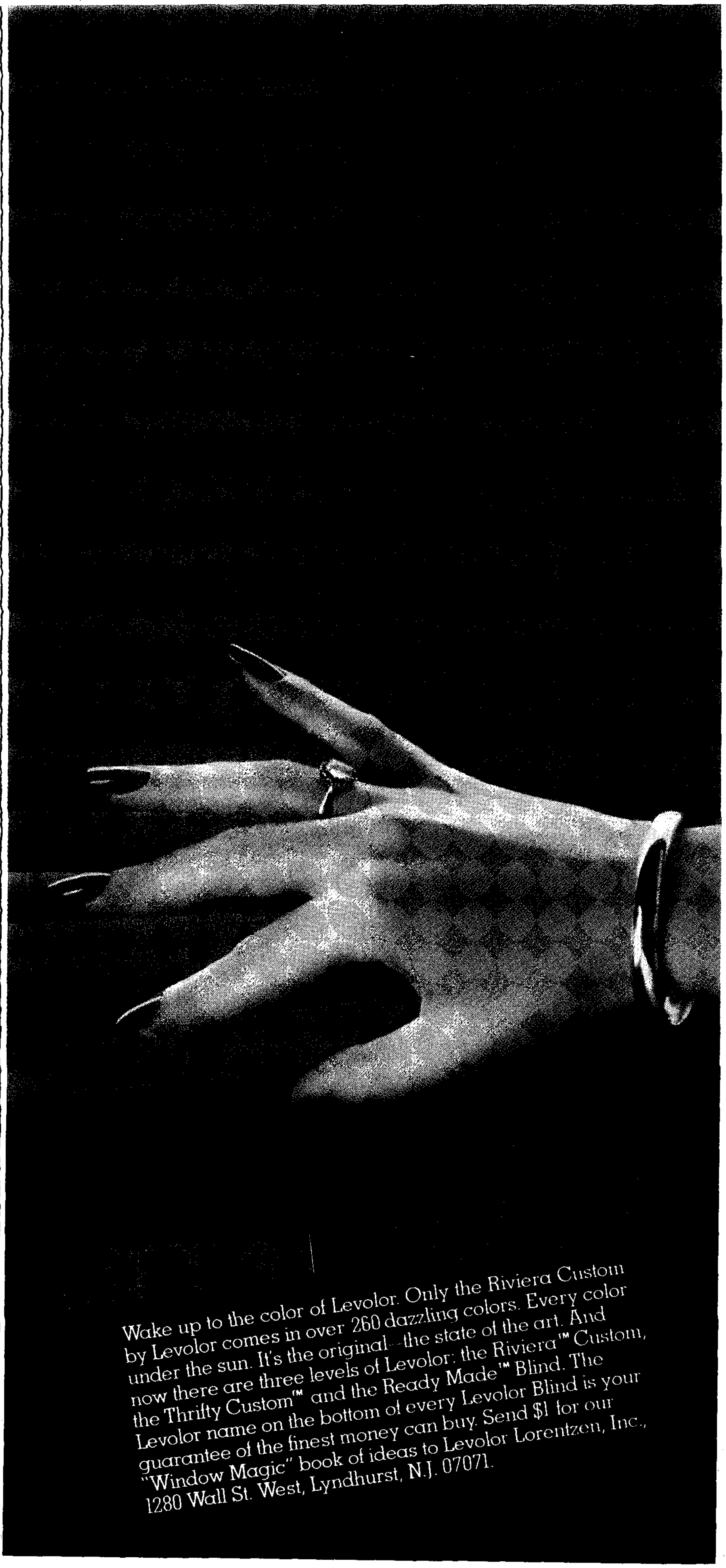


MEANWHILE, Aspin, through a series of meetings on the Hill, some of them in Foley's office, had put together a group of moderate House Democrats who were prepared to support the MX, but some of them wanted something to show for their support—an indication that they had wrung concessions from the Administration. The principal members of Aspin's group were Foley; Gore; Norman Dicks, of Washington; Vic Fazio, of California; Dan Glickman, of Kansas; and Richard Gephardt, of Missouri. These were youngish members with reputations for legislative ability. This group's backing of the MX would provide protective cover for other Democrats—and also some moderate Republicans—who wanted, for whatever reasons, to support it. The issue that was put to others in these meetings was not whether the MX was a good idea but, as one participant recalls, "We've got this overture from these guys from the Scowcroft Commission; they're reaching out to us. Do you think it's do-able to put together a core group of people to avoid the political disaster of a Donnybrook over the MX?" Eventually, Jim Wright, of Texas, the House Majority Leader; William Alexander, of Arkansas, the Chief Deputy Whip; and Gillis Long, the chairman of the Democratic Caucus, all supported the MX. Thus, O'Neill became the only member of the leadership not to do so. Aspin had approached other relatively junior members with good credentials among their colleagues, but two of the most important of these—Thomas Downey, of New York, and Les AuCoin, of Oregon—turned him down, and helped lead the fight against the MX. Of all of Aspin's group, the two who, besides Aspin, played the most important roles were Gore and Dicks. The challenge for them, as for the Administration, was to find a way to define a vote for the MX as a vote for the "package" recommended by the Scowcroft report: the MX, the Midgetman, and a new push for arms control. The problem was that the resolution that had been drafted by the previous Congress didn't allow for any package. But the package, everyone understood, was the only thing that could get the House to approve the MX. Aspin and Foley had attended some strategy sessions at the White House—along with House Republican leaders, White House aides, and Weinberger—to try to figure out a way to transform the resolution into a package, and had concluded that there wasn't any. They decided, says Aspin, "to go with the straight resolution and, through a lot of fireworks, make it a vote on the Scowcroft package."

There ensued an elaborate quadrille, involving an exchange of letters among some key legislators and the President, in which the President gave the public assurances that the legislators felt they needed in order to support the MX. These things don't just happen, of course. The Administration was well aware that the letters were coming, and the legislators as well as Administration officials were involved in drafting what became the President's response. The exchange would work to everyone's benefit: the President would draw these people into a commitment to support the MX, and these people would have something to show for their support. How much they actually got is the subject of some questioning, not only among their colleagues but also among themselves.

Gore was especially anxious to nail down a Presidential commitment to proceed with the development of the Midgetman missile, and the President—or the Administration—was anxious to nail down Gore's vote for the MX. Gore, who is thirty-five, is a large, dark-haired, solemn man who, like Aspin, was tagged "a comer" as soon as he was elected to Congress. He is now planning to run in 1984 for the Senate seat being vacated by Majority Leader Howard Baker. It is difficult for a young House member to get much notice, but Gore chose one of the surer routes: he picked a few good issues, worked hard at them, and methodically made a name for himself. The single-warhead missile was one of his issues. He made speeches about it, wrote articles about it, made contact with journalists about it, and eventually, as the idea came into fashion, he more than anybody else in public life was identified with it. In a conversation we had in his office on May 23rd, the day before the House was to vote on whether to release funds for the MX, Gore said of his meetings with the Scowcroft Commission, "I told them, 'If you come back with another fancy hardware scheme, you can forget it; this thing is gone.' The only way you can have a dialogue with Congress and get a consensus approach is to address the over-all strategic context within which this missile is to play a role, and to address the goal of stability." Gore also met with every member of the Administration he could, and with the Administration's arms negotiators, pressing his views upon them, and he pressed them upon his colleagues. He recognized that without arms control the value of the single-warhead missile would be sharply diminished, because one side could simply keep deploying missiles until it had a sufficient number to knock the other side's out.

A number of people think that there will be second thoughts about the Midgetman missiles. Not only are there unresolved technical questions about how to deploy them, and questions about whether they should be made mobile (Gore says they do not have to be, but the Scowcroft Commission suggests that there would be advantages in doing so), but questions about their cost. The Congressional Budget Office has estimated that they could cost more than a hundred billion dollars over twenty years, and require fifty thousand people to man and maintain them. There will be questions about where to deploy them. (There has been talk of their being deployed on trucks, perhaps disguised as moving vans, but this would require a flotilla of trucks, carrying power generators and people to maintain the missile; there is talk of placing them in hard silos, which have yet to be developed, and placing them in a mobile basing mode in the ground—but that gets back to the race track.) One defense expert points out that not only have the Soviets tested a single-warhead missile but they also have far more territory to deploy single-warhead missiles in. "I don't think people have noticed that yet," he says. A number of people, including Scowcroft, realize that mobile single-warhead missiles will be harder to count than fixed launchers are. One defense expert says, "Wait till the hard-liners get started. They'll say the Soviets have a missile in every garage; they'll say prove they don't have that. We've been through that before. That's what the missile gap was about." He concluded, as did some others I talked to, that if the Midgetman is deployed, at some future time arms controllers may look back and wonder why they



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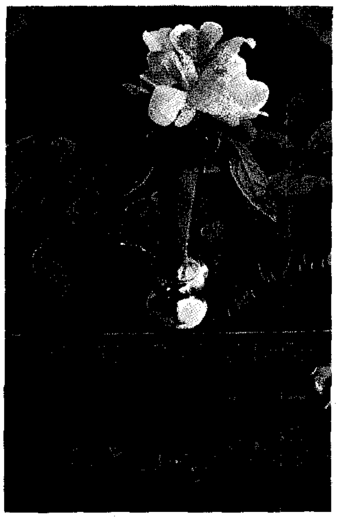

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Gore, like a lot of other people, was concerned about the Administration's attitude toward arms control. Gore told me on the day before the vote, "We could end up with people saying that the moderates in Congress have had the rug pulled out from under them." The worry was that, whatever the President said about his desire for reaching an arms-control agreement with the Soviet Union, and no matter how sincere he may be in this, his own bureaucracy would prevent one from occurring. In the strategic-arms-reduction talks, or START, the President had begun with what was widely recognized as a non-negotiable position. In effect, it asked the Soviet Union to give up a great deal in the area of its greatest advantage, the large land-based missiles, without the United States' making equivalent concessions. Moreover, there were other terms of the proposed agreement that appeared to make reaching an agreement impossible. And it was by now widely understood in Washington that though these were just opening positions, the greatest resistance to changing them was coming from the Pentagon, and that probably the most important person on arms control in the Administration was not the President, not Secretary of State George Shultz, not Clark, not even Weinberger, but Richard Perle, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy. Perle, more than anyone else, has been the architect of the Administration's arms-control positions thus far, and he is one of the smartest, most persistent, most bureaucratically skilled members of this Administration or any other in memory. Perle, who is forty-one, worked for Jackson for many years, and helped him oppose or defeat every arms-control agreement that came along. Perle is an utterly pleasant man, of medium build and dark complexion, with a soothing voice and a public style of reasonableness. He says things that sound totally reasonable until they are examined further. A Capitol Hill aide who has worked on defense matters says, "He uses words like 'Shouldn't we be equal?' and you say yes and then you find out he's using those words to prevent an agreement that would be reasonable and balanced." Perle is knowledgeable, clever, and formidable: a number of officials of several Administrations have had their careers derailed by Perle and his allies. He expresses woundedness at any suggestion that he is less than sincere about reaching an arms-control agreement, but the plain fact is that many people believe that he does not want one, or that the only kind he would find acceptable is not negotiable, which amounts to about the same thing. And those people are also aware that, whatever the President says, Perle is in a good position to put sand in the gears.

These people are also worried about Edward Rowny, the retired Army lieutenant-general who heads the American delegation to the START talks. During the Nixon and Ford Administrations, Rowny was understood to have provided a "back channel" from the arms-control talks to Perle and Jackson; the Carter Administration nonetheless made him a member of its SALT team, under the illusion that he'd be helpful, and eventually Rowny resigned and denounced the SALT II agreement. And they are not impressed with Adelman, whom they consider too inexperienced and insufficiently independent of the other policymakers.

Perle had his own meetings with the Scowcroft Commission members—he and Woolsey are old associates—and in a recent conversation he told me that he was quite satisfied with the commission's report. He said that there were some widespread misconceptions about what the commission actually said. It was not correct, Perle said, "that Scowcroft has discounted or dismissed the window of vulnerability." He said it was also wrong to believe that the commission was "calling for a fundamental change in our arms-control policy—I can't find that anywhere."

And he found the commission's endorsement of the MX "quite broad and deep." Whatever certain members of Congress may believe, Perle conceded that the Midgetman was not yet part of the Administration's strategic policy. On arms control, Perle finds an endorsement of his own approach in the commission's recommendation that arms-control limitations and reductions be couched "in terms of equal levels of warheads of roughly equivalent yield," rather than in terms of the number of launchers each side has. This gets to the heart of one of the key issues about arms-control policy—one over which the Administration itself has been deeply divided, and one in which the moderate Democrats who supported the MX got themselves, to their great discomfort, involved. The

Scowcroft recommendation was made in the context of "the long run," and of encouraging both sides to move toward the deployment of small, single-warhead missiles. But at the moment both sides have multiple-warhead missiles, and the commission did endorse the deployment of the MX. What Perle has been seeking over the years is an accord that reduces the Soviet advantage in "throw-weight"—the lifting power of its missiles—while arms-control agreements negotiated by Nixon, Ford, and Carter have accepted the idea of offsetting this Soviet advantage by limiting the number of warheads allowed on each missile, and relying on the United States' advantages in submarines and bombers. (The Ford negotiations at Vladivostok were never completed, because of the opposition stirred up back home by Jackson and Perle and because Ford was facing a nomination challenge by Reagan.) An arms-control proposal that called for equal throw-weight for the United States and the Soviet Union—which Perle was seeking—would be calling for a radical reconfiguration of the Soviet forces and has been widely considered non-negotiable. Perle also found other grounds for objecting to the Vladivostok approach, and to the SALT II agreement, and he is expected to inject a number of issues into the Administration's arms-control deliberations. The concept of counting not launchers, as the two SALT agreements did, but warheads has a certain plausibility, until one gets down to the details. The SALT agreements counted launchers because there was no sure way to count warheads. (Actually, SALT II indirectly counted warheads, by assuming that each missile contained the maximum number it could carry; and it indirectly limited warheads by limiting the number each missile could hold.) The problem with simply counting warheads is that it runs into questions of verification (Perle would prefer the sort of intrusive verification that it is widely presumed would not be acceptable to the Soviets, and perhaps not to the United States military) and of rules for counting (how to count spares, and so on). There is also the real problem of how to verify the numbers of the single-warhead missile and the cruise. Perle has been engaged in a long-running battle with State Department officials, whom he accuses of pushing Reagan back toward the SALT concept; the State Department officials' reasoning is that the SALT process settled a number of questions about definitions and rules for counting, and so on, and that going this route would therefore make reaching an agreement easier. The Scowcroft Commission, containing as it did officials of the Carter Administration, also had kind words for the SALT II approach. (On June 8th, the President announced a change in the Administration's START position, but the only stated difference was an increase in the proposed limit on launchers from eight hundred and fifty to an undetermined number. Supporters of Midgetman thought that that was to accommodate their idea, but there were other possibilities: the original number was generally agreed to have been too low in proportion to the number of warheads that were to be permitted—five thousand—and thus could put each side's launchers at risk. Moreover, the proposed increase could also be explained by the fact that the Air Force had been assuming that it would have two hundred MX missiles, and if there were to be fewer of them more launchers would be needed to achieve the same number of warheads. The new proposal still sought to have the Soviet Union give up much of its advantage in land-based missiles. In essence, it left throw-weight to be limited by indirect means—by limiting what it could be used for—which is what the Administration position has been all along. Earlier, a direct limit on throw-weights was something to be done at a second stage, and Perle had been trying to make this an immediate demand. The battle within the Administration was by no means over. There remained many skirmishes over the details of the proposals, and the instructions to the negotiators, and it is in these seemingly small details that arms-control policy is made. The President's announcement was accompanied by soothing rhetoric about "flexibility" and "stability." Gore found this reassuring; Aspin and Dicks seemed less certain.) By drawing the congressmen into his arms-control policies, or apparently drawing them in, the President was paving the way not only to getting the MX but to claiming that his arms-control policy was "bipartisan."

ALBERT GORE and his colleagues were aware of the argument going on within the Administration, and were determined to influence its outcome. On Monday, May 23rd, Aspin arranged for Perle to meet for lunch in the Capitol with a group including

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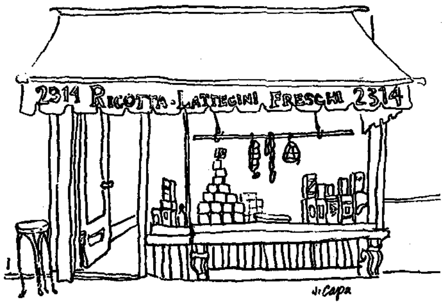
Gore, Dicks, Foley, Fazio, Glickman, and himself to discuss strategy for the House floor debate that began that day. Gore took the opportunity to warn Perle that if the Administration's new START position, then under review within the Administration, was seen to be excessively rigid and non-negotiable, the result could be the defeat of the MX. And he told Perle that his position on throw-weight would be seen as excessively hard-line. Gore told me later that afternoon that he saw congressional approval of the MX as "a step-by-step approach"—that Congress would have further opportunities later to deny funds for the weapon. He said, "We say if they don't seem sincere in their proposals, then the MX won't be approved." Thus, the moderate Democrats who agreed to go along with the MX injected themselves into the Administration's policymaking on arms control, and, in effect, took responsibility for it.

In their letter to the President, which was drafted by Gore and sent on May 2nd, the House Democratic moderates—who were joined by Joel Pritchard, a moderate Republican from Washington—praised the President for his endorsement of the Scowcroft report but asked for assurances that proceeding with the MX would be consistent with the goal of reaching stability, and that "a major effort will be promptly undertaken to bring sharper focus to the proposed single-warhead ICBM, and to allay concerns that it cannot be realized in a reasonable period of time." Many people on Capitol Hill were concerned that the Air Force would delay development of the Midgetman so as to assure the deployment of the MX, just as it was believed to be delaying the development of the Stealth bomber so that the B-1 could be deployed. (Scowcroft himself told a group of congressmen that "the Defense Department is a little like a glacier. It has been moving down the big ICBM road for a long time; there is no great love for the small missile in large elements both of my former service and [the office] of the Secretary.") The congressmen also stipulated in their letter that a decision on their part to approve the development and flight-testing of the MX would be distinct from approval to procure or deploy it. Many members of Congress believed, however, that once the contracts to develop the MX were let, and the production lines were open, the constituency for the MX would have expanded—labor was already supporting it—and it would become all the more difficult to terminate. "This is *the* vote on the MX," Thomas Downey said to me. Moreover, it was expected that the Air Force would begin to talk about the costliness of the Midgetman. The House Democratic moderates also requested a continuation of the Scowcroft Commission, or something like it; this would, the theory went, serve as a conduit to the Administration, and at once act as a prod to the Administration and provide political protection for those who continued to support the MX. Leaving aside the fact that the Scowcroft Commission does not represent the spectrum of views even among defense "experts," and that a number of its members displayed a certain pliability, the idea of a continuing commission along these lines is a strange one and, to many minds, a bad one. It injects into the policymaking process a body with no real authority. But a continuing commission was a convenient out for some people in a tight spot, and an improvisation that could prove a very poor precedent. (The President on June 8th told the congressmen that the Scowcroft Commission, or something like it, would continue for a while, but not for the two-year period, into 1985, the congressmen wanted.)

The President's letter of response, sent on May 11th, had a number of authors, including Gore, and its terms were negotiated between the members of Aspin's group—Gore and Dicks in particular—and the Administration. At the Administration end, Perle and other Administration officials as well as the White House staff were involved in composing the response. The President stated that he was reviewing his START proposals with a view to integrating the Scowcroft Commission recommendations—actually, the START proposals were under review anyway—and he made some pledges whose firmness depended on who was doing the interpreting. The President's letter found in the Scowcroft report approval of deployment of the Peacekeeper—he said nothing about making it a bargaining chip or a transitional weapon, or about step-by-step decisions on whether to deploy it—together with the single-warhead missile. He assured the legislators that the United States did not seek a first-strike capability. His pledge to assure deployment of the Midgetman—"We will promptly undertake a major effort to bring the proposal of a small, single-warhead ICBM to fruition on a high priority basis"—does not appear to be everything the Midgetman's backers desired, but Gore said he saw this as a commitment to proceed with the missile. Gore also took pride in a change he was able to get in a sentence that was added to the President's letter at the last minute by the Pentagon. The Pentagon's sentence said, "As you know, the Scowcroft Commission noted that the central elements of our START proposal are consistent with and supportive of the Commission's findings." Gore was pleased that he was able to get the words "the central" deleted.



I asked Gore if he would support the MX by itself.

"It's not that simple," he replied. "I voted against it before there was a Scowcroft Commission because it was presented in isolation. It did not exist within a strategic context that encompassed an arms-control approach and a sensitive weapons-procurement plan. Its role in that context is as a transition toward a more stable relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union."

A number of Gore's and Dicks' Democratic colleagues derided the President's letter as vague and meaningless. One of them said to me, not for attribution, that he didn't think even the letter's recipients believed the letter said anything. Barney Frank, Democrat of Massachusetts, said, "It's the kind of letter we send to people: 'Thank you for your good suggestion. I find it very interesting, and I'll look into it.' " One Democrat wondered aloud whether getting a pledge, if that's what it was, from the President to build a thousand small missiles if he was permitted to build a hundred large ones with ten warheads each was really such a good bargain. A number of Democrats said that their colleagues had obtained the letter from Reagan simply to "have something to wave" when they explained their vote.

A House Democrat told me, "They got pantsed. It's so embarrassing." Gore was aware of the views of some of his colleagues about the letter. "A lot of people looked at the language in the letter and concluded we'd been snookered," Gore told me. "But the language was carefully crafted to move the President down the arms-control path and to achieve a sensible result. Whether or not we have succeeded remains to be seen. It's a big chance we're taking."

I asked him to describe the nature of the chance.

He shifted in his chair, and said, "That the Administration is really not serious. I believe they are, but I'm not certain they are." He paused, and continued, "I believe they are—I really do. But I'm concerned that the Office of the Secretary of Defense—Weinberger and his group—could eventually win out. I don't think they will. I don't think they will. But there is that chance. If it occurs, then I think the MX will be killed and the opportunity to construct a consensus on strategic policy will be lost, for quite a while."

Dicks betrayed a similar nervousness when I talked with him later that afternoon, just off the House floor. Dicks, who is forty-two, is a large, beefy man with curly dark-blond hair; he is a former football star, and remains highly competitive, even as members of Congress go. He used to work for former Senator Warren Magnuson, of Washington, and reflects his state's pro-defense politics. He is a member of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee and from that position looks after the contractors in his state. Like Gore, Dicks worked to get the freeze resolution modified before it came to the House floor, but, unlike Gore, he played a major role in supporting the freeze during the House debate. Dicks' active backing of the freeze resolution was an uncharacteristic position for him to take, and afterward he remarked to one of his colleagues, "I'm getting identified as a freezie and I've got to get back." In our talk off the House floor, Dicks, looking quite uncomfortable, said to me, "We're taking this thing very seriously. We see a major responsibility to our colleagues—the moderates who are supporting the MX—to impress upon the Administration the necessity of having a credible arms policy in START." Dicks, like Gore, had met in recent days with Kenneth Dam, the Deputy Secretary of State, and he was shortly to meet again with Perle. (Shultz, who was supposed to take charge of arms-control policy when Rostow was fired, had been travelling

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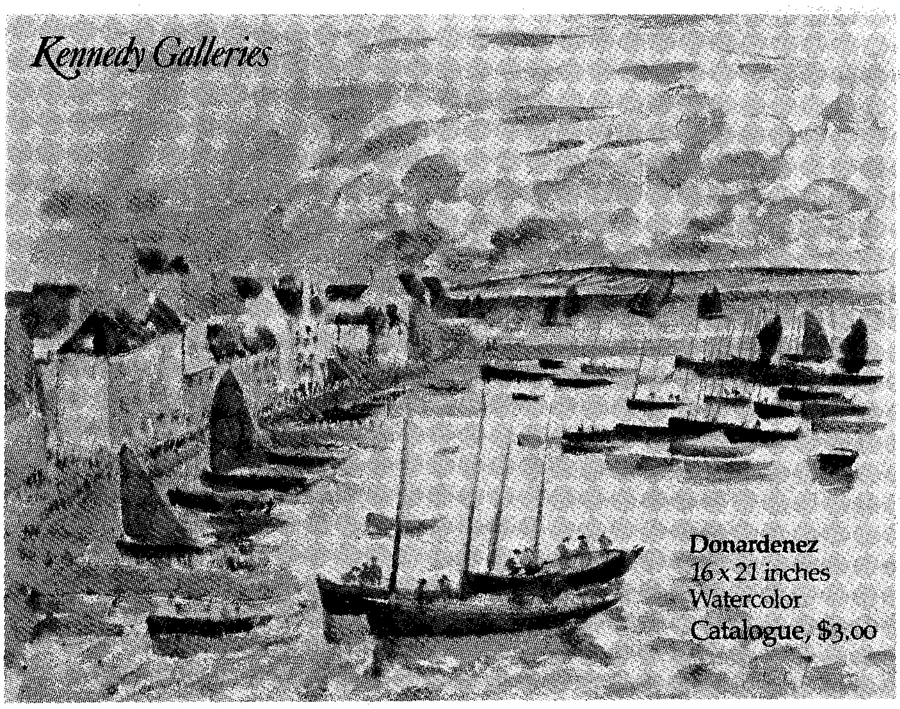

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in the Middle East and was otherwise engaged.) "Many of our colleagues *don't trust some of these people,*" Dicks said.

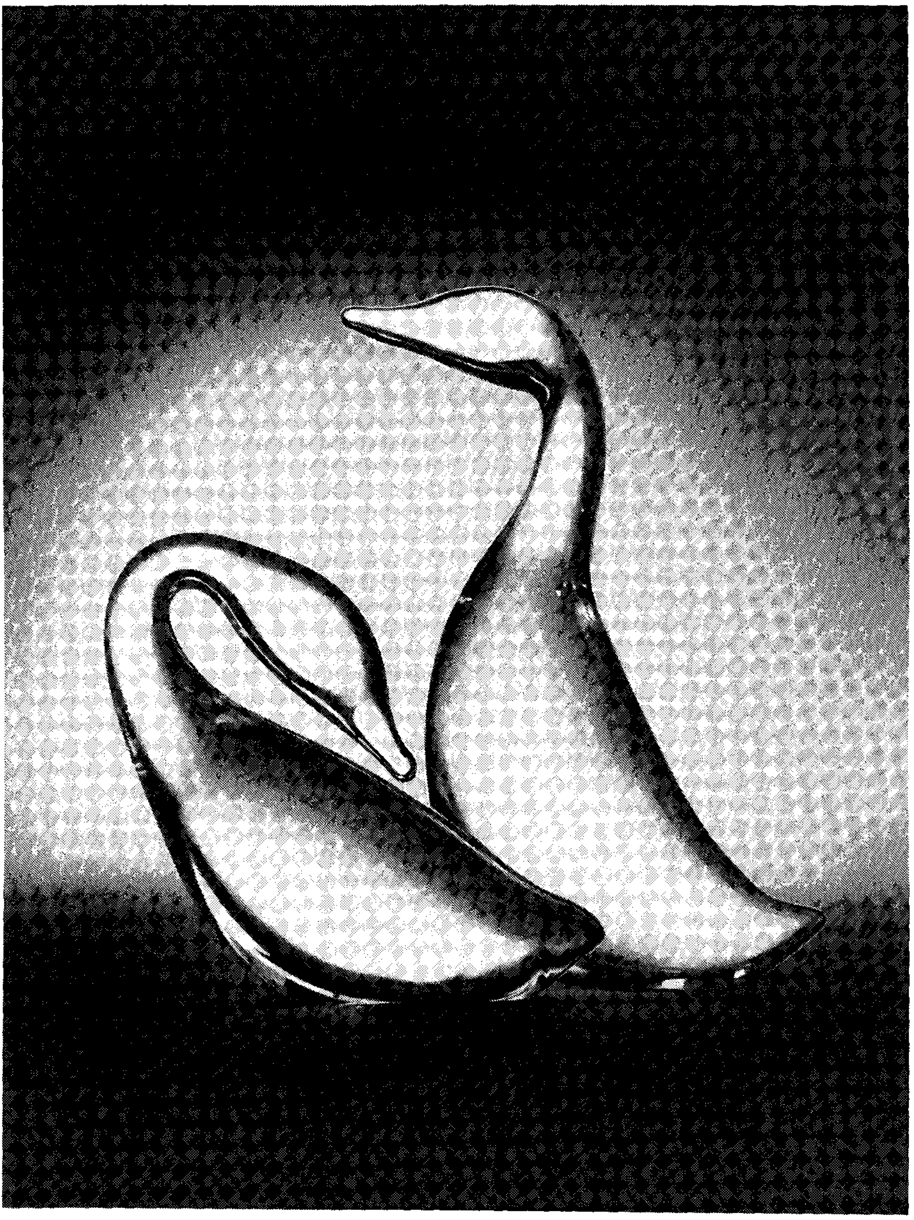
I asked him if he did.

He replied, "I'm going to put it this way. I think the President wants an arms agreement. My problem is with the people who have historically opposed arms control. When you talk to them, they say their problem is that the agreements have legitimized the arms race"—this is what Perle says. "They don't share the same level of confidence that we have in arms control," Dicks continued. "If we kill the MX unilaterally, the Soviets won't give us anything. In contrast to what some of my colleagues think, I think it will have a very great effect on the Soviet Union if we kill the MX. If it senses that the President doesn't have the support of the Congress, how can we get an arms-control agreement—particularly one that gets at the Soviet superiority in land-based missiles?" Dicks went on to say that he believed that the Administration's arms-control opening position for the negotiations was "a non-starter." Dicks, like Gore, emphasized the step-by-step nature of his approval of the MX. He and Gore and Aspin planned to add to the defense-authorization bill, which would be coming up later shortly and would authorize money for procurement of the MX, amendments that would tie deployment of the MX to development of the Midgetman. After that, they point out, there would be the defense-appropriations bill, and another opportunity to "hold the Administration's feet to the fire." Dicks said, "We have said that if they change their mind we reserve the right to change ours. We see our responsibility as not ending with this resolution, or with the authorization bill."

I asked Dicks if he thought his group had forced a change in the Administration's attitude toward arms control.

He replied, "I think the President has a definite change of attitude." As for the rest of the Administration, he said, "I think we have made some progress in that area. I'd be hard pressed to quantify it. I want to see changes take place. Until then, I won't be comfortable. I'm not comfortable now."

One complication for those House Democrats who were corresponding with Reagan was that Reagan was also engaged in correspondence with some senators, and the assurances he gave them appeared to be in contradiction to the assurances he gave the House members. On the Senate side, the fashionable new idea was for something that came to be called a "build-down." Essentially, the idea was that for every new warhead each nation deployed, two would have to be retired. The idea had an appealing simplicity—until it was examined closely. It had been taken up by William Cohen, Republican of Maine, and Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia, both of them defense conservatives but not all-out hawks, and both of them up for reëlection in 1984. Cohen and Nunn had opposed the MX in its Dense Pack formation, and had also opposed placing it in fixed silos. Now they were prepared to support the MX in fixed silos, but they wanted something, or the appearance of something, in return. Early this year, they had introduced a resolution calling for the President to negotiate a build-down, and offered it as an alternative to the freeze; in short order, the resolution had forty-three co-sponsors. There were obvious flaws in the proposal. It assumed that fewer warheads would necessarily be more stabilizing than more of them. It did not take into account that the new warheads might be in weapons that were more destabilizing than the ones that were being removed, and that therefore fewer weapons per se did not necessarily guarantee more stability. (Richard Perle likes to point out that there are eight thousand fewer warheads deployed than there were in 1967. The reduction is a result of a steady process of retiring old warheads as the forces were modernized. Perle says, "Ironically, it's been roughly a two-for-one build-down.") A world in which the two superpowers held few but more destabilizing weapons could be the most dangerous of all. The theory behind the Midgetman, by contrast, was to achieve stability. Moreover, the resolution did not make distinctions between the sizes of warheads. It did not discourage the deployment of MIRVed weapons. It did not begin to suggest how the warheads would be counted or verified. But the senators overlooked all these problems as they rushed to sign their names to the resolution, and the President called Cohen to commend him on his good idea. Cohen, Nunn, and Charles Percy, Republican of Illinois and chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, also wrote to the President, at about the same time the



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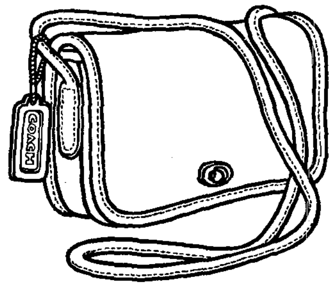

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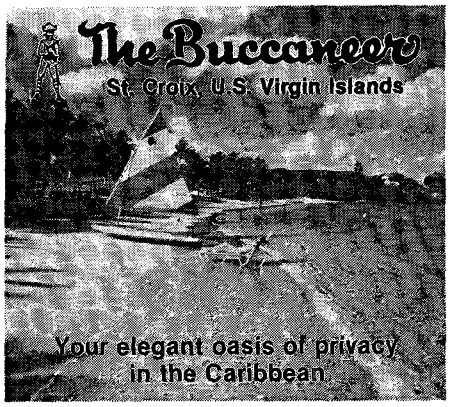

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House members did, and they raised similar concerns, and also asked for a commitment to a build-down. The President responded with a letter that was identical to the one he sent the House members except that it added a multi-hedged promise to study the build-down idea. (The Administration had at first planned to send both sides the same letter, which would have included reasons that he thought the build-down was a bad idea. The House members, who were protective of their own good idea, were happy enough to agree to such a letter, but the senators, understandably, were not.) So the President was bowing in the direction of both deploying more missiles (the Midgetman) in the name of stability and removing more warheads (the build-down) at the same time that he was seeking to deploy one thousand warheads on one hundred MX missiles. But under the build-down, literally applied, if a hundred MX missiles were deployed this would require removal of two thousand warheads, or roughly the entire Minuteman force; otherwise, warheads would have to be removed from submarines or bombers, which are less vulnerable. If a thousand Midgetmen were also deployed, still more submarine and bomber missiles would have to be retired. As the President was preparing to respond to the senators, Perle told reporters that the Administration was "trying to find a way to extract what is positive from that [build-down] proposal without binding our modernization program beyond what is reasonable." After Nunn received the President's letter, he told reporters, "We are satisfied the President has endorsed build-down as part of arms negotiations with the Soviets." Senator Dale Bumpers, Democrat of Arkansas, characterized the senators' letter to Reagan asking him to affirm his commitment to arms control as a plea to "say it like you mean it," and Reagan's response as meaningless. Given that the subject was changes in the Administration's strategic policies, these exchanges of letters occurred with remarkable speed. At the time, I asked one high Administration official how it could be that the policy implications of the letters had been "staffed out" by the Administration. He replied, "They weren't."

I asked Nunn what he thought he had extracted from the President.

He replied, "I think they've agreed to the concept of a build-down—that there is a price to be paid for modernization, in reduced warheads. They haven't fleshed out the details. I haven't insisted on details. I'm working on it, and know the Administration is doing some thinking about this. I'll be doing a lot of thinking, and so will Cohen and others." Nunn said he realized, of course, that "the paradox is that the MX is destabilizing, of which we want less."

A few days after the President sent his letters to Capitol Hill, Weinberger, in his appearance on "Good Morning America," was asked if the letters signalled any new bargaining position on the part of the President. He replied, "Well, I don't really understand, and never have understood, what it is additionally that is wanted from the President. The President has been the leading advocate of arms reduction, drastic arms reductions, down to the point of equality and that would be fully verifiable from the beginning. And he has reiterated that. And that is exactly the position he's always had." The moderates who were prepared to support the MX were unnerved.

AT Dicks' suggestion, the President invited twenty-five moderate House members who were either committed to voting for the MX or undecided to dinner at the White House on the night before the House was to vote. According to some who were there, it was not an altogether successful event. The President, the Vice-President, and the Secretaries of State and Defense were scattered among the tables, as were the members of the Scowcroft Commission. The President called upon Scowcroft, who made what were described as incisive comments, and then he called upon George Shultz, who, one House member at the dinner said, "demonstrated once again that he hadn't had time to master the issue." Scowcroft and McFarlane quietly assured some worried House members that they had things in hand, that there was no need to be concerned about Shultz's comments. Then Gore asked the President to encourage those House members who were still undecided to support the MX. "I've been working with you," Gore said to the President, "but, frankly, some members of your Administration have been a little slow to grasp the internal logic of the new START position." He went on to say that the country has to turn away from a nuclear-war-fighting capability and eliminate the capability of both the United States and the Soviet Union to

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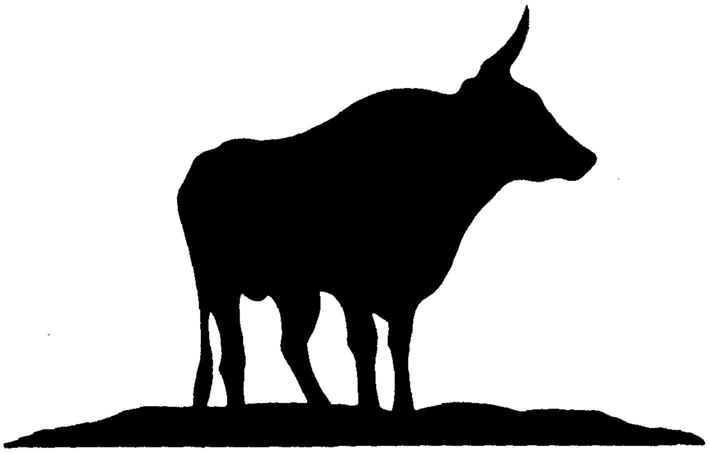

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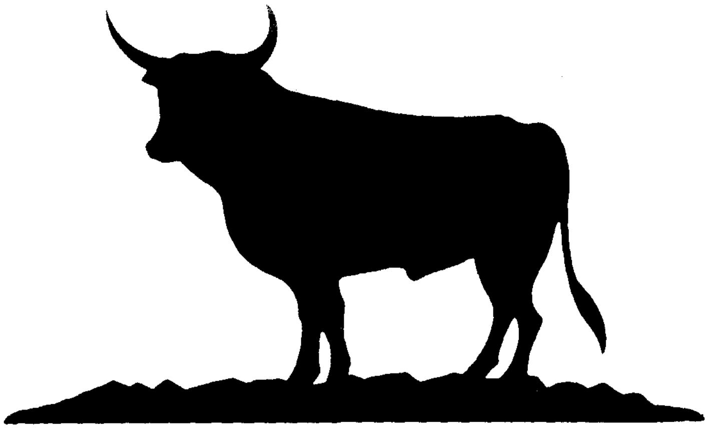

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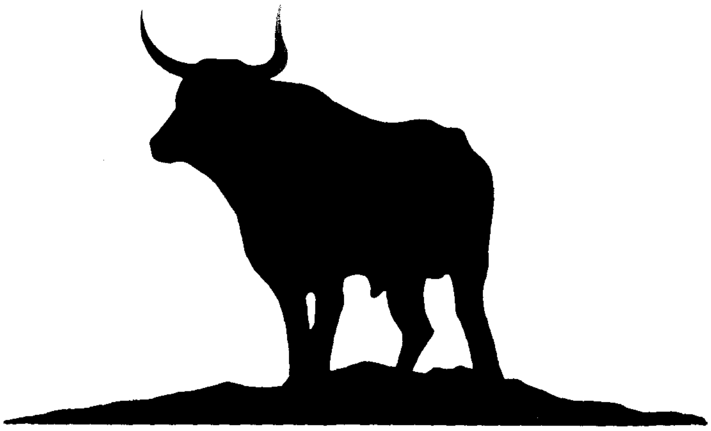

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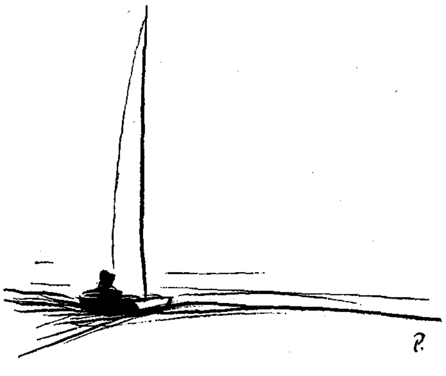
gain an advantage from a first strike. Gore told Reagan that he believed he was headed in the right direction, and would end up in the right place, and he urged him to reject those voices in his Administration who advocate equal throw-weight, because that would be considered non-negotiable in the Congress. Gore concluded by asking the President to state his views on the principles on which a new position on START should be based.

The President's response was less than reassuring. According to people who were there, Reagan talked for eight or nine minutes in a rambling fashion, and, according to one House member, "he didn't betray any understanding of what the principles involved were." When Reagan was asked about the build-down by Elliott Levitas, Democrat of Georgia, Reagan referred the question to Scowcroft. Levitas commented to a colleague the following day, "I almost wish I hadn't gone." Robert Matsui, Democrat of California, was so upset after the dinner that he called one of his colleagues to talk about it, and the next day he voted against the MX. One member who was for the MX told some of his colleagues privately that he had decided not to go to the White House dinner, because he didn't want to hear Reagan talk about arms control, for fear he would change his mind.

By the time the House voted on the MX, the opponents knew that they would be defeated. Their hope was to hold down the margin of defeat and to regroup for the next battle. They were hoping that when the House considered the defense-authorization bill it would accept an amendment to delete funds for the procurement of the MX and hold the commitment of funds to research and development.

The House debate on the resolution to release the funds for research and development and flight-testing of the MX had an edge to it that was unusual, and the bitterness showed in the members' conversations on and off the floor. Even the joking had a forced quality. The Democrats who were leading the fight for the MX and those who were leading the fight against it were old friends, who were accustomed either to working together or to disagreeing on an issue and shaking hands. But in this case there was a mistrust of motives and a resentment that all the efforts to show good fellowship could not erase. Downey said to me, "You have these good and decent men who are making decisions that are in my opinion a tragedy of the largest order." He continued, "This is not like a decision to approve the Tennessee-Tombigbee Dam. What you have here is a series of decisions that will lead both sides to adopt launch-on-warning policies, because both sides' weapons will be in jeopardy. This is another threshold decision in the arms race." Downey, a youthful-looking man of thirty-four, said wearily, "Some of these people were for the freeze, and now they're for the MX. It's the same old game: everyone seeks the middle ground. There isn't any." Downey has defense contractors in his district and used to serve on the Armed Services Committee, but he has found, he says, that he can take anti-defense-spending positions and explain them to his constituents. In the floor debate, Downey said, "Of the thirty-five or so homes that it had in the past, we have managed to find in our infinite wisdom the most dangerous and the most destabilizing," and continued, "Never has a more flawed weapons system meant so many different things to so many different people." He said, "Oh, you are dreaming, my colleagues, if you think that the MX is going to get you Midgetman. You are sadly, sadly mistaken." He mocked the build-down idea and rebutted the argument made by Aspin that the MX was the way to make the Soviets get serious about arms control. Downey said, "They come to the table because we threaten two hundred and sixty million Russians." He closed by reading from a recent speech by George Kennan: "What is needed here is only the will—the courage, the boldness, the affirmation of life—to break out of the evil spell that has been cast upon us, to declare our independence of the nightmares of nuclear danger, and to turn our minds and our hearts to better things."

Dicks and Gore, in their floor speeches, showed their uneasiness. Dicks agreed with a comment made by Pritchard that it was "a close call and



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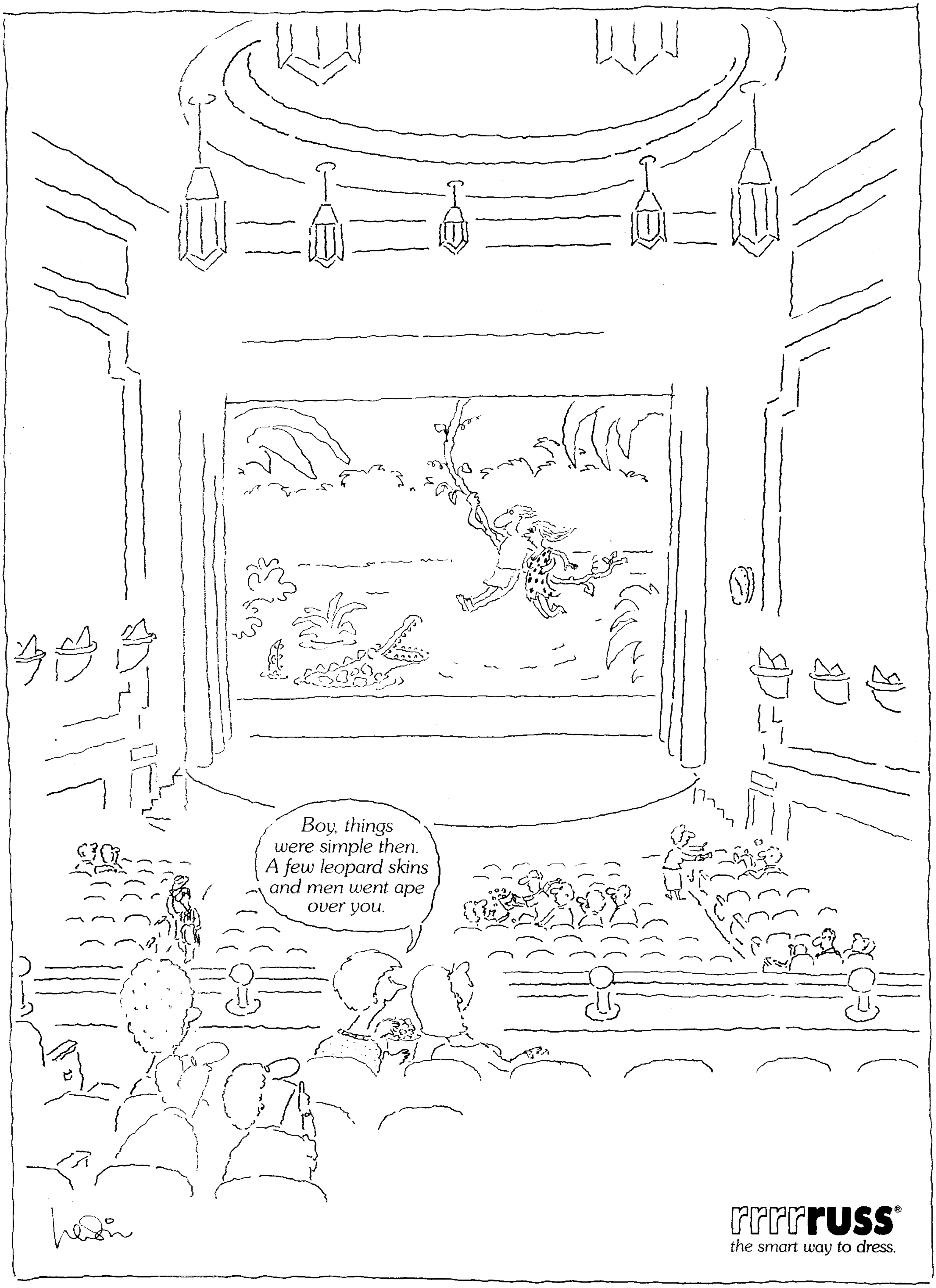
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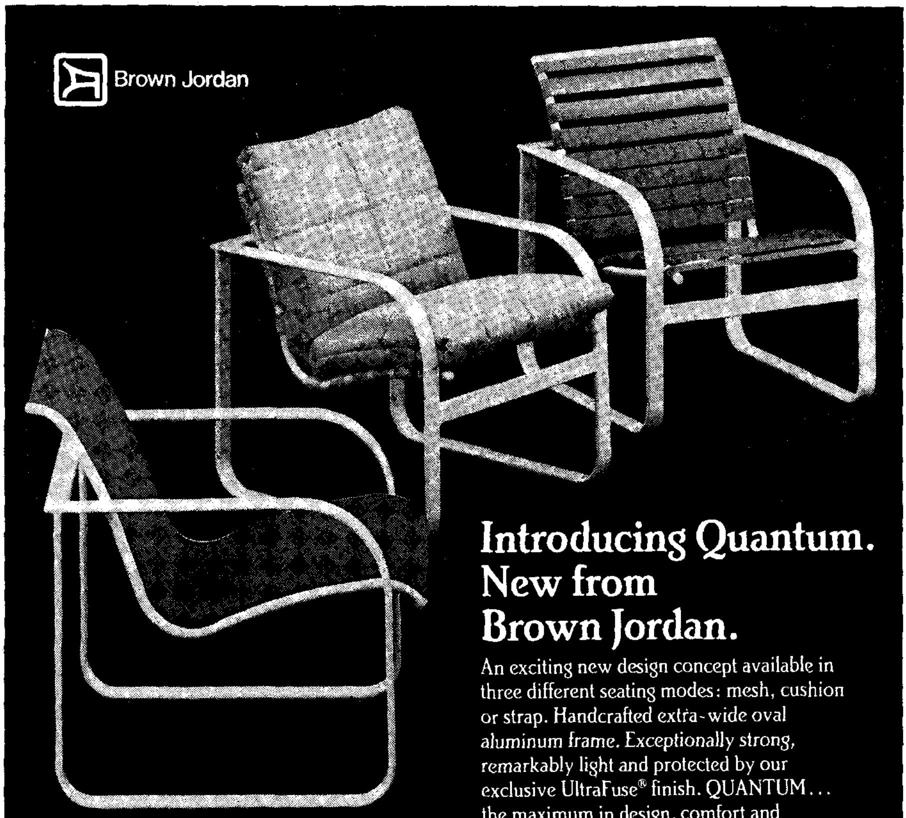

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a difficult one.” Dicks said, “I want to say something to my friends who I know feel very opposed to the MX missile. I do not take this lightly.” He said that his group feels that “we have not just a responsibility here today but an ongoing responsibility that we must convince Richard Perle and Richard Burt”—the Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs—“and Caspar Weinberger that they must act in good faith with this Congress as well.” Aspin intervened to explain why the MX was receiving more support than before: “This is a very different package. . . . It is a combination of an MX, a small missile, a new arms control. . . . This is not a single deal. This is not an agreed program that we all agree on or disagree on, and one vote here and that is the end of it. It has got to be an ongoing process.” This was part of Aspin's effort to, as he had put it, throw some fireworks, to create the impression that the House was voting on “a package.” Others tried to dismiss the idea that they were voting on a package.

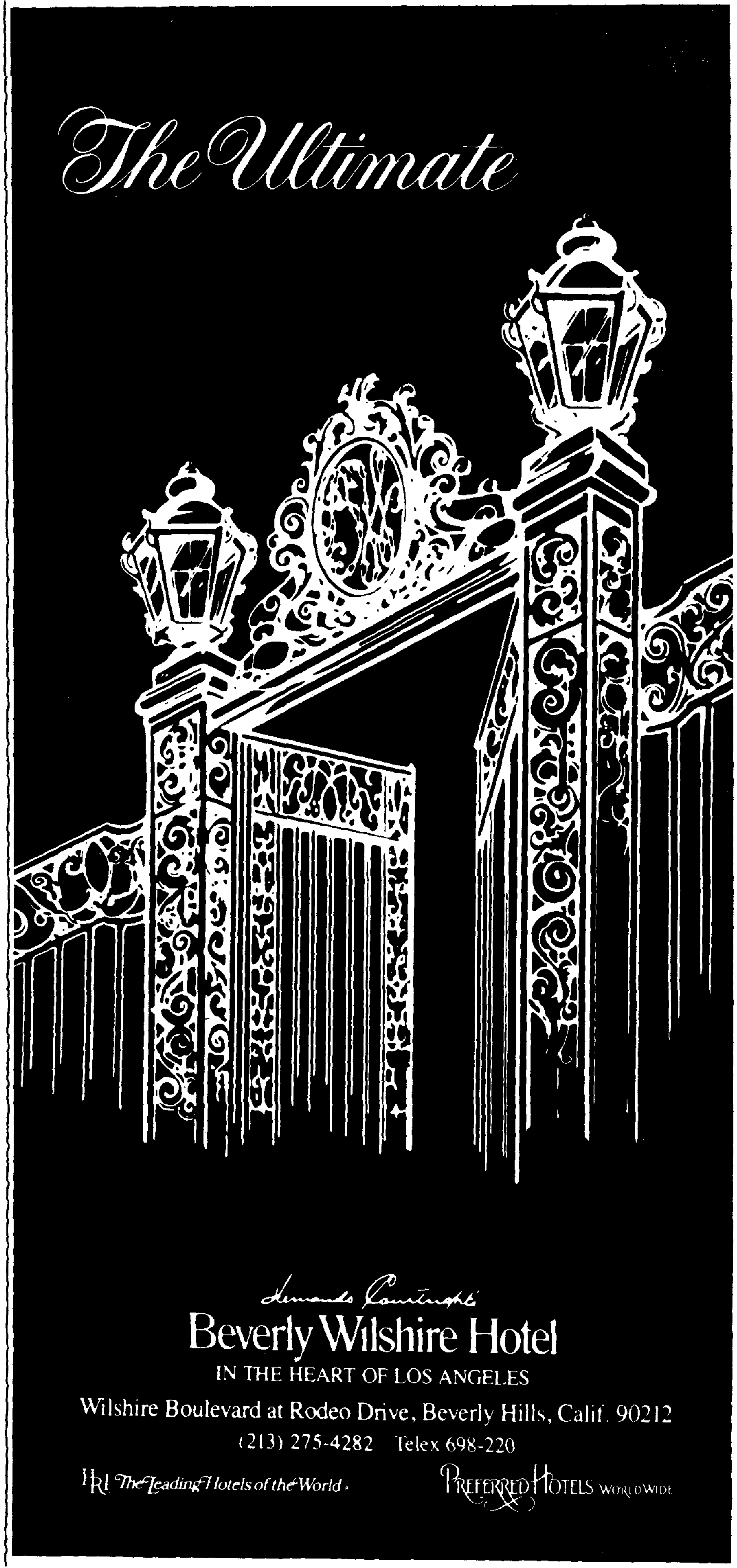
Joseph Addabbo, Democrat of New York, and chairman of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, a stout man with a high-pitched voice, waved the single piece of paper containing the brief resolution in the air, crying, “There is no package in this resolution. . . . Do not kid yourselves. That is what you are voting for this afternoon—the procurement of MX missiles and the deployment of MX missiles.”

“Mr. Chairman,” Gore said. “This is not an easy vote. It is a very close question.” And he said, “The truth of the matter is that those who look at it carefully will realize that whichever side wins, there is a likelihood that the winning side will regret the fact that they did win.” Gore asked the House, “Do the opponents of this resolution *really* believe, do they *really* believe, that we are going to make arms-control agreement more likely if we eliminate this program? Do they really believe that? I'm not certain of the answer, but I cannot believe that they are that certain of the answer as well.” Gore was correct; there was a great deal of uncertainty among many of the House members about the consequences of what they were doing that day. Gore issued a warning to the Administration: his vote for the MX was not a vote for procurement of the weapon. If there was not evidence of progress on the Administration's arms-control position between then and the voting on the authorization bill or the appropriations bill, Gore warned, he might not support the MX, or he might vote to scale down the number of missiles being approved. Gore had already told the Administration that when the authorization bill came before the House he would offer an amendment to reduce the number of MX missiles to be purchased, in part to make certain the United States did not obtain a first-strike capability. This would not delay the production schedule for the MX, so the Administration was not really opposed to the move.

After Gore spoke, Les AuCoin rose to make some unusually caustic remarks. "We're not dealing with a faucet here," he said. "There has been no strategic weapon that has ever reached this stage of funding that has ever been permanently cancelled." AuCoin continued, "I am amazed at those Democrats who have entered into this bargain with the Administration. . . . The President gets an MX missile, and the country gets a statement of sincerity about arms control. . . . If that is a bargain, all I can say is, to my colleagues on this side of the aisle who have entered into it, I am just pleased they are not negotiating with the Soviet Union."

The comments of some members off the floor were also harsh. James Shannon, Democrat of Massachusetts, said, "There are some guys around here who will take any position they need to take to become players on a big issue." He went on, "The driving force for a lot of guys here is not consistency but their profile on defense. You get a lot of Democrats worried about having looked 'weak' on defense in 1980 who feel that the pendulum has swung back but don't have confidence that that's going to last, and, having voted for the freeze, they want to cover their other front. And this process allows them to do it."

The House vote to release the funds for the MX was 239 to 186; the opponents lost by about twenty more votes than they had expected to. The next day, the Senate voted 59 to 39 to release the funds. Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd, Democrat of West Virginia, was among those who supported the MX—a source of bitterness among Senate Democrats, since most of them opposed it. And Byrd had put Nunn in charge of a task force to formulate a Party policy on the MX for the Senate Democrats; under the circumstances, the task force never



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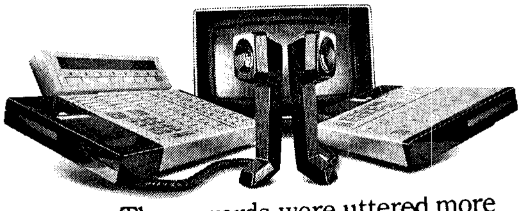

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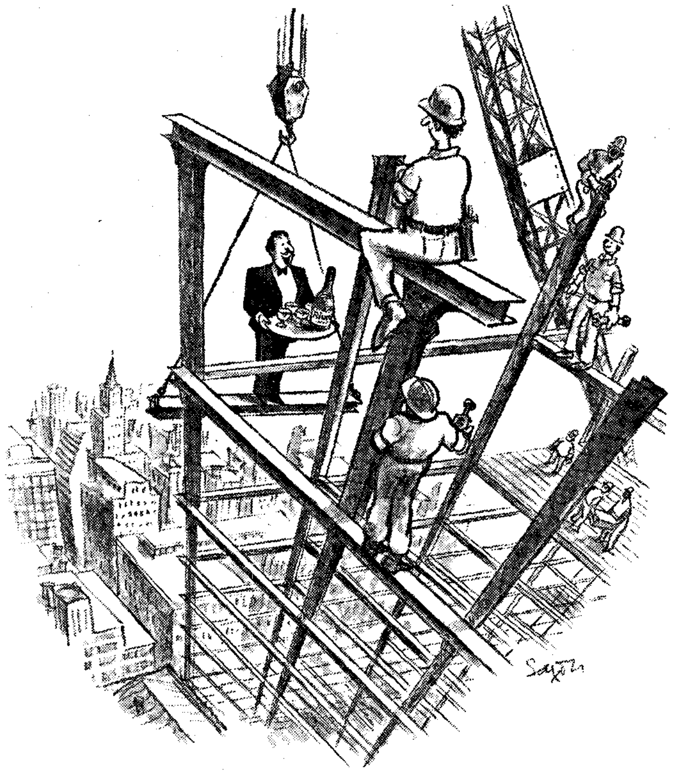

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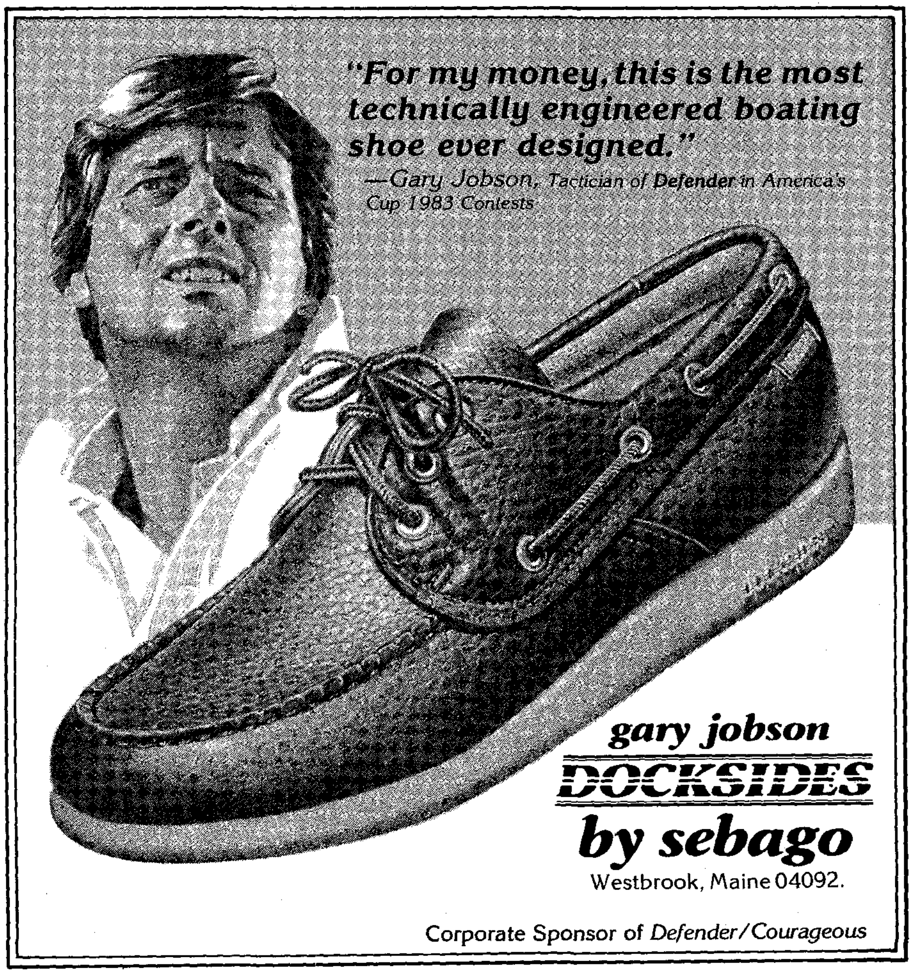

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came up with a position. The Senate Democrats were, in fact, in disarray throughout the debate: some MX opponents had hoped to bring up a resolution after the vote on the MX—calling for a mutual United States–Soviet Union moratorium on flight-testing MX-type weapons—but they could never agree on exactly what to propose, and Majority Leader Howard Baker blocked their attempt, and so the Democrats gave up until after the Memorial Day recess. On the day after the Senate vote, nineteen Republicans wrote to Reagan warning that their vote to support the MX might be reversed later unless progress was made on arms control. One of them, Nancy Kassebaum, of Kansas, had told reporters that she had supported the MX because she was in trouble for her opposition to the Administration's policy in Central America.

The brave talk among members of both parties occurred in something of a vacuum. The President had not yet gone to work on the next votes. People who were warning that they might withhold their votes were not yet being presented with the inevitable arguments that they must not undermine the President's negotiating position. After the voting, there was some speculation that Aspin and his colleagues had in fact succeeded in gaining leverage over the Administration's arms-control policy through making their support of the MX conditional. But this view tended to underestimate the adeptness and determination of the Administration; in its work on this issue, it had demonstrated uncommon skill and political sophistication. It had played successfully on congressmen's sense of "responsibility," their vanity, and their fear. Some people who supported the MX might cast future votes to indicate to the Administration, and to their constituents, that they hadn't surrendered completely, but the odds were that in the long run, one way or another, there would be an MX. The very political calculations that had driven so many members to give Reagan what he wanted in this round suggested that that was the case.

On the night of the House vote, Aspin, appearing on the CBS Evening News, said, "If we don't give him this package, then comes November, 1984, the Democrats are running against him, and we say, 'You didn't produce an arms-control agreement,' and he turns around and says, 'Of course not. I could have gotten one, but you didn't give me the tools that I needed to get one.' "

I asked Leon Panetta, Democrat of California and a moderate who worked with Aspin last year on presenting a bipartisan budget to the House but who opposed the MX, what he thought of Aspin's political reasoning.

He replied, "From a substance point of view, that's a hell of a way to make decisions up here. If all we're going to do is worry about what the President is going to say, we might as well pack our bags. We have to make the argument to the public. If we decide everything that way, then we might as well give the President everything he wants. In terms of politics, we're not going to be able to mollify this guy. Historically, he's always come at us, and he will."

ON the day after the House vote, Les AuCoin, a soft-spoken man, was still bitter, and his remarks in a conversation I had with him reflected the depth of the split within the Democratic Party. Referring to his comment on the House floor, he said, "I was thinking these clowns would give away the Midwest for a shoeshine and a smile. I think I spoke for a lot of mainstream Democrats who are very bitter. And what they're bitter about is the presumption on the part of members they had respected that somehow they could give Ronald Reagan religion on arms control. It's preposterous. And, even more, the idea that an Administration has to be bargained into sincerity about arms control—what kind of Administration is that, and what kind of bargain is it that relatively junior members of Congress can get them to say, 'Now we will be good'? Besides, there is no strategic system that has ever been funded that has ever been permanently cancelled. The fallacy is that Al Gore and Norm Dicks and Les Aspin, despite their obvious skill, are not strong enough to turn off the system when a massive missile like that develops an industrial and political constituency. It can't be done."

Some Democrats were obviously bitter because the moderates' action had increased their own political vulnerability on the MX. I asked AuCoin if it wasn't the case that some Democratic opponents of the MX were playing politics as well—that they were following what they believed to be antidefense public sentiment. Some said the Democrats should oppose the MX

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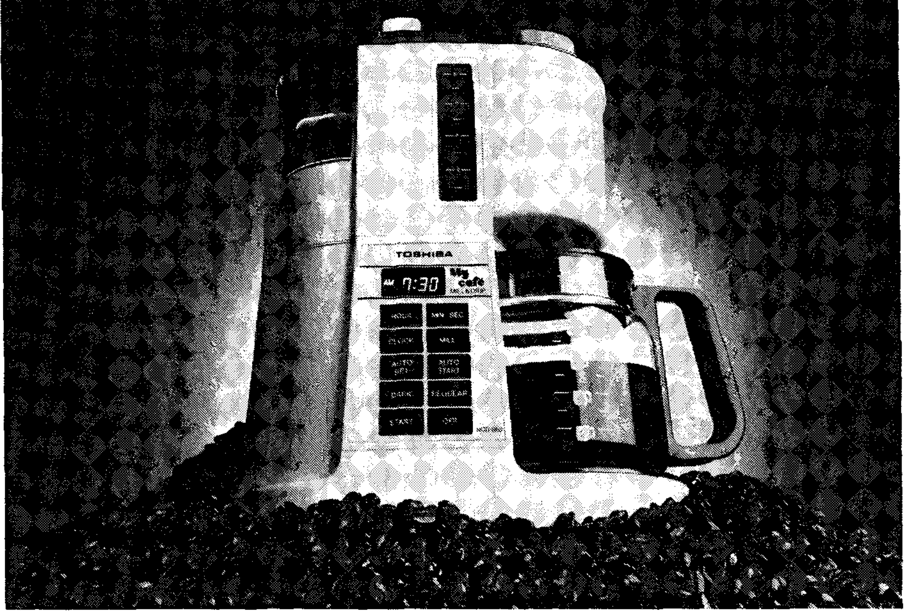

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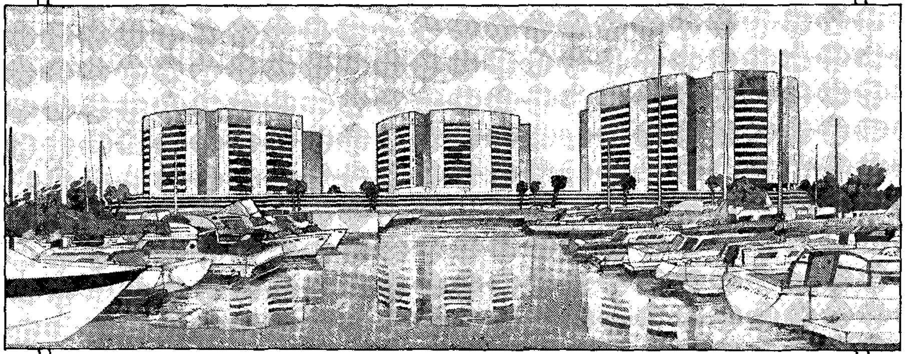

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to keep possession of the "peace issue." And a number of Democrats had said to me that they believed that "the people" were against the MX.

AuCoin pointed out that he was the first Democrat to be elected from his district, and that Reagan had carried it by a very large margin in 1980.

Then why, I asked, were so many Democrats afraid?

AuCoin replied, "I don't put a great deal of stock in the fear factor. There is a great tendency in this place to try to have it both ways. When you have a Ronald Reagan in league with a Les Aspin, then you find cover. That enables you to talk to conservatives and liberals. The safe, middle ground is less taxing, less of a chore."

TWO days after the House vote, I had lunch with Aspin in the Members' Dining Room in the Capitol. He was, as usual, enthusiastic, but from time to time there was an unaccustomed note of hesitancy in his conversation. He said that he believed that the President had really come to accept the Scowcroft package but that he was less certain about the rest of the Administration. He said he was concerned that the Air Force might derail the deal: "The President might not be in office in 1985, and Weinberger won't be Secretary of Defense forever. But the Air Force goes on forever. Somehow, we have to figure out how to get them committed."

Aspin went on to say, "Where does this thing go from here? I don't know. This is an attempt at something I've never seen attempted before. We've seen deals put together by the executive and the legislature and by Democrats and Republicans, but it's always come together at one moment—a vote, a piece of legislation the President doesn't veto, and that's it. The Social Security reforms this year were one example; there are hundreds of them. But nothing like this—a deal that has to stick over ten years. If this new direction happens, we'll put a hundred MX missiles into the ground, starting in 1986; we'll begin to deploy some single-warhead missiles in the late nineteen-eighties or early nineteen-nineties, and we'll have an arms-control approach based on these two things coming into the arsenal. For all this to survive, you have to have the agreement of four or five Congresses down the line, and not just the President who is elected in 1984, who might be Reagan, but also the President who is elected in 1988, who is not

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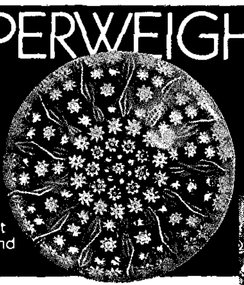

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going to be Reagan. So where it goes from here will be a very interesting story."

We talked about the political calculation he had made. "It became clear that the economy and the nuclear issue would be the two main issues in 1984," Aspin said. "It seemed to me that if Scowcroft came up with a bipartisan package and the President accepted that, the Democrats would not be in good shape if it was voted down. It was clear that most Democrats would vote against it. But if enough voted for it, and Reagan got it, the headline would say 'Reagan Gets MX.' If not, the headline would be 'Democrats Block MX.' Reagan could have used that as an excuse. Now that he has the tools he needs, the Administration is in a bit of a hot seat. It has to produce an agreement. I think that the politics of this are such that it would not have been in the long-term interest of the Democratic Party to have killed that weapon."

I asked him if he thought the Democrats could not have made the case against the MX.

He replied, "Sure, I think the Democrats could make the case that it's a silly weapon. But the issue is arms control, and if we gave him the argument that he had appointed a bipartisan commission and was willing to go a new direction in arms control but the Democrats wouldn't let it happen, I don't think there is a good political argument against that. We can't rerun the story and see whether he could have got an agreement anyway."

I asked Aspin if he would have supported the MX if there hadn't been a package.

He replied quickly, "No way. It's stupid without the package. But the knee-jerk reaction is that you give it all away when you let him win on something. Sometimes, by giving him something you can keep the issue, and keep the pressure on him to produce."

The question is raised, I said to Aspin, that even if he is correct in his political analysis, is that a good enough reason to vote for what could be a destabilizing weapon?

He was silent for a few moments. Then he said, "I don't know."

—ELIZABETH DREW

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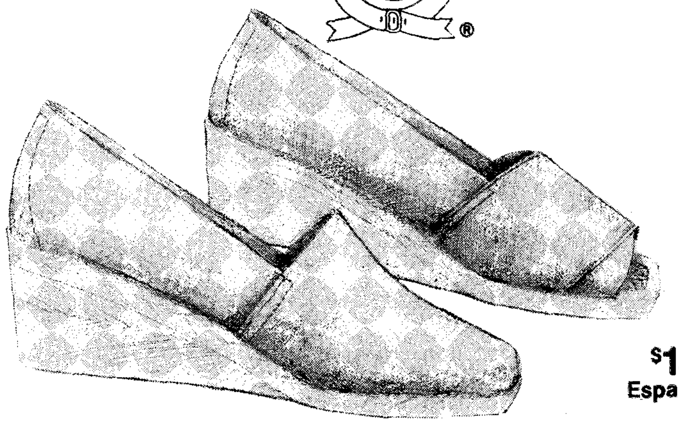

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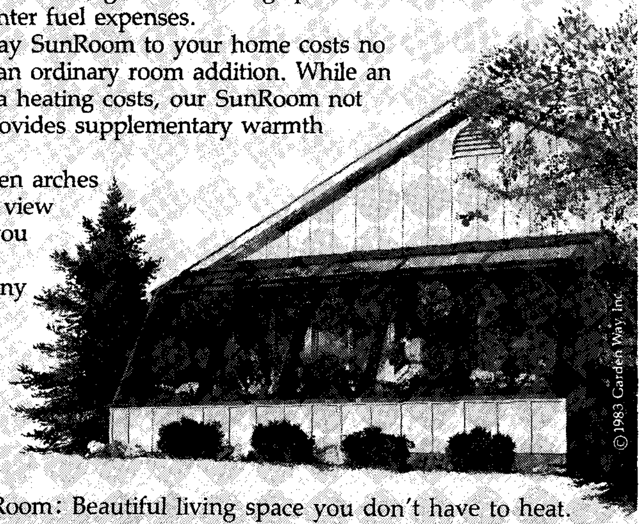

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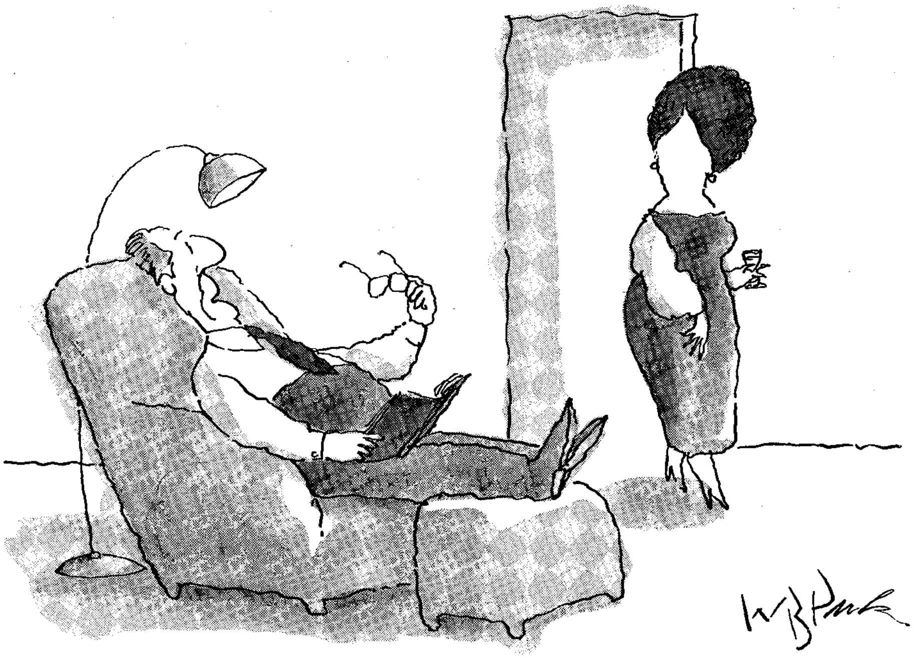
After all the inept Bogart imitations and Bogart routines and Bogie jokes during the twenty-six years since Humphrey Bogart died, at last there is an entertaining comedy about him—"A Kiss Is Just a Kiss," which is scheduled to run until June 26th at Manhattan Punch Line. That this should be so is a measure of the ingenuity and tact and good will of Paul Foster, who wrote the play; of Kevin O'Connor's strong, mercurial performance, which goes beyond mere impersonation; and of the skill of the director, Don Scardino, who has shown himself on other occasions to be a good actor, and of Elizabeth Austin, Shelby Brammer, and Stephen Ahern, the supporting cast.

The merriment begins in the first scene, in which we see a woman named Alice (Miss Austin) and her friend Martha (Miss Brammer) side by side at a movie; the music is the "*Marseillaise*," and they are watching, tear-drenched, the fadeout of "Casablanca." Alice is besotted with Bogart, and when her husband, Ted (Mr. Ahern), arrives to pick her up she insists on staying to see the film again, so Ted takes Martha out to dinner before all three of them go home to West Orange, New Jersey. (Even the New Jersey jokes, which spring up from time to time, are good-humored and in keeping.) The theme music starts over; doors slide open at the rear of the set, and the young Bogart enters, carrying a tennis racquet, to rehearse in the Broadway show that he did with his first wife, Helen Menken. Soon there comes a phone call from the producer Arthur Hopkins offering Bogart the part of Duke Mantee in "The Petrified Forest," and his career is launched. Helen Menken is broadly impersonated, by the way, though not as broadly as Mayo Methot (Wife No. 3); there are merely glancing references to Mary Philips (Wife No. 2) and Lauren Bacall (Wife No. 4). Bogart's life and movies—from "The Petrified Forest" through "Dead End" and "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Caine Mutiny" to, finally, "Casablanca" again —are deftly mingled, with Alice, of course, as the leading lady wherever a leading lady is called for and with the other actors in other film roles. And this time when Bogart puts Ingrid Bergman on that plane he heroically sends her across the Hudson, back to West Orange.

Everybody does very well, Miss Austin especially well as she slips in and out of a Jersey whine, moving from Menken to Methot, from Mary Astor to Miss Bergman. As for the buoyant Mr. O'Connor, whose talent has been shamefully underused during the past few years, he is in charge every moment of the time.



"Say, listen. I didn't mean to suggest that you not wear makeup at all."

"Taking My Turn," a revue at the Entermedia, is described in the program as "a musical celebration based on writings by people in their prime," which sounds awful. It is not awful; considering the unpromising theme—growing old—mawkishness is cut to a minimum, although feelings run strong, and there is even some dry humor. The songs, by Gary William Friedman (music) and Will Holt (lyrics)—the team that wrote "The Me Nobody Knows"—sound appropriate and tuneful, and the performers, many of them familiar, are in good form in number after number. Sheila Smith, now white-haired but chic and slim, is beguiled into a ballroom dance by the lithe, beguiling ballroom dancer Victor Griffin. Margaret Whiting, grown somewhat portly but as pretty as ever, sings a tender love duet, "It Still Isn't Over," with Ted Thurston, portly, too, but strong and handsome. Marni Nixon, whose pure, sweet voice has been the pure, sweet dubbed voice of Deborah Kerr and Audrey Hepburn and Natalie Wood in the movies, sings a lovely song about listening to Vivaldi in Central Park, and Mace Barrett is good, too, with a sad song, "In the House." Tiger Haynes and Cissy Houston are stars among equals; Mr. Haynes' sly, humorous rendition of "I Never Made Money from Music" is the high point of the first act, and Miss Houston's heartfelt singing of the gospel hymn "I Am Not Old" brings the house to its feet in the second. As for those "writings by people in their prime," they are negligible except for one bright, regretful patch of dialogue about such simple words as "poor" and "Sixth Avenue," among others, which have been replaced with current dolled-up euphemisms (like "in their prime"). Aging is a cheerless subject, but the actors belie it at every turn. Robert H. Livingston was the director.

—Edith Oliver

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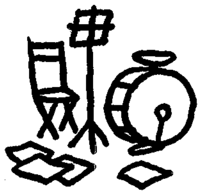


On classical music: "I studied classical music because so many black musicians were scared of this big monster on the other side of the mountain . . . I wanted to know what it was that scared everybody so bad. I went into it and found out it wasn't anything but some more music . . . I think—I *know*—it's harder to be a good jazz musician at an early age than a classical one. In jazz, to be a good performer means to be an individual, which you don't have to be in classical music."

On his own excellence: "It was funny being [at Tanglewood] because I could always tell how shocked they were that a black kid my age could play *their* music so well. In fact, because I was a kid and they didn't know until things progressed how good I was, I had to sit there on many a night listening to these other guys messing up parts I could have played correctly. But I remember how much I shocked Gunther Schuller . . . when he found out I could play jazz. You see, I knew they couldn't believe that a seventeen-year-old who could play the hell out of classical music also knew a lot about jazz."

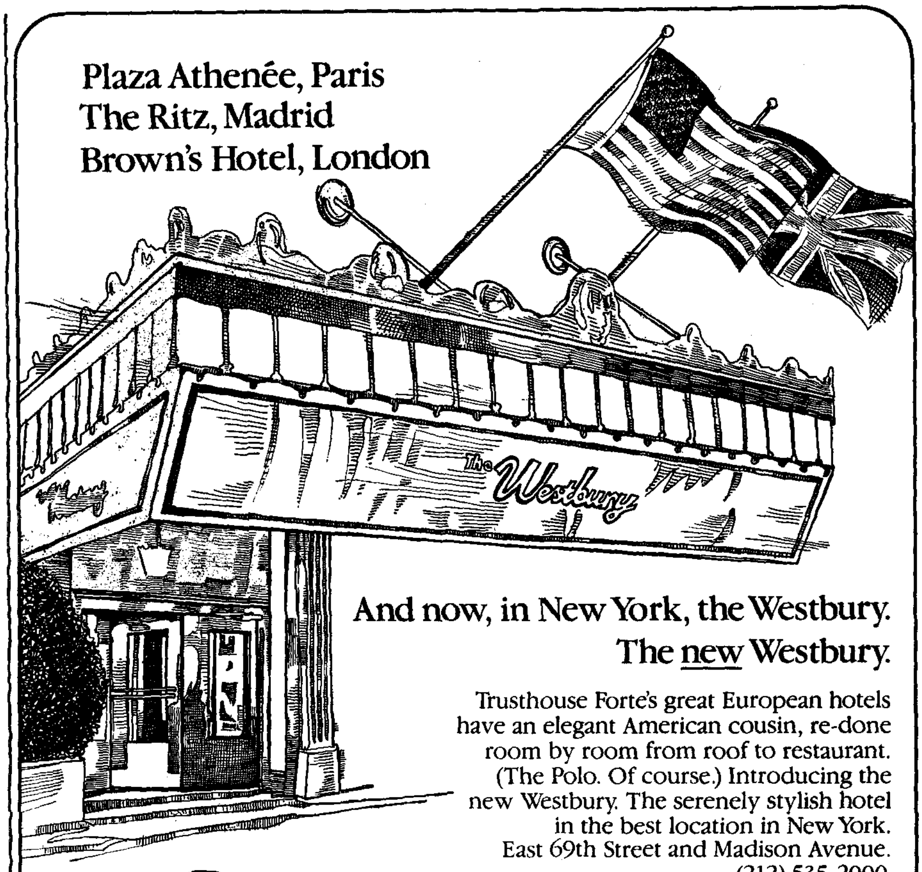
On his image: "I do not entertain and I will not entertain. I'm a musician." "When you see me on the bandstand, I'm always going to look sharp. How can you get respect from an audience when you come on the bandstand looking like a bum? You're in the wrong before you play a note."

On his jazz playing: "So far as being a jazz musician, I have a lot to learn. My playing isn't spontaneous enough. I play too many eighth notes. It's not open enough."

On tradition: "The key is . . . to take what is already there and sound like an *extension* of that. . . . Music has a tradition that you have to understand before you can move to the next step."

Marsalis is dapper and of medium build; he has a round face and wears round wire-framed spectacles. He was born October 18, 1961. His older brother, Branford, is a highly gifted post-Coltrane saxophonist, and his younger brother, Jason, is a trombonist who has not yet come out. Their father, Ellis Marsalis, is a skilled late-bop pianist and teacher. Wynton Marsalis took up the trumpet when he was twelve and was playing first trumpet in the New Orleans Civic Orchestra by the time he was in high school. Marian McPartland heard him around then. "I heard Wynton five or six years ago when I had a trio at the Hyatt Regency in New Orleans," she said the other day. "We did a concert in the ballroom for school kids, and Wynton and Branford brought their band and played. I was flabbergasted. I was transported with delight. I think they were about fifteen years old, and they were so together it was unbelievable. I give clinics for kids all over the country, and I hear a lot of people with great potential. But Wynton seemed fully grown from the first. His mother says he has always been a little man, that he was never a little boy. He's going from strength to strength. I don't know any kids who have the ambition he has. He has already listened a great deal and absorbed a great deal, and he obviously will continue to. Much of what he hears will be taken in, and what comes out in the next five or so years should be unlike anything we have heard before."

When Marsalis was at Juilliard, he played with the Brooklyn Philharmonia and in the pit band of "Sweeney Todd." He now has his own group, and it includes Branford, Kenny Kirkland on piano, various bassists, and Jeff Watts on drums. Marsalis's style was well defined three years ago. Unlike most of the new trumpeters of the past twenty-five years, it does not rest in the shade of Dizzy Gillespie. It belongs to the line established by Gillespie's great peer Fats Navarro—a line that has been brought down to the present by Clifford Brown, Booker Little, and Woody Shaw. But Marsalis has big ears. By his own word and from the evidence of his playing,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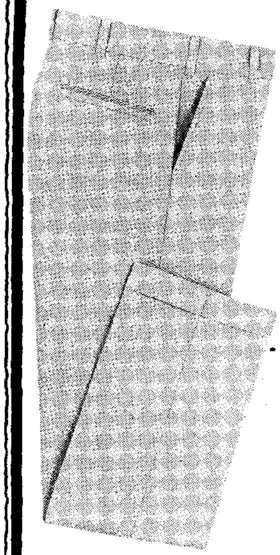
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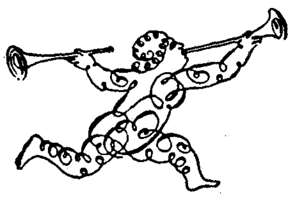

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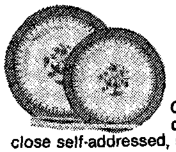

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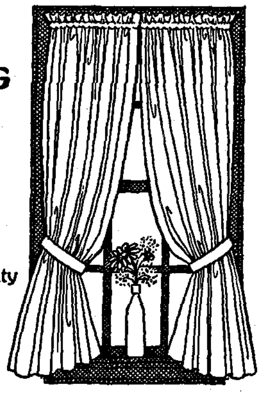
he has also listened to Louis Armstrong, Don Cherry, Miles Davis, Clark Terry, Freddie Hubbard, and Rex Stewart. All these trumpeters color his style, which is still inseparable from his formidable technique. Indeed, much of his energy goes into trying to control that technique, into trying to keep it from carrying him out of sight around the next corner. He has an acute sense of dynamics, and moves easily from next-room murmurings to crashing blares. His tone is round and wide. He can play with or without a vibrato. He can growl, trill, half-valve, and use any sort of mute. He has complete possession of all his registers. And how he moves through them! His descending arpeggios are sometimes so crowded they almost flatten into glissandos. He loves yawning intervals, and will play a quick three-note phrase, drop an octave without missing a beat, and repeat the three-note phrase, producing an echo that suggests he is two trumpeters instead of one. He will start a downward run and suddenly break it, sound a single note an octave higher, resume the arpeggio exactly where he left off, break it for another upward octave leap, and finish the run. Despite the great number of notes he plays, he understands the value of silence, the dramatic effect of isolating single notes and meteoric passages with stillness. He also knows the value of surprise. He will cap several easy single notes with silence, then drop in a double-time phrase jammed with strange notes strangely placed—the uniqueness Marian McPartland envisions in his playing. He will rocket in and out of his high register, leaving little stabs of sound behind. He will stroll unexpectedly through his low register, sounding big, dark, blank-faced notes. Marsalis is not yet complete. Technique, rather than melodic logic, still governs his improvising, and the emotional content of his playing remains hidden and skittish. (It is interesting to compare the work of Jimmy Blanton, Charlie Christian, and Clifford Brown when they were Marsalis's age. They had already balanced technique and emotion.) And ballads stump Marsalis. The old songs must be played from inside; the player has to breathe them. But Marsalis, overblowing, remains outside.

VERY little first-rate Marsalis jazz playing has been caught on records. CBS has released, on the Columbia label, its third Marsalis jazz



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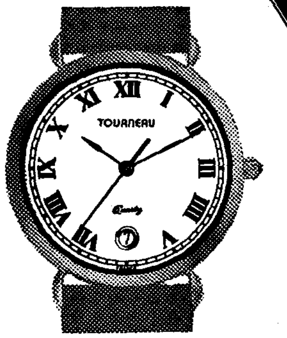

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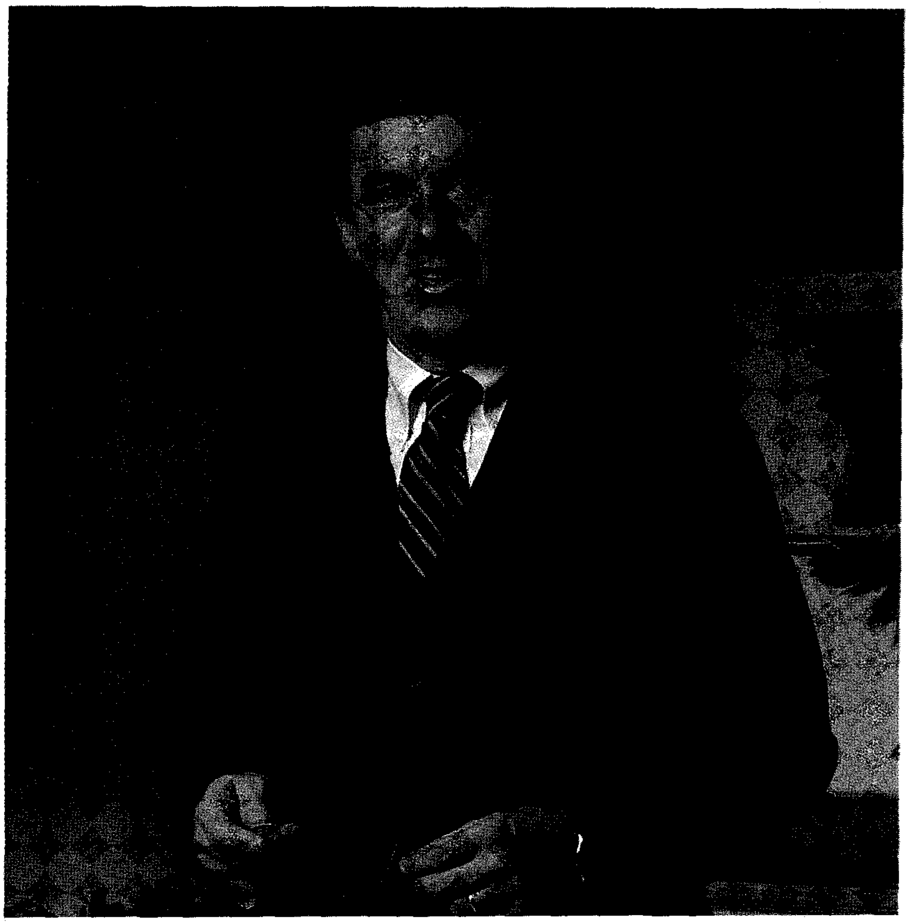

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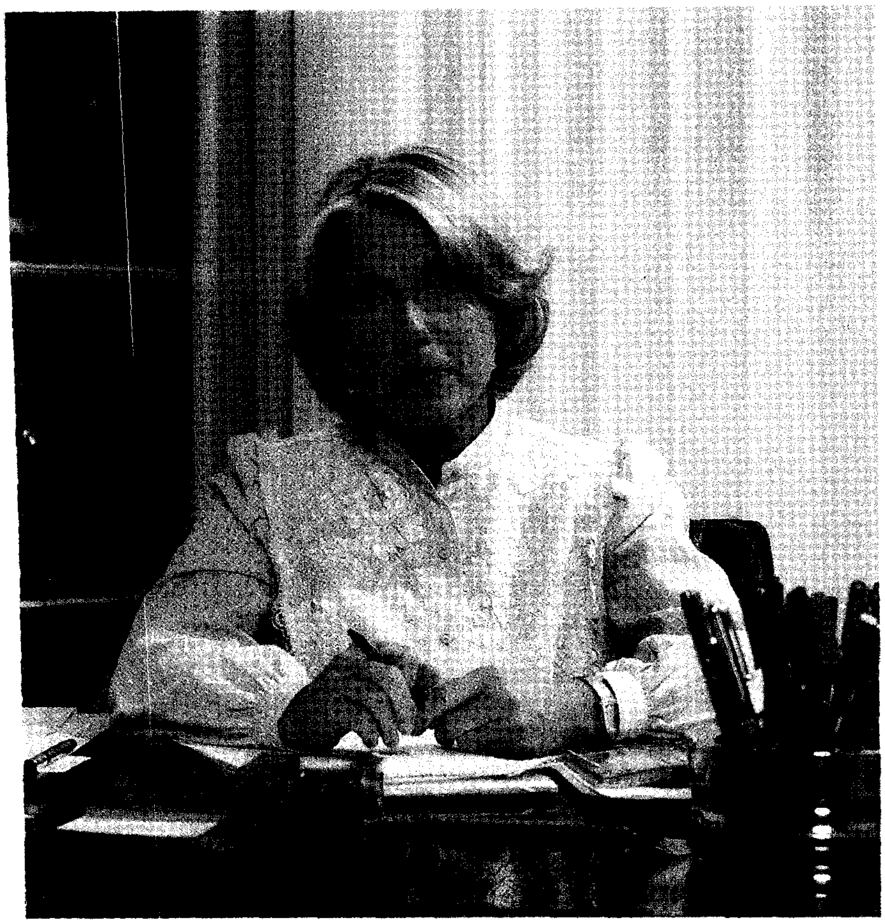

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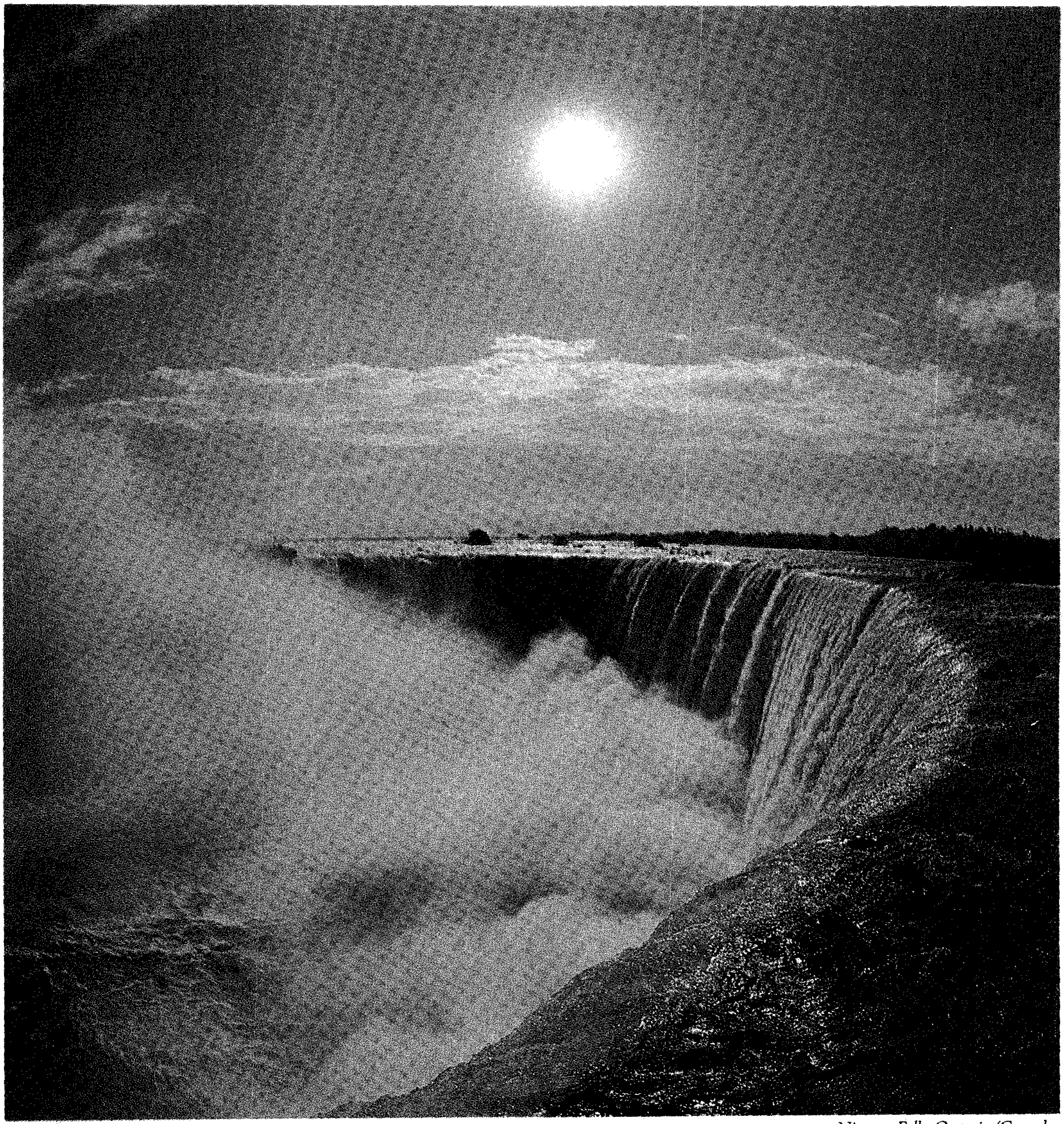

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album, "Think of One," and it is, like the earlier "Wynton Marsalis" and "Fathers and Sons," stagy and fussy. The company, awed by so much talent, has apparently allowed him to do as he pleases. Five of the eight numbers on his new record are originals (three by Marsalis), and they are over-arranged, melodically weak, and full of niggling devices like Mingus tempo changes and fadeout endings. But brilliant bits and pieces of the jazz Marsalis come through on other records. He takes a short, wild, spacy solo on "B 'n' W," a duet recorded with the vocalist Bobby McFerrin at the Kool Jazz Festival in New York last summer and released on "The Young Lions" (Elektra), and he takes an intense and fascinating solo on "A La Mode," recorded with Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers at the Keystone Korner in San Francisco a year and a half ago and released on Concord. CBS has done well by Marsalis the classical player. It has just put out on its Masterworks label "Wynton Marsalis: Haydn/Hummel/L. Mozart Trumpet Concertos." Recorded with the National Philharmonic Orchestra in London last December, Raymond Leppard conducting, it is a beautiful record, full of the silver and bells and sunlight of perfectly played brass. Marsalis's work here has the affecting completeness and intensity of Harvey Phillips and Bobby Hackett. Hackett, a shrewd, funny man, once said of a certain virtuoso brass player, "Imagine his chops and my brains." Marsalis has both. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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CORRECTED SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Iowa City Press-Citizen*]

CORRECTION

The 1982 Johnson County Pork Queen is Dawn Miller, daughter of Robert and Karen Miller of rural Riverside.

Miller, who is also District 8 Pork Queen, will compete for the title of state pork queen next week.

A story in Wednesday's *Press-Citizen* incorrectly identified the Johnson County Pork Queen as Joan Johnson.

Johnson is the county Beef Queen and was recently named one of two Iowa Beef Princesses.

The *Press-Citizen* regrets the error.

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A dog reportedly roaming on a West Lake Avenue resident's property was impounded, police said. The dog was released to its owner on March 21, after paying the impoundment fee, police said.—*Guilford (Conn.) Shore Line Times.*

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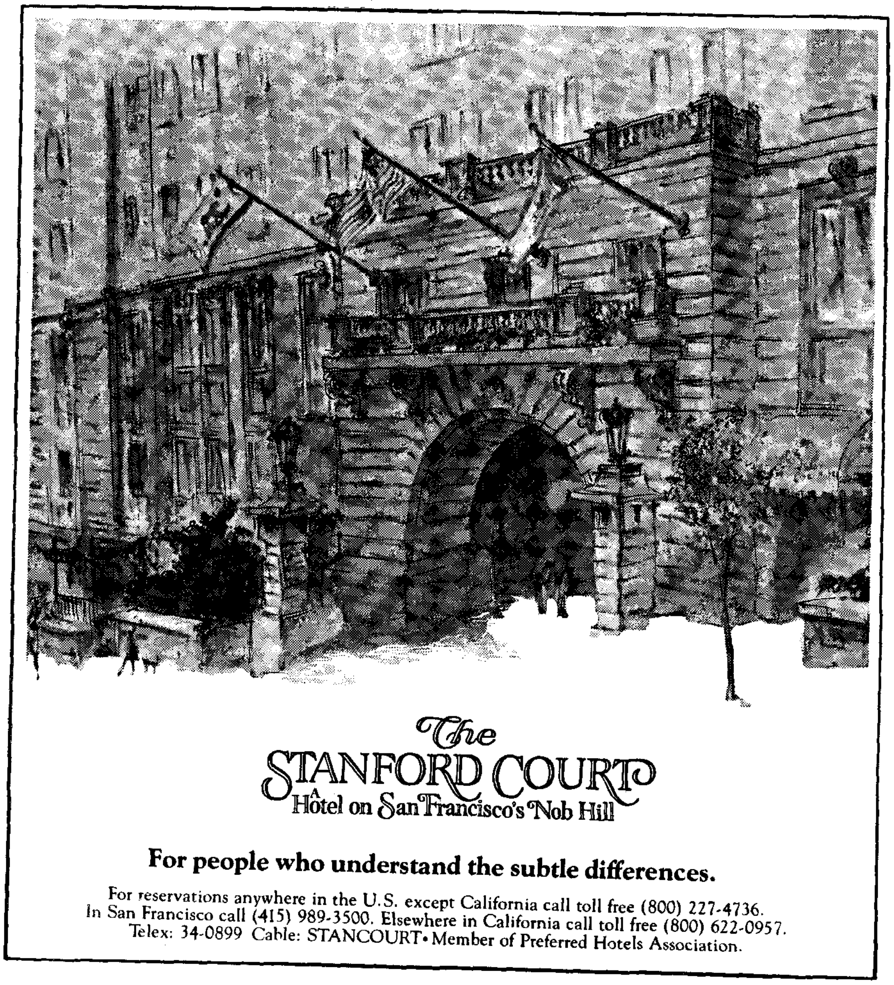
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Tumult of Mighty Harmonies

UNDER the general title "Horizons '83" and the subtitle "Since 1968, a New Romanticism?," the Philharmonic is presenting six summer concerts devoted to music composed in the last fifteen years. In addition, there are meet-the-composer sessions before the concerts, symposia on the "new romanticism?" (billed always with the question mark) in music, dance, and the visual arts, and an open rehearsal of two new scores by young composers. So far—as I write, there are still three concerts to come—the events have been well attended, and by an enthusiastic and discriminating audience, prepared to cheer what delights it and to boo what displeases it. This is a celebration, a festival—and more deserving of that title (which it does not claim) than are many events that do call themselves festivals.

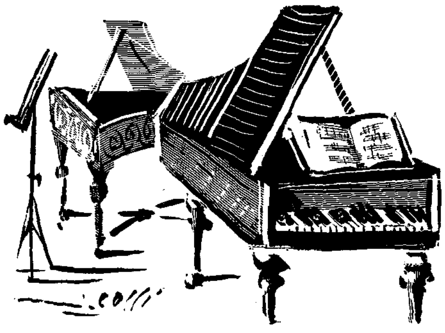
What is being celebrated? At the initial symposium, a panel of three composers (Jacob Druckman, George Rochberg, and John Adams) and a former critic (Elliot Galkin) discussed what "a new romanticism?" might mean. They reached no firm conclusion. How could they? How can one draw the line that barred Roger Sessions, Elliott Carter, Pierre Boulez, and Milton Babbitt from the festival programs and admitted Donald Martino, Fred Lerdahl, John Harbison, Charles Wuorinen, and Peter Maxwell Davies? And in what sense can Davies and David Del Tredici (the "Alice" composer), Wuorinen and Adams (a "minimalist"), Lerdahl and Rochberg (a convinced, unabashed pasticheur) be considered bedfellows? Mr. Druckman, the Philharmonic's current composer-in-residence and the artistic director of its "Horizons '83," tried to explain. In a program essay, he wrote:

> Just as the surface of the seas can be agitated by storms and smoothed by doldrums while there is a cosmic tide that moves from one pole to another, undisturbed by momentary tempests, so there is a rhythm in the progress of the arts that moves from one pole to another. This great and steady shift seems to happen repeatedly between two distinctly different artistic climates. On the one hand there is the Apollonian, the Classical—logical, rational, chaste and explainable; and on the other hand, the Dionysian, the Romantic—sensual, mysterious, ecstatic, transcending the explainable.

Boulez, Babbitt, and Carter "present the quintessential statement of those Apollonian ideals." But

> during the mid-1960s the tide began to change. . . . We can sense a gradual change of focus, of spirituality and of goals. . . . One can discern a steady re-emergence of those Dionysian qualities: sensuality, mystery, nostalgia, ecstasy, transcendency. . . . Once again the scent of Byron's "Western Wind" is in the air.

Byron's western wind is new to me; I suppose it resembles Shelley's west wind, that wild spirit moving everywhere, destroyer and preserver, rather than the longed-for western wind ("When will thou blow?") familiar to musicians, which inspired sixteenth-century Masses by Taverner, Tye, and Sheppard. But I see what Mr. Druckman means. His formulation, no less than the choice of compositions for the festival, has, however, caused some dissension. A young woman rose at the symposium to ask, "Can I be the only person here tonight who has an emotional reaction to Carter's music and to Babbitt's, who finds in them sensual, mysterious, and ecstatic qualities?" A burst of congratulatory applause told her she was not. In a list of "romantic" compositions I have heard in the last decade, Sessions' "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," Carter's Symphony of Three Orchestras and his "Syringa," Babbitt's "My Ends Are My Beginnings," and Boulez's "Rituel" would figure. "Romantic," one of the panelists remarked, is little more than an approbatory epithet individuals apply to music that has moved them. A committed modernist might deduce that among attributes qualifying a work for inclusion in the "Horizons" programs were triadic harmony and other minimalist devices conveniently summarized in the title of Adams' "Common Tones in Simple Time;" pastiche of what Mahler, Richard Strauss, and Alban Berg have already composed (evidenced in pieces by, respectively, Rochberg, Del Tredici, and Toru Takemitsu); construction in washes of sound, evocative timbres à la Ligeti, in which the precise musical communication afforded by discernible pitches and thematic discourse is abandoned; instant attractiveness masking an absence of any intellectual challenge to the listener. A "swing to the right" can be as pernicious in music as in politics if it leads to the repudiation of newly enlightened ways, the reinforcement of old prejudices, the championship of easy mediocrity, and self-indulgent nostalgia. (This is tricky ground: some of our most deeply reactionary music is composed by dedicated Marxists.) There were aspects of the festival which made one uneasy. Yet in an age when Davies can take Sibelius as a symphonic model and Carter can make increasing use of consonance, something certainly is stirring. Perhaps it is a new acknowledgment, surely more Apollonian than Dionysian, of the natural laws—the 1:3:5 relationship that yields a common triad—on which our music is based. In an age when the only American opera done at the Met (although not by the Met) in fifteen years is Philip Glass's "Einstein on the Beach," and when Del Tredici's "Alice" extravaganzas fill concert halls, other, possibly related forces are stirring.



Let me try another approach. At a party given by the Da Capo Press to mark its publication of David Schiff's "The Music of Elliott Carter," I remarked to a young composer—a "romantic" and successful young composer—that in New York this spring I'd heard more whole programs of enjoyable, interesting new music, pouring out at concert after concert in Merkin Hall, Symphony Space, the Y, Carnegie Recital Hall, than during any comparable period of a long critical career. Eyes sparkling, she agreed with me: "We've entered a Golden Age for composition, and not enough people seem to realize it." A reason for it, she suggested, was that the father figures Schoenberg and Stravinsky no longer seemed formidable and exigent: young composers, freed from dogmas and orthodoxies, were more relaxed, adventurous, and individual. The compositions I had been enjoying were solo or chamber works. The orchestral composer must take into account both the conservative tastes of symphony audiences and the fact that he writes for what is essentially a turn-of-the-century "instrument," whose players are versed in turn-of-the-century music. Whether he disdains or embraces such considerations, they affect the public outcome of his work.

“To teeny-weeny bikinis!”

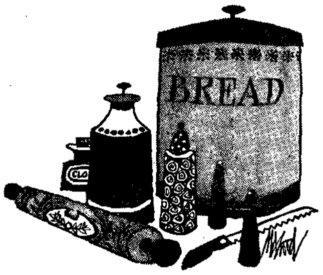
• •

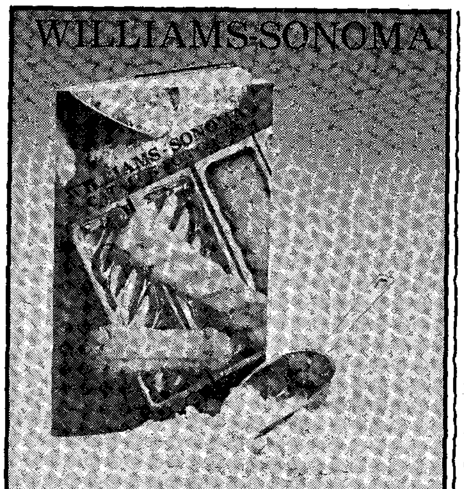
THE open rehearsal made some of Mr. Druckman’s points rather well. Not long ago, new compositions tended to bear bleak titles like “Hyperprism,” “Structures,” “Synchronisms.” The compositions rehearsed at the “Horizons” event had more evocative names: “Dream of the Morning Sky,” by Aaron Jay Kernis (born in 1960), and “Symphony from Silence,” by Nicholas Thorne (born in 1953). Between them, there was a brief rehearsal and play-through of a fragment from George Crumb’s work-in-progress “A Haunted Landscape.” The Crumb (a Philharmonic commission), which was rehearsed by Arthur Weisberg, begins with Bartókian “night music”—taps, rustles, chirrups suddenly shot through with bright calls and cries. The fragment was picturesque. To discover how it comes out, Mr. Weisberg said, we must come back next year. The works by the young composers, which were rehearsed by Zubin Mehta at his most decisive and impressive, were both of them large pieces for large orchestra, and both of them contained episodes so noisy as to cross a listener’s threshold of physical pain. That’s another sign of the times. Sometimes I wonder—when walls shake to the thud of a neighbor’s hi-fi or when, passing by some headphoned walker, I hear clearly what music is being shrilled at earsplitting volume into his ears—whether a generation has grown up partly deafened since youth by electric amplification. People who attend concerts wearing wristwatches that beep on the hour can hardly be delicate listeners. There’s no silence in New York—not even in concert halls. Most of them are sonically polluted by the hum of machinery. Alfred Brendel played his Beethoven recitals in Carnegie against a mechanical bourdon. Merkin Hall is a happy exception; Carnegie Recital Hall is maddening. In Avery Fisher Hall, fine-tuned by Cyril Harris into silence, the audience’s shuffling on the resonant sounding board of the new wooden floor undoes his good work. (Music would gain if visitors were required to take their shoes off or don felt overshoes, as when entering Japanese temples.) The old composers wrote their music against a background of silence. So does Crumb. But young composers who write for the partly deafened seem to feel they must make very loud noises indeed if they are to be impressive. Richard Strauss was a heavy scorer, and so was Mahler, but in their day the human voice had its limits. Strauss pushed his sopranos to those limits in “Salome” and “Elektra,” Mahler his tenor in “Das Lied von der Erde.” But the soprano in the finale of Kernis’s “Dream of the Morning Sky” was armed with a microphone and electric amplification—with inhuman, limitless volume, able at the turn of a knob to cut through a large orchestra in full cry. The soprano in Del Tredici’s “Alice” pieces is similarly magnified. “Gargantuan” is an apter epithet than “Dionysian” for some of the phenomena that appear on our new horizons. (Apollo should sentence the grosser offenders to months in a silent cell with only a clavichord for company.) Mr. Mehta, who has a good ear, made some good suggestions during the rehearsal: that a tune clashed out in octaves by heavy metal percussion sounded needlessly strident; that a line blared by three trumpets might more effectively be played by one. But Mr. Kernis stoutly maintained that what he had written was what he wanted. Although some of the sound is laid on too thick, “Dream of a Morning Sky” is—so far as one can judge from the rehearsal—a rich and imaginative piece, a little spoiled at the last by the rhetorical insistence of the pantheistic text (a poem by N. Scott Momaday): some twenty-five lines, each beginning “I am.” The amplification turned Gwendolyn Bradley’s light, pretty voice into a supersoprano but at the same time endowed it with supertremolo.

Thorne’s “Symphony from Silence,” subtitled “A Piano Symphony,” is uninhibitedly, inordinately “romantic.” Its five movements are called Communion, The Silence, Canticle, Offering, and Benediction. The sound world at times recalls Messiaen at his least restrained. There are static passages dense with busy minimalist figuration, and passages where the solo pianist noodles away furiously against full orchestra as if in parody of a note-filled neo-Romantic concerto. I enjoyed the first ten minutes or so and then began to feel glutted. Christopher Oldfather played brilliantly.

THE fare at the first three concerts was lightened by a chamber work in each program. At the first, it was Davies' lovely "Ave Maris Stella," sensitively played by the New York New Music Ensemble. The piece needs a smaller setting than Fisher Hall. The concert began with the world première of Marc-Antonio Consoli's "Afterimages." The composer's program note spoke of "dreams, fulfilled, unfulfilled," of "a new intensity of emotion," of music that is "moody—now sad, now bursting with anger, but always reflective." The music itself seemed drab. Takemitsu's "Far calls. Coming far!" (the title from the close of "Finnegans Wake"), a lush, wandering, Bergian movement for violin and orchestra, had its New York première and drifted by as agreeably and unmemorably as when I heard it in San Francisco. Then Del Tredici's "All in the Golden Afternoon" was done. When "Final Alice," the eighth of Del Tredici's Lewis Carroll compositions to appear, was first played here, in 1977, I ended a long review by wondering whether the piece, and the whole huge Alicead it apparently crowned, was impressive, touching, profound, absurd, or all four at once. "Final Alice" proved far from final. Four large pieces have followed: "In Memory of a Summer Day," "Quaint Events," "Happy Voices," and "All in the Golden Afternoon." Together they make up an evening-long entertainment, "Child Alice," for large orchestra and amplified soprano. The welcome accorded the earlier pieces has, I fear, led Del Tredici into undisciplined excess—long bouts of sentimental, elephantine wallowing in the enchanted golden world of childhood. The heroines of the Dormouse's tale, Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, who lived at the bottom of a treacle well, became ill—*very* ill—on their diet of treacle. There's too much thick syrup in Del Tredici's "Child Alice" recipe for my taste. And far too much racket in the works that result. Alice seldom raised her voice; Carroll is never vociferous or vehement. After the shrieking and screeching of the "Alice" pieces, the assaults by forces Mahler reserved for proclaiming such things as "Resurrection!," the relentlessly thick scoring, one returns with relief to Alice's own clear, reasonable voice and Carroll's gentler expression of profound emotions. The popular success of the "Alice" pieces is a sign, a symptom, of something happening in symphonic music today, and it was right to include one of them in the festival. Del Tredici's exuberance, generosity, gusto remain attractive. Phyllis Bryn-Julson was the soprano, and the concert was conducted by Raymond Leppard.

The second program, conducted by Mr. Weisberg, began with Fred Lerdahl's "Chords," composed in 1974 and here receiving its première in a revised version. It seemed a product more of the old schematicism than of the new romanticism. "The concept was to construct a piece entirely from a succession of 'chord-color-rhythms,'" the composer wrote. The triadic base—"the vision was of an infinitely peaceful yet powerful B-flat major triad cutting through a welter of orchestral sound"—presumably won it a place at the festival. Harbison's Violin Concerto (1980), which followed, is, like all his music, hard to categorize and easy to enjoy. It pleases the mind but is composed with a freedom properly called "romantic." Harbison is a poetic, civilized, courteous composer. His fancy ranges, but he doesn't shout and stamp. Charles Rex, the Philharmonic's associate concertmaster, was the honeyed soloist at this New York première. Leonard Rosenman's "Foci I" (1981) which ended the program, had a large number of notes amounting, it seemed, to rather little. Being, the composer said, "the first o a projected series of pieces dealing with magnification, micrification, and the transitions between these processes," it lay oddly in the festiva frame; it was a "processes" piece. Before it, the Group for Contemporar Music, conducted by Harvey Sollberger, played Donald Martino's Triple Concerto (1977), for soprano bass, and contrabass clarinets and chamber orchestra of winds and percussion. Slowly, slowly, I'm learnin to love this severe piece, with it charming triple cadenza. There is

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Three of the four works making up the third program seemed to provide token representation of strands in contemporary music. More persuasive examples of each could have been chosen. And those who distinguish composers by sex had not failed to point out, at the first symposium, that the fourth work, Barbara Kolb's "Chromatic Fantasy," was the only piece of the twenty-five on the festival bills composed by a woman. It's a neat, epigrammatic work for narrator and six instruments. Electronic music was represented by Morton Subotnick's "Ascent Into Air" (1981), for ten players and computer-generated sound, conducted by Larry Newland. It's a gruff piece, not one of Subotnick's pretty ones. Sándor Balassa's "Lupercalia" (1972), a New York première, represented Central Europe by a carefully fashioned, modest composition. Something by Robin Holloway or George Benjamin would have afforded stronger evidence of transatlantic new romanticism. (But already two of the five foreign composers included were British; three might have been too many.) Adams' "Grand Pianola Music" (1982), for two pianos, two sopranos and mezzo-soprano (amplified), and stringless orchestra, another New York première, conducted by Mr. Druckman, represented minimalism. The categorization is inevitable, although in a program note Adams pointed out that his "essentially triadic" harmony "modulates far more rapidly than most 'minimal' music." Not rapidly enough. The last of the three movements, entitled "On the Dominant Divide," oscillates "almost exclusively between dominant and tonic, thereby giving birth to The Tune"—a tune of stupefying banality. After Adams' "Harmonium" and "Common Tones," both captivating pieces, "Pianola" was a disappointment. Alan Feinberg and Ursula Oppens were indefatigable soloists. The orchestra, I thought, was somewhat heavy, coarse-toned, and ill tuned.

—ANDREW PORTER

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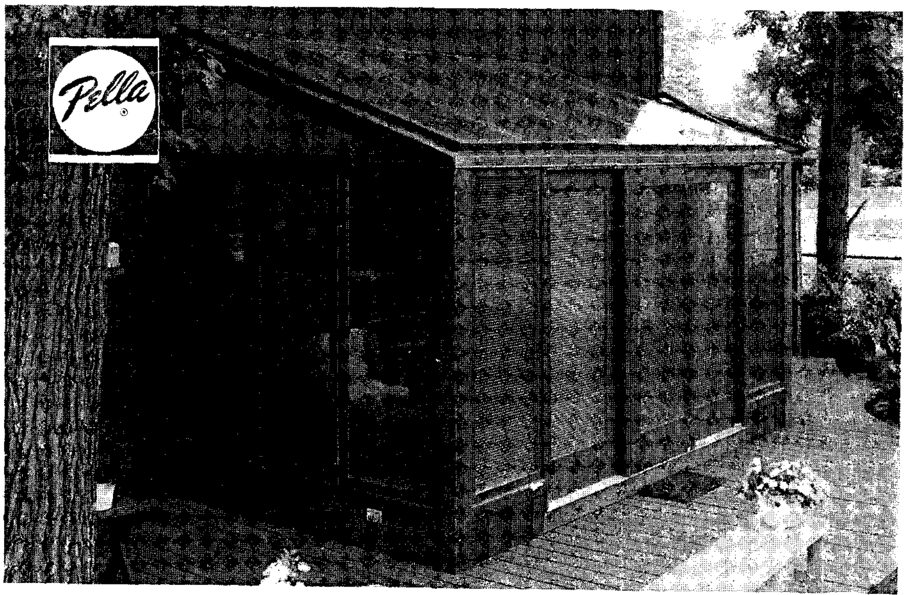

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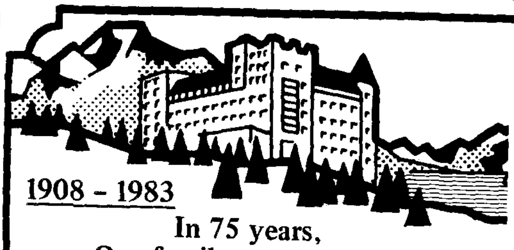

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DANCING

Baryshnikov Among Sylphs

MEN used to perform high cabrioles with the torso held erect. Since Baryshnikov, nearly everybody does them with a backbend. "He *lay* in the air" has replaced "He *sat* in the air" as the way most people would describe the effect of the step. Baryshnikov's version complements the leg action with a resistant drag in the upper body; the tight high clasp of the legs pointing forward becomes the active principle, the languid arc of the back the reactive principle, and the combination fastens our attention on the whole body, not just on its lower half, as it passes through space. The completeness of the image involves a contradiction; a synthesis of oppositions is one of the chief means by which dancing acquires sophistication of expression. Another is amplification through excess. Everyone is talking about the step Baryshnikov does in his latest role, choreographed at American Ballet Theatre by Twyla Tharp: he lands from a double air turn in deep plié in fifth position. Dancers have done this before, landing in second. Baryshnikov's unwaveringly perfect pinpoint descent is an extension of his normal double tour: the normal landing in demi-plié is pushed beyond its functional limit into a new area of audacious demonstration. The excesses that a great virtuoso is capable of are extended: as he has jumped higher than anyone else, now he lands lower. And Tharp has found other, more subtle variations on Baryshnikov's technique, which don't depend on excess *or* synthesis but instead express the simple defiance of propriety which has always enlivened her approach to classical choreography. The barrel turns that he does so beautifully—so high, so even, so uniform in their off-center pitch—appear here fleetingly in a startling "corrected" version, with a straightened body that makes the backward tilt of the spiral even more precipitous. And Baryshnikov sailing into the teeth of disaster looks casually down over his shoulder.

Tharp gives us Baryshnikov as he is today, not as he was in 1976 in "Push Comes to Shove," and not even as he is when he currently performs that ballet. The changing imperatives of "Push"—the unsettling shift from a rag to a Haydn symphony, the ballerinas rushing this way and that, the corps in continual disarray—no longer find Baryshnikov pretending to be at their mercy. He now meets the tactical switches Tharp has devised with a nonchalance that is twice as funny as his former bafflement. When he springs to terrier alertness ("Ready when you are, A.B.T.!"), it's not to keep up with the other dancers; it's to go along with the gag, like Jack Benny. Tharp, monitoring the production over the years, has modified it so that it clicks along cracking its jokes out of the side of its mouth and in general keeping itself attuned to the throwaway style of its star. (Other dancers in Baryshnikov's role have been strained and frantic but not ineffective, because push *has* come to shove—it never really has in Baryshnikov's case.) It may be that observing Baryshnikov's change of style in this part gave Tharp the material for the portrait she draws of him in the new piece, which she calls "Once Upon a Time." She no longer sees him as a brilliant interloper trying to fit himself into the scheme of American ballet; instead, he's a reflective figure steeped in the tradition of Russian ballet, pursuing its chimerical sylphs down one hopeful path after another. The role is analogous to Baryshnikov's in real life as he tries to shape the direction of American Ballet Theatre and at the same time be its greatest star. In this duality, as Tharp defines it, lie the makings of a dilemma. She doesn't say what path, if any, leads to the future; she leaves Baryshnikov in the pose of the Romantic poet, hungering after his visions. But in the wonderful role she has given him she suggests that he himself fulfills our hopes, at least for the present.

Tharp sees in the new Baryshnikov a consummate master of subtleties, but, as in the great solo in "Push Comes to Shove," he is still a dancer who moves with the speed of thought—whose moves *are* thought. We see him ruminate, argue with himself, light up with the flash of an idea, and become obsessed. We see him knock off and just kick things around. The brain wave becomes hyperactive whenever the Ballerina is near—the One who becomes the focus of his obsession. But Deirdre Carberry doesn't tease or taunt her pursuer in classic Romantic-ballet fashion; elusiveness is simply her nature. Carberry and her three sister sylphs—Elaine Kudo, Amanda McKerrow, and Nancy Raffa—are the only other danc-

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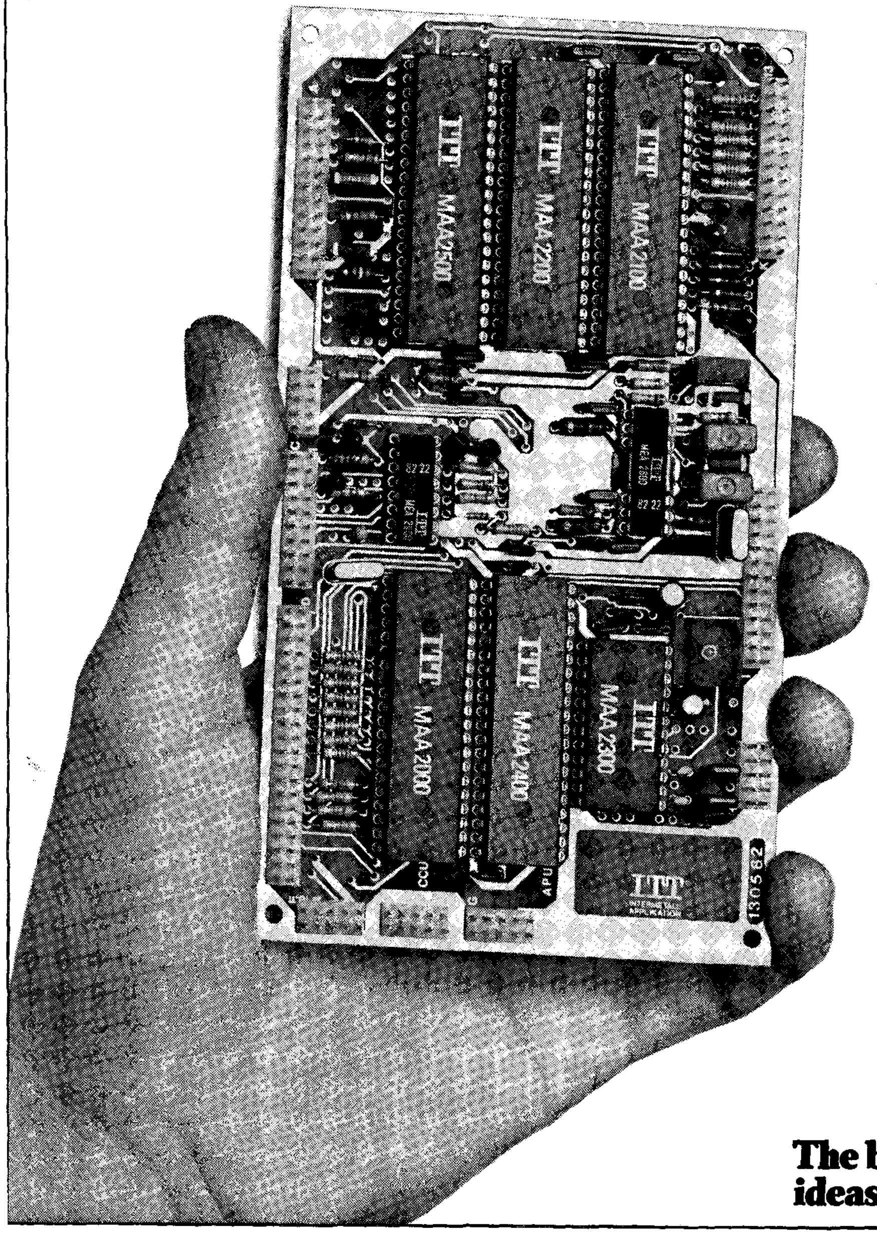

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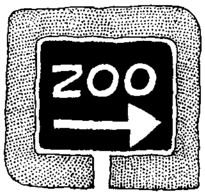
ers in the cast, and in the immense gloom of the Met stage (as Jennifer Tipton lights it) they are conspicuous little phantoms, drifting in and out on toe, clustering prettily, evaporating or appearing suddenly in a far corner with hallooing, decorative arms. Except for a few small Tharpian deformities, their choreography keeps to classic patterns of sylphhood; they are "the ballet," while Baryshnikov is "the ballet master." There is in "Once Upon a Time" no *actual* ballet to watch—it's in gestation. That may be why Tharp has made it only twelve minutes long (it was originally performed under the title "The Little Ballet"), and why she doesn't close it with a traditional ensemble number; the vision just peters out—but not before Baryshnikov executes one of his most breathtaking evolutions, from a grande pirouette to a kneel. And it may explain why the girls are costumed not in tulle tutus but in the pinafores of Russian women students of the last century. Baryshnikov dances in slacks, a shirt with rolled-up sleeves, and a loosened tie—all in shades of gray. The music is by that most representative of Russian conservatory musicians, Glazunov, who composed the last authoritative works of Petipa. The academy casts its shadow forward through time. Had Santo Loquasto, the costume designer, also done a set, it might well have shown the façades of Theatre Street getting a face lift. Tharp's selections from "Scènes de Ballet" and "Raymonda" are in the idiosyncratic spirit of the whole ballet. The music is all soft and lustrous, with flowing rhythms—waltzes, mainly, and none with too high a color. Within this self-imposed adagio format, Tharp sets bursts of allegro working to inner rhythms. She gives us the dynamic contrasts of a traditional ballet suite without stopping for set pieces; everything happens within the flow. Baryshnikov's pas de deux with Carberry is interwoven with his solo, which runs from end to end of the piece.



The continuity has a stream-of-consciousness drive. Looking at Baryshnikov, you find that nothing you think about as you look at him is irrelevant. The portrait of him in "Push" incorporated real-life gestures that Tharp had observed in rehearsal. Here he's a maturer, more intently focussed artist, less interested in trying things on (the symbol of novelty in "Push": the derby hat) than in divesting himself of habitual, known effects. For him, dancing is a science. He sees himself with cold scrutiny; he lends his talents to projects with the objectivity of a Pasteur experimenting upon himself. Discipline for him is not what it is for other dancers, nor are their goals his. Competition is unreal. He consolidates strengths in order to be able to dismiss them. Such a dancer may make a good director. But transcendence is one thing, divination another. Twyla Tharp—who as a dancer-director knows something of what being Baryshnikov must be like—casts him in "Once Upon a Time" as a man of vision, which may be just what Baryshnikov isn't. There are undertones of Balanchine in her portrait. Perhaps it was Balanchine whom she and Baryshnikov were thinking about when they worked on the ballet. Anyway, he's there, preëminent among the shades of Petipa and Fokine and Nijinsky and Merce Cunningham and whoever else comes to mind when you ponder, as the ballet encourages you to, its subject and its author in the full consciousness of their collaboration.

Baryshnikov's malleability occasionally invites abuse. It's easy to think up excuses for another of his new numbers, executed by the San Francisco choreographer John McFall; maybe McFall only intended to relate Baryshnikov to the boys of the company the way Tharp relates him to the girls. But McFall's contribution (which has a title cuter than Tharp's —"Follow the Feet") isn't rooted in anything we see in Baryshnikov or know about him. It pretends that he's an aging kingpin about to be toppled by a youthful challenger, Robert La Fosse. (The transcendent phase he's in now makes Baryshnikov's style all but nonexistent as a goal for the other male dancers.) Baryshnikov goes along with the gag, but McFall can't do much with the idea of a competition, so he substitutes a mock competition—a woodenly whimsical affair with more struts, snits, and curled pinkies than there are in "Les Biches." And Baryshnikov can't do anything with *that*. What he does do is underplay the implications of the movement, so that even though there's no real contest going on between him and La Fosse, there's not much else going on, either. It takes Baryshnikov's unparalleled gift of subtlety to be able to underplay without underdancing. But then Baryshnikov—the soul of honor when it comes to giving the choreographer full value—would never think of underdancing. Other dancers don't have the luxury of choice that he has, but when Johan Renvall dances the role opposite Ronald Perry the two of them automatically are let off the hook, because Renvall is white and Perry is black, and the audience may decide it's seeing a ballet-camp version of Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

In "Giselle," Baryshnikov underplayed again, muting his performance in deference, I thought, to the now highly erratic Gelsey Kirkland. But what I took to be underplaying in "La Sylphide" in deference to Erik Bruhn and the novice ballerina Cheryl Yeager was, I learned later, Baryshnikov dancing with a slight injury. Bruhn was playing the mime role of Madge, the witch who puts a curse on the hero for the flimsiest of reasons. Whether played by a man or a woman, Madge is more credible as the means than as the cause of James' destruction. James, by venturing into the spirit world, destroys himself. But it is now common practice to inflate the role of Madge, and the foolish scene, rivalling Walpurgisnacht, in which she and her fellow-witches prepare the fatal scarf is seldom deleted. Bruhn, who some years ago revised Harald Lander's production for A.B.T., has now staged one of his own. He restores the original musical arrangements used by Lander and by the Royal Danish Ballet; the production sounds truthful once more. As Madge, Bruhn looms over it like the force of destiny. Shambling barefoot through the ballet in his gray Medusa makeup, pulling every string in the plot, he turns a convenient minor character into James' nemesis. The whole production is scaled up to match this august conception. The room with the fireplace is now a great hall bulging with heraldic devices and ancestral armor. Effie and her friends are n frilly Empire dresses and panalettes, a triumph of period accuracy over practicality. Those skirts are not easy to dance a Highland fling in. Desmond Heeley, the designer, repeats he worst feature of the current Dansh production (in which the women wear kilts): he places the staircase against one of the side walls of the tage, making it hard for the audience on that side to see what is going on here. His forest, though, is beautifully done—by itself as complete a stage picture as when it is filled border to border with corps de ballet. There are one or two charming mechanical effects. There should be more—more faces appearing among the trees. The finale, in which the Sylph is raised to unthinkable heights, is managed with a dummy. "La Sylphide" is a gentle, modestly scaled piece; it is not "Giselle." What Heeley's first-act frills and Bruhn's bombast conceal is the simplicity of James' home life and the sweetness of it, which sickens him and drives him into the forest to satisfy his immortal longings. And surely the pain of nostalgia at the end, when the wedding procession passes by, is punishment enough without the omnipotent Madge decreeing that the wretch! must! die! At a second performance, Baryshnikov danced peerlessly but less passionately than he has in the past; Yeager is as yet a dutiful Sylph and not an inspiring partner, and Kenneth Schermerhorn conducts with a laggardly beat. In the forest scene, Baryshnikov does his usual double air turns, landing stock-still, rocketing off again in the opposite direction, and smiling. Madge was played zestfully and without bluster by Ruth Mayer.

It is good to see Martine van Hamel back on the New York stage, but not so good to see her in "Torso." About all that can be said for her role in this stiflingly solemn Jiří Kylián pas de deux is that it is centered in the upper body and has a minimum of footwork. Van Hamel can perform it without fear of exacerbating the injury that put her out all last season. Kylián's plastique has no way of showing a continuing synthesis of oppositions. The stretch principle in his choreography is infinite, like Silly Putty. I don't know who van Hamel and her partner, Clark Tippet, are supposed to be in "Torso," but technically they are bores, doing the movement equivalent of yammering until the curtain falls. Except for the Tharp piece, A.B.T. hasn't had much luck with premières this season. Peter Anastos's "Clair de Lune" came out last year, when I could manage only a glimpse of it. This season, I saw it with two casts, and it confirmed my impression of a real advance for Anastos, who only a few years ago was known chiefly for his comedy ballets and a few years before that was known solely as the Trockadero's mistress (Olga Tchikaboumskaya) of revels. The surprise of "Clair de Lune" is not

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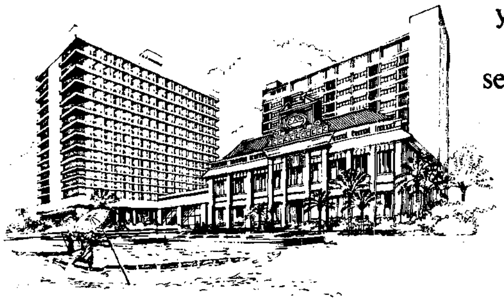

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that it's serious choreography but that it isn't more aggressive serious choreography. One would think that making a big turn in his career would have prompted Anastos to a grander pronouncement. The piece is a pas de deux using the four sections of Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," and the choreography has the virtues one would wish for this music—freshness, classical restraint, rhythmic suppleness. It also has a fullness of phrase that in Magali Messac's performance became powerfully evocative. Looking like one of those chaste nymphs who adorn the front of the Paris Opéra, she took me into the music and its era—the era of Mallarmé's writings on dance. (Anastos, with his acute historical sense, may have intended the very thing.) La Fosse was her sturdy partner. At the finish, as "Clair de Lune" began, the dancers stood decently still, gazing out at a dark sky. Comparisons with Jerome Robbins' Chopin ballets, which Anastos used to parody, would seem inevitable, would even be useful, but the reviews haven't mentioned Robbins. Apparently, Anastos still isn't being taken seriously enough for that. The fragility of "Clair de Lune" does not indicate a fragile talent.

At the first two performances of "Once Upon a Time," "Symphonie Concertante" was on the bill. With Susan Jaffe and Cynthia Harvey being partnered by La Fosse and with Schermerhorn conducting, the performance was hit-or-miss, a little sharper than other performances have been but basically uncomprehending. With Paul Connelly conducting the same cast, things were still chancy, but the ballet began to come through. Jaffe had stopped trying to hold balances at every opportunity; Harvey seemed actually to be listening to the music. The tension of Balanchine's phrases could be felt at least part of the time, and when real blanks occurred they seemed more likely the fault of the script than of the performance; some of the steps appear not to have made it onto notation paper in the first place. All this suggests that with proper coaching and some reweaving here and there Ballet Theatre could yet make "Symphonie Concertante" happen. There are four more performances.

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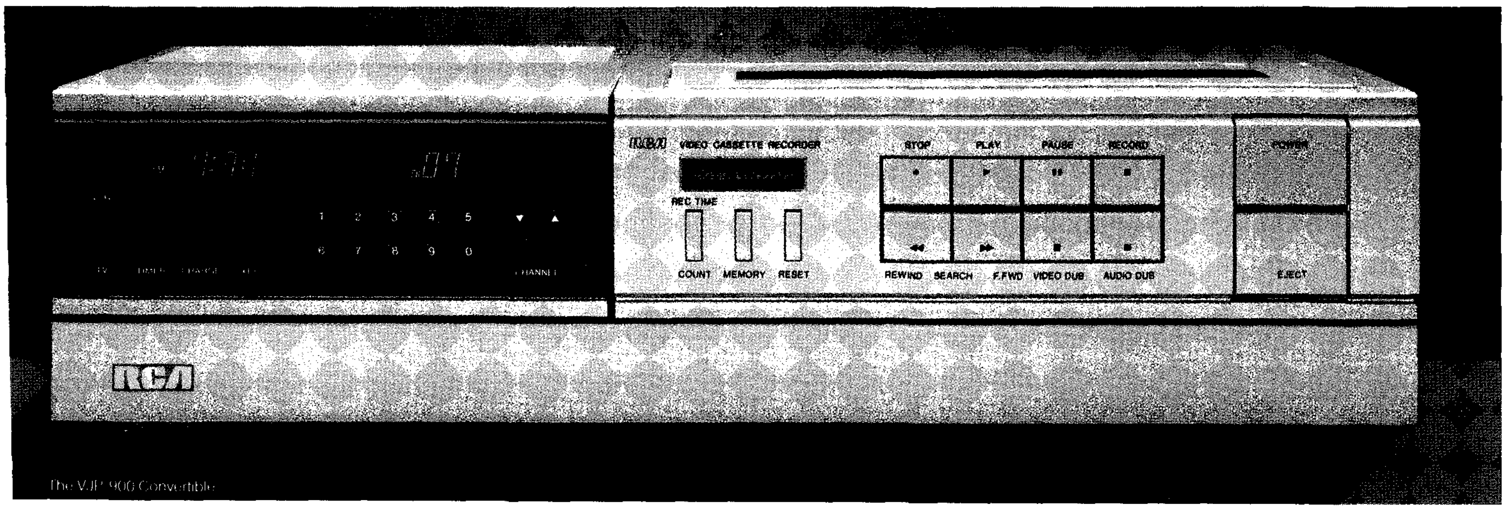

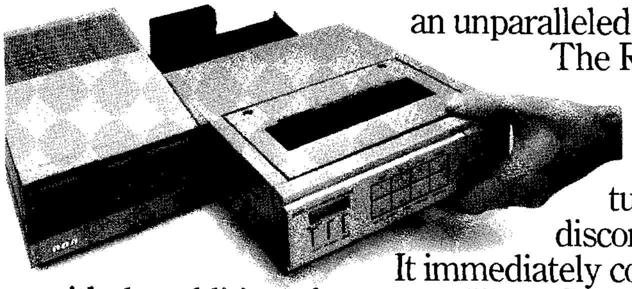

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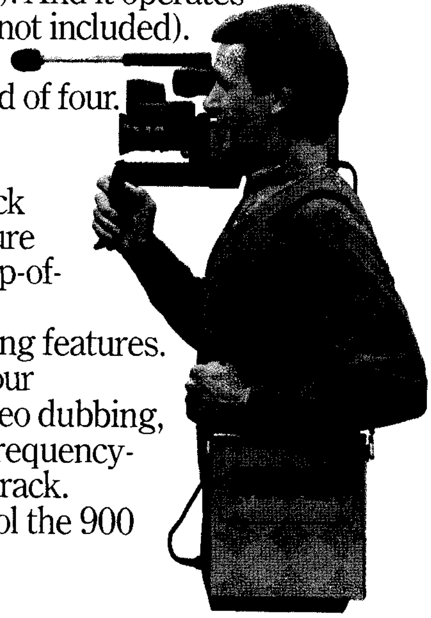

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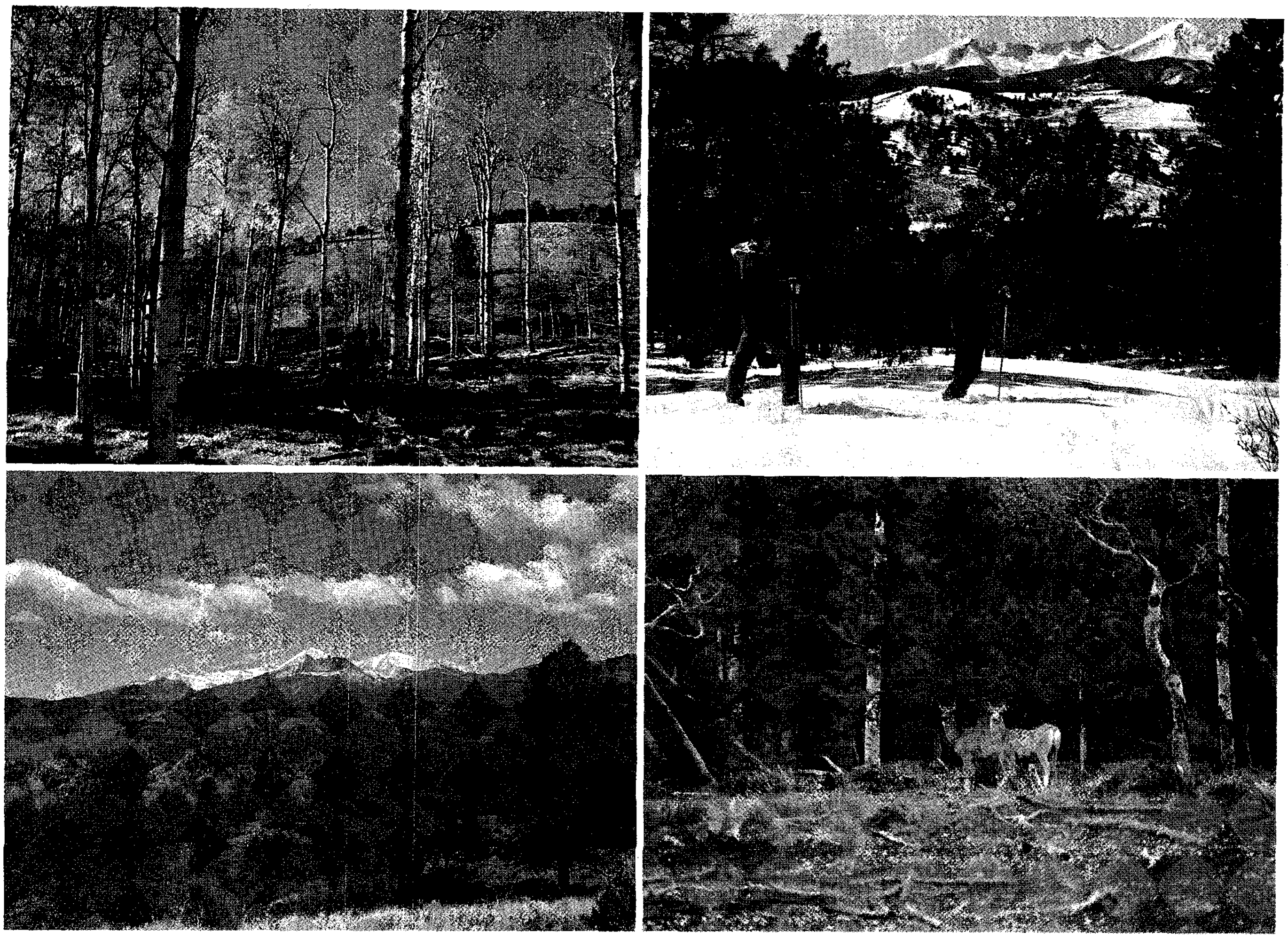

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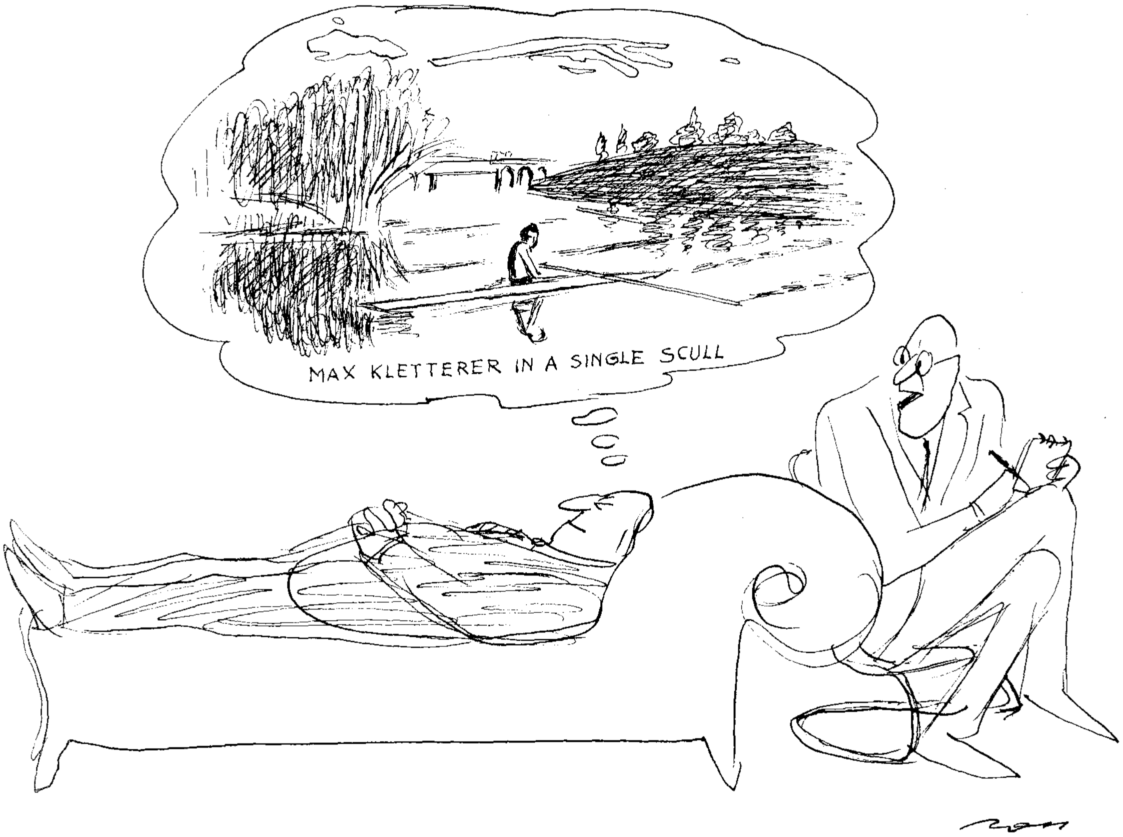
BOOKS

Justice and Prosperity

"THE NEXT AMERICAN FRONTIER," by Robert B. Reich (Times Books; $16.60), is a polemical history, written to spur change that would renew the United States' leadership in the world economy. This stern, ambitious book outlines a national industrial policy—requiring business and government to recognize and act on their shared goals, and to improve the skills of American workers—but its worth does not rest on this count. It is useful because it argues persuasively that an industrial policy—a fashionable byword that can have meaning—would be a natural and important American commitment. Reich draws on the fields of history, economics, political theory, and social organization to define and rough in an agenda, and his book all but bursts from the pressure of big and divergent ideas crammed into a small space. He documents his ideas with demographic statistics, corporate reports, public-opinion polls, thumbnail biographies, comparisons between the policies of one government and another, précis of academic studies, and other results of his research at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, where he teaches business and public policy. Reich's ideas about reordering the tasks of business, government, and labor are more general than specific, and sometimes arrive under a cloak of stiff, opaque nomenclature. His final chapters of prescription are lofty and imprecise. But his account of the roles of business and government in the United States' past industrial growth, his sketch of the impact on this country of fundamental shifts in the global economy during the last few decades, and his case for the common ends of social justice and economic prosperity add up to a dense, sweeping essay. He surveys the frontier of economic conditions which the United States must face if it is to preserve its standard of living, maintain social cohesion, and flourish in an unfixed world, and, from a vantage that leaves details hazy but major options clear, he points a way across.

As Reich observes, when American industry first excelled at making standardized products in large volume—the Era of Mobilization, 1870-1920—government had few functions, almost none of them economic, and a myth arose about the separate realms of the civic and business cultures. Although business and government soon coöperated to plan and oversee the country's unsurpassed industrial achievements—the Era of Management, 1920-70—the two cultures alternated sway in American politics. When business zeal aroused public fear of harm (stirred, for example, by Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" or Ida Tarbell's indictment of the Standard Oil trust), civic reform predominated, until international crisis forced the cultures into an uneasy coalition, and business eventually reigned again. While the United States was isolated and economically unrivalled, this oscillation did little damage. Today, the United States is only one of several mature industrial nations, and many Third World countries are emerging as industrial powers. Modern communications and transportation make finance, physical resources, technology, and finished goods highly mobile, and transform the world into a single marketplace. The only resources that remain unique to any country, including the United States, are its inventiveness and its skilled workers. In the past, education, training, and other means of support for American workers were the province of the civic culture, acting through the government. Since skilled labor has become a distinguishing factor in international competition, it is now the concern of the business culture as well. The political commitments of one realm have become the economic interests of the other.

The relative decline of the United States in the past dozen years underscores this point. America's use of its manufacturing capacity has dwindled, unemployment has tripled, and the profit rate of American corporations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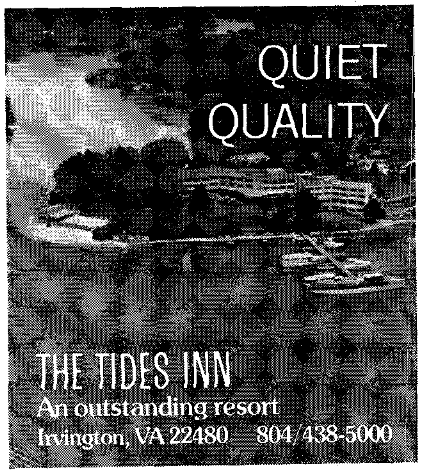

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has slipped. Productivity slowed, then turned down. This sluggish performance contrasts with the growth in other mature industrial countries during the period. The economies of Japan, West Germany, France, and even Britain grew faster than America's. By 1980, seventy per cent of America's goods competed against foreign-made products in the world market, and they did not fare well. In particular, the country's strength diminished in high-volume, standardized production (steel, automobiles, textiles). Other mature industrial countries faced this problem, but they began to shift their industries toward products that would take advantage of skilled labor. Only a minority of American firms have done the same. Instead, many have tried to maintain short-term profits through legal and financial maneuvers ("paper entrepreneurialism," Reich calls them) or by lobbying for government protection of the status quo ("historic preservation"). The consequences of this corporate activity appear to him to be long-term national decline.

Reich argues that America must give up its shield against international competition and strive to adapt. To regain its edge, the country's best option is to focus on specialized, high-value products that require precision engineering and other skilled labor using high technology. Reich calls this "flexible-system production," and gives as examples both high-technology industries and segments of traditional industries which require new skills of workers. As opposed to the large, rigid organizations (private and public) that managed American success in mass production, flexible-system production requires smaller, more adaptable organizations, in which business and labor collaborate. The new mode also demands investment beyond the treasuries of individual firms. To make the United States a serious contender in the competition among flexible-system producers, Reich calls for a series of American social contracts. Government must assist business in modernizing, and business must agree to link capital improvements to investments in labor. Businesses must pledge to maintain current employees, so that there will be an incentive to help workers make the most of themselves through training and placement. The details of these economic commitments must be settled through a political process that Reich calls "wholesale bargaining." To encourage the most productive use

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of capital and labor, business, government, and labor must agree on social and economic investments that will give business and labor a stake in each other and increase the interest of both in the prosperity of society. Denying that the civic and business cultures are separate, Reich argues that economic conditions impel them to common goals. He writes, "The central theme of this book is that in the emerging era of productivity, social justice is not incompatible with economic growth, but essential to it."

This theme may provide the fanfare for a revival of liberalism, but Reich's narrative accomplishes several purposes that are less sectarian and more immediately useful. In the current debate about industrial policy in the United States, skeptics hold that the country has a choice between free-market policies and centralized economic planning, and that American values, traditions, and experience make the latter alternative unacceptable, and probably futile. Whether or not Reich will succeed in inspiring the civic and business cultures to transcend their differences, he dispels the false choice posed by the skeptics with his account of the long-shared responsibility of business and government for American economic decisions. As he describes it, America's free market has been replaced by networks of subsidiaries, conglomerates, and financial institutions which are managed like a casino by the government, through tax laws, anti-trust judgments, and securities regulation, along with protective tariffs, export agreements, bailouts, and other means of support that are explained away as isolated favors from the house but amount to a de-facto industrial policy. Reich suggests that government's role in industry should be more open, explicit, and strategic, not more extensive. Even if his book had been a monograph on this topic alone, he would have made a contribution.

Reich's sketch of the evolving global economy and America's place in it assures the value of his book. Economists describe the recent major changes in the world economy as structural, but they remain uncertain, often quarrelsome, about public policies to deal with those changes. For the analysis of traditional macroeconomics, which relies on the blunt instruments of monetary and fiscal policy, Reich substitutes a view of international economics which businesses now use in detailed planning. A year ago,

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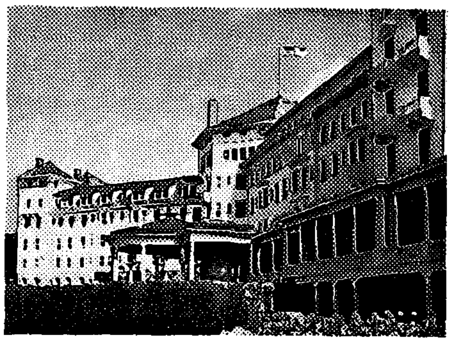

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with Ira C. Magaziner, he published "Minding America's Business: The Decline and Rise of the American Economy," which compared American business and foreign competition in terms of industrial sectors—documenting relative strengths and weaknesses as if the economy of each industrial nation were the business portfolio of a conglomerate, and showing the threat to America's standard of living of its relative decline in the economic standings. In his new book, Reich refines the presentation and introduces to a general audience ideas that business has applied for decades. These concepts are not normative. They tell how competition appears to work in different markets, and they serve as tools for the kind of long-range planning done worldwide by businesses, and now by a growing number of governments. Economists assume that misallocations of resources—inefficient uses of capital and labor—will be corrected as the economy moves toward and reaches a new equilibrium. Business planners hold that the economy is always changing, that equilibrium is a mirage, and that adjustment is the stuff of corporate and economic life. Reich is one of a number of people who are trying to use the lessons of business for the benefit of society, and his book includes a compact statement of an unfolding view of international economics, whose vocabulary of sectoral analysis, market share, and competitive strategy is changing how policymakers see the world.

Although his notions have been hailed as a wonder diet ("Either Reich's ideas represent the future or America has none," one critic declared without irony), he does not specify how the United States can become the country of his vision. He leaves unmapped a route through the special arrangements that protect failing industries or encourage new industries in clumsy, incomplete ways. He gives examples of techniques to encourage investment in American workers—vouchers for training, tax credits for firms that help workers improve skills, regional banks that could act as a link between capital and labor—but analysts who do not share his vision promote the same ideas. (Charles F. Sabel, a social scientist at M.I.T., sees the promise of flexible-system production as Reich does but warns in his book "Work and Politics" that "daring and imagination" will be required to overcome enduring class conflicts that limit the role of labor in indus-

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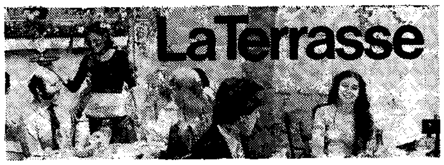

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try.) Reich provides a compendium of facts whose implications are evident to him, but he does not line them up in a logic whose force is irresistible, and he does not help his cause by turning from descriptive prose to ominous rhetoric about America's jeopardy if the country should not do as he counsels. Despite these shortcomings, he makes a vigorous case for America's engagement in a global competition that is not being played by American rules; his judgment about the means by which this country might recover its advantage could serve as a standard in debate over fundamental issues of politics and economics. He writes, "The notion that social justice must be sacrificed for the sake of economic growth is simply wrong. Social justice is not a luxury bought at the expense of national economic health. It is the means for achieving and maintaining prosperity." —LINCOLN CAPLAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OUR NIG: OR, SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF A FREE BLACK, IN A TWO-STORY WHITE HOUSE, NORTH. SHOWING THAT SLAVERY'S SHADOWS FALL EVEN THERE. BY "OUR NIG," with an introduction and notes by Henry Louis Gates, Jr. (Random House; $10.95 cloth, $4.95 paper). In Massachusetts in 1859, Mrs. Harriet E. Wilson entered the copyright of this "fictional third-person autobiography" (as Mr. Gates, an assistant professor of English and Afro-American studies at Yale, puts it, in his exhaustive introduction) and became (to quote Mr. Gates again) "most probably the first Afro-American to publish a novel in the United States." The book achieved instant oblivion. Mr. Gates speculates about the causes of reviewers' uneasiness: chiefly, the ironic use of "Our Nig" on the title page, and the sympathetic portrayal, in the opening pages, of the mulatto heroine's loving but unlucky parents at a time when another novelist, Mrs. Mary Howard Schoolcraft, could write, "I believe a refined Anglo-Saxon lady would sooner be burned at the stake, than married to one of these black descendants of Ham." Mrs. Wilson's recollections of her heartless mistress, her kindly master, and their mixed bag of children and in-laws are always vivid and convincing; none of the good ones are able to alter the bad ones,

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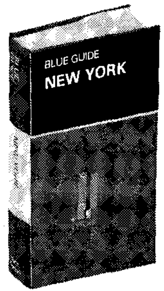

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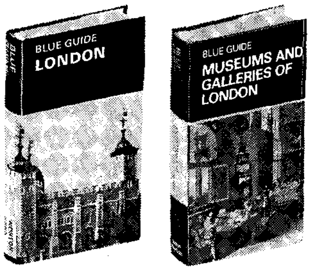

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and only some of them get what they deserve. Mrs. Wilson did not get what she deserved, either. She hoped that her book would help her to support her seven-year-old son, but less than six months after its publication he died.

GENERAL

DJUNA: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DJUNA BARNES, by Andrew Field (Putnam; $16.95). Djuna Barnes was fond of telling people in her old age (she lived to be ninety) that she was "the world's most famous unknown writer." As a young woman in Greenwich Village at the time of the First World War, she was a modestly successful journalist; in the ragtag of failures, phonies, and poetasters of Village bohemia she commanded respect as a genuine artist, although one who had a mordant view of life and a savage tongue to go with it. She lived in Paris and London in the twenties and thirties, and her serious writing, despite its meagre volume, received high praise from James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, and Eugene O'Neill. During the Second World War, she returned to America and the Village; she spent the next forty years in obscurity, poverty, and silence in Patchin Place. Mr. Field has gone deeply into Djuna Barnes' story—into her Dostoevskian family background and her tangle of friendships. He also contributes a careful critical analysis of her major works: the novels "Ryder" and "Nightwood," and her one play, "The Antiphon." With photographs.

THE RICH: A STUDY OF THE SPECIES, by William Davis (Franklin Watts; $16.95). This diverting work does not pretend to be exhaustive, though it does mention such nontraditional careers as crime and founding new religions as ways to wealth. Mr. Davis, who has worked as a financial editor of several British newspapers, discusses inheritors and also self-made tycoons from a variety of social and geographical backgrounds. He sees no over-all pattern among fortune-makers, either in personality or in policy. Their problems, however, are similar: they are in danger of kidnapping, and often have poor relationships with their families. Self-made men do particularly badly with their sons; the women's movement seems not to have affected the attitudes of great capitalists, so heiresses are rarely ex-

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QUARKS: THE STUFF OF MATTER, by Harald Fritzsch (Basic Books; $19). Mr. Fritzsch is a professor of theoretical physics at the University of Munich and is active in the field of elementary-particle physics. This fine popular book is a thorough account of what has happened in recent years in that very exciting science. Perhaps the most remarkable development is that for the first time physicists are approaching a unified theory of all the forces in nature—something that Einstein worked on, unsuccessfully, in the last decades of his life. Einstein would not accept the relevance of quantum mechanics to such a theory, but that has turned out to be its heart and soul.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE VIRGIN IN THE ICE: THE SIXTH CHRONICLE OF BROTHER CADFAEL, by Ellis Peters (Morrow; $11.95). Brother Cadfael is a middle-aged medieval monk and amateur gumshoe: a sort of proto-Father Brown. In the winter of 1139, England is cursed with a civil war, and Brother Cadfael's monastery, in snowbound Shropshire, is playing host to a few refugees from the south who have eluded the many footpads and marauders roaming the countryside. Three young people have set out for Shrewsbury from the Benedictine monastery in Worcester, but their trail vanishes at the county border. When Brother Cadfael is summoned to another priory to patch up a wounded monk (he learned the art of healing while he was a soldier in the Crusades), he stumbles onto the trail of the missing trio. The trail is a satisfactorily twisted one (a map marked with relevant villages, monasteries, brooks, and forests is provided), and both the monk and the author (who writes non-mysteries non-pseudonymously as Edith Pargeter) understand how snow and ice preserve clues about both the quick and the dead.

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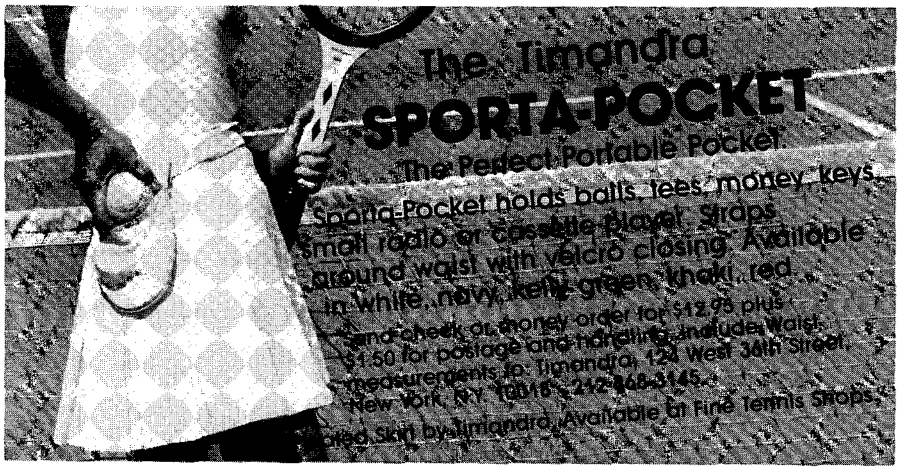

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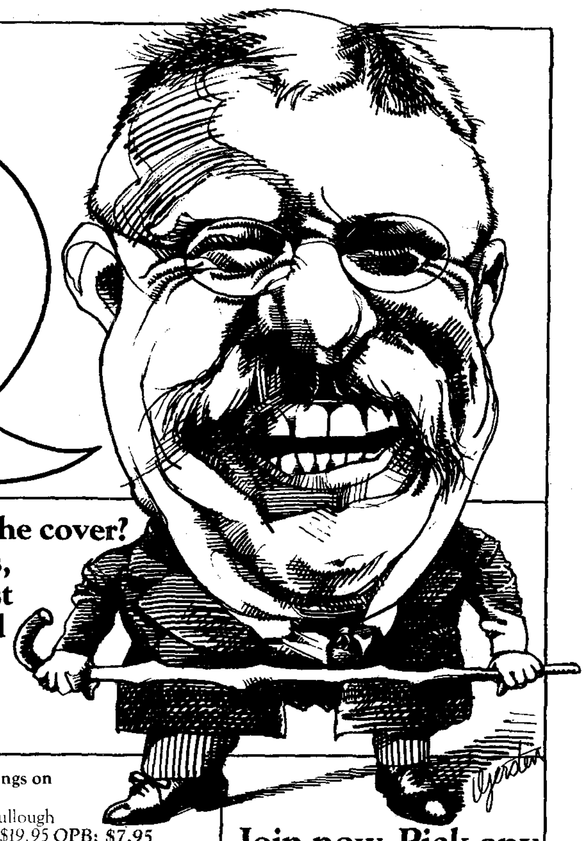

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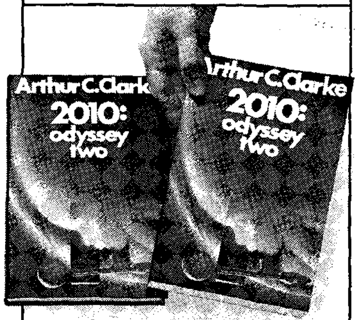

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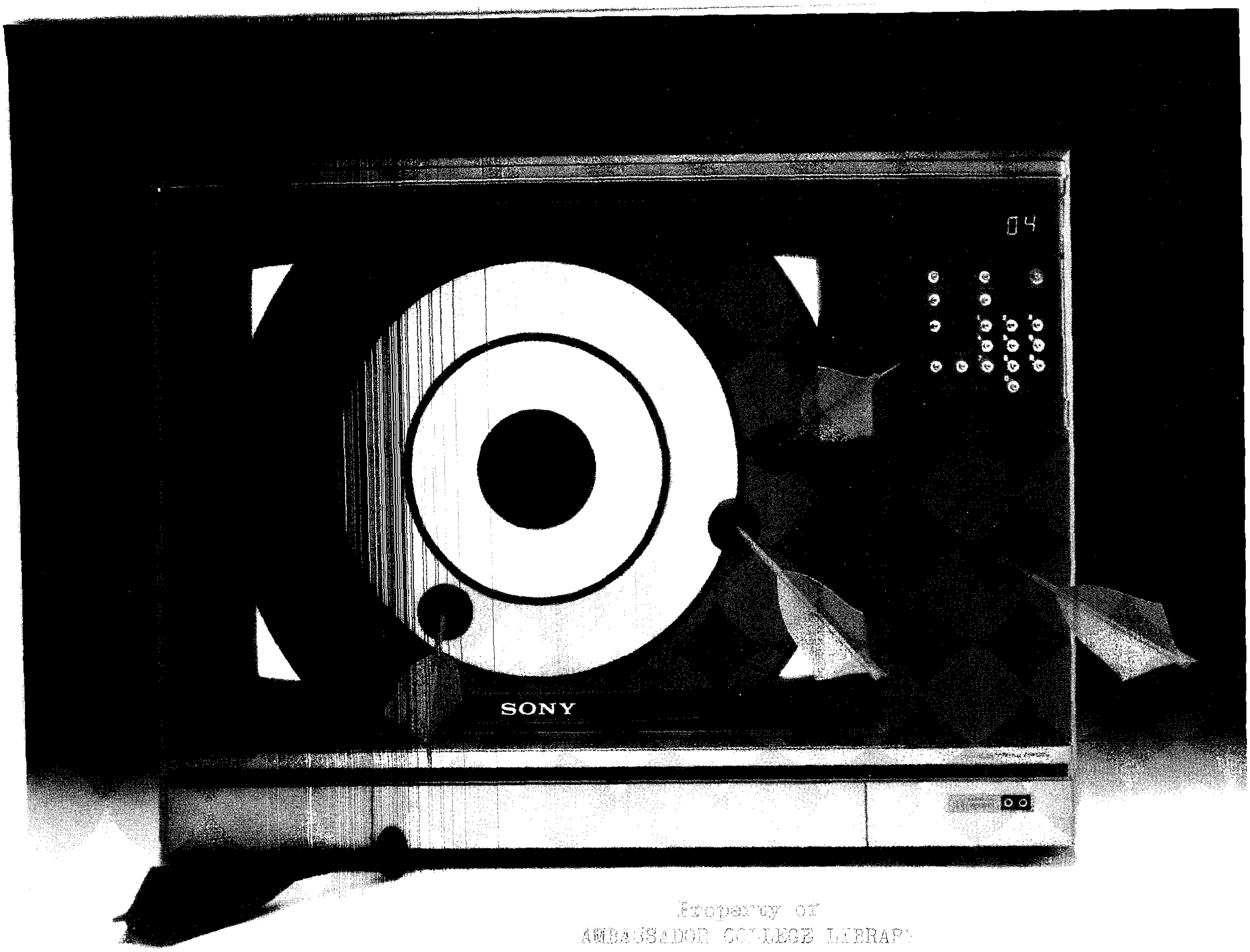

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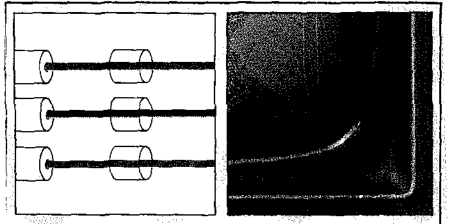

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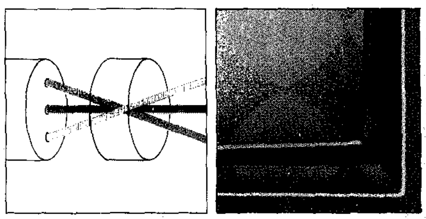

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